BARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Gift of

SAMUEL S. GOLDBERG

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

WITH COPIOUS NOTES

AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY W. TOOKE, F.R.S.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.
MDCCCLXIII.

3346
.C8
1863
v.3

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

STEREOTYPED BY STONE AND SMART

BARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

THE POEMS OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

CONTENTS.

VOL. III.

Page

THE GHOST, BOOK IV 1

THE CANDIDATE 123

THE FAREWELL 188

THE TIMES 212

INDEPENDENCE 256

THE JOURNEY 292

FRAGMENT OF A DEDICATION 312

LINES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR PARK 327

INDEX 329

THE GHOST.

BOOK IV.

This fourth book of the Ghost, is at once the most careless as it is the longest of Churchill's compositions. It is also the most obscure and indistinct in its allusions, the minute elucidation of which would not repay the labour either of the investigation or of perusal when the information should have been obtained.

The principal characters are the civic authorities of London, and who ever cared, or now cares beyond the one year of office for the entire staff from my Lord Mayor downwards to Mr. Common Hunt; their dignity is as evanescent as the wit which each successive Mayor facetiously inflicts upon the wretched prisoners in the justice room, eliciting the ready and obedient laughter of the attendant officers and clerks, and duly recorded, par parenthese, in the report of the interesting proceeding of the removal of a pauper, or the conviction of a cab-man.

The coronation of George III. forming a prominent feature of the poem, and several of the incidents which really then occurred, being repeatedly adverted to in it, we have, to save the trouble of particular observations, subjoined an account of the ceremonial, as it appeared in the periodicals of the day in the form of a letter, which is so amusingly graphic as at the time to have been considered, as it purports to be, the genuine epistle of a spectator to his country friends, bearing no slight resemblance to De Foe's familiar style, particularly in his account of the Plague.

LETTER FROM MR. JAMES HEMING TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

Sir,

As the friendship of Mr. Rolles, who had procured me a pass ticket, enabled me to be present both in the hall and in the abbey; and as I had a fine view of the procession out of

doors, from a one-pair-of-stairs room, which your neighbour Sir Edward had hired at the small price of one hundred guineas, on purpose to oblige his acquaintance, I will endeavour to give you as minute an account as I can of all the particulars omitted in the public papers. First then, conceive to yourself the fronts of the houses in all the streets, that could command the least point of view, lined with scaffolding, like so many galleries or boxes, raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which presented a pleasant variety to the eye; and if you consider the brilliant appearance of the spectators who were seated in them (many being richly drest) you will easily imagine that it was no indifferent part of the show. The mob underneath made a pretty contrast to the rest of the company. Add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for some time before, the day cleared up, and the sun shone auspiciously, as if it were in compliment to the grand festival. Had it rained, half the spectators were so exalted, that they could not have seen the ceremony, as a temporary roof put over the platform, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, was exceeding low. This roof was covered with a kind of sail-cloth; which, on orders being given to roll it up, an honest Jack Tar climbed up to the top, and stripped it off in a minute or two; whereas the persons appointed for that service might have been an hour about it. This gave us not only a more extensive view, but let the light in upon every part of the procession. I should tell you, that a rank of foot soldiers were placed on each side within the platform; which was an encroachment on the spectators; for at the last coronation I am informed they stood below it; and it was not a little surprising to see the officers familiarly conversing and walking arm in arm with many of them, till we were let into the secret, that they were gentlemen who had put on the dresses of common soldiers, for what purpose I need not mention. On the outside were stationed, at proper distances, several parties of horseguards, whose horses somewhat incommoded the people, that pressed incessantly upon them, by their prancing and capering; though luckily I do not hear of any great mischief being done.

I must confess, it gave me pain to see the soldiers, both horse and foot, obliged most unmercifully to belabour the heads of the mob with their broad-swords, bayonets, and muskets; but it was not unpleasant to observe several tipping the horse-soldiers slily from time to time, some with half-pence, and some with silver, as they could muster up the cash, to let them pass between the horses to get near the platform; after which these unconscionable gentry drove them back again. As soon as it was daybreak (for I chose to go to my place over-night), we were diverted with seeing the coaches and chairs of the nobility and gentry passing along with much ado; and several persons, very richly drest, were obliged to quit their equipages, and be escorted by the soldiers, through the mob to their respective places. Several carriages, I am told, received great damage.

My pass-ticket would have been of no service, if I had not prevailed on one of the guards, by the irresistible argument of half a crown, to make way for me through the mob to the hall-gate, where I got admittance just as their majesties were seated at the upper end, under magnificent canopies.

There seemed to be no small confusion in marshalling the ranks, which is not to be wondered at, considering the length of the cavalcade, and the numbers that were to walk. At length, however, everything was regularly adjusted, and the procession began to quit the hall between eleven and twelve. The platform leading to the west door of the abbey was covered with blue cloth for the train to walk on; but there seemed to be a defect in not covering the upright posts that supported the awning, as it is called, which looked mean and naked, with that or some other coloured cloth. The nobility walked two by two. Being willing to see the procession pass along the platform through the streets, I hastened from the hall, and by the assistance of a soldier, made my way to my former station at the corner of Bridge-street, where the windows commanded a double view at the turning. I shall not attempt to describe the splendour and magnificence of the whole; and words must fall short of that joy and satisfaction which the spectators felt and expressed, especially as their majesties passed by; on whose countenances a dignity suited

to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency, was sensibly impressed. It was observable, that as their majesties and the nobility passed the corner which commanded a prospect of Westminster-bridge, they stopped short, and turned back to look at the people, whose appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which rose gradually, I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

I had the misfortune not to be able to get to the abbey time enough to see all that passed there; nor, indeed, when I got in, could I have so distinct a view as I could have wished. But our friend Harry Whittaker had the luck to be stationed in the first row of the gallery behind the seats allotted for the nobility, close to the square platform, which was erected by the altar, with an ascent of three steps, for their majesties to be crowned on. You are obliged to him, therefore, for several particulars, which I could not otherwise have informed you of. The sermon, he tells me, lasted only fifteen minutes. The king was anointed on the crown of his head, his breast, and the palms of his hands. At the very instant the crown was placed on the king's head, a fellow, having been placed on the top of the abbey dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag in his hand dropped it as a signal, the Park and Tower guns then began to fire, the trumpets sounded, and the abbey echoed with the repeated shouts and acclamations of the people; which, on account of the awful silence that had hitherto reigned, had a very striking effect. As there were no commoners knights of the garter, instead of caps and vestments peculiar to their order, they, being all peers, wore the robes and coronets of their respective ranks. When the queen had received the sceptre with the cross, and the ivory rod with the dove, her majesty was conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his majesty.

I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to observe their majesties performing the most serious and solemn acts of devotion; but I am told that the reverend attention which both paid, when (after having made their second oblations) the next ceremony was their receiving the holy communion,

brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were.

An hour lost in the morning is not so easily recovered. This was the case in the present instance; for, to whatever causes it might be owing, the procession most assuredly set off too late: besides, according to what Harry observed, there were such long pauses between some of the ceremonies in the abbey as plainly shewed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. However it be, it is impossible to conceive the chagrin and disappointment which the late return of the procession occasioned; it being so late, indeed, that the spectators even in the open air, had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to those who had sat patiently in Westminster-hall, waiting its return for six hours, scarce a glimpse of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till just upon his majesty's entrance. I had flattered myself that a new scene of splendid grandeur would have been presented to us in the return of the procession, from the reflection of the lights, &c., and had, therefore, posted back to the hall with all possible expedition; but I was greatly disappointed. The whole was confusion, irregularity, and disorder.

However, we were afterwards amply recompensed for this partial eclipse, by the bright picture which the lighting of the chandeliers presented to us. Conceive to yourself, if you can conceive what I own I am at a loss to describe, so magnificent a building as that of Westminster-hall, lighted up with near three thousand wax candles in most splendid branches, our crowned heads, and almost the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most brilliant jewels, the galleries on every side crowded with company, for the most part elegantly and richly dressed;——but to conceive it in all its lustre, I am conscious that it is absolutely necessary to have been present. To proceed with my narration.——Their majesties' table was served with three courses, at the first of which Earl Talbot, as steward of his majesty's household, rode up from the hall gate to the steps leading to where their majesties sat, and on his returning, the spectators were presented with an unexpected sight in his lordship's backing his horse, that he

might keep his face still towards the king. A loud clapping and huzzaing consequently ensued.

After the first course, and before the second, the king's champion, Mr. Dymoke, who enjoys that office, as being lord of the manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, entered the hall, completely armed in one of his majesty's best suits of white armour, mounted on a fine white horse, the same his late majesty wore at the battle of Dettingen, richly caparisoned, in the following manner:

Two trumpets, with the champion's arms on their banners; the serjeant-trumpet, with his mace on his shoulder; the champion's two esquires, richly habited, one on the right hand with the champion's lance, carried upright; the other on the left hand, with his target, and the champion's arms depicted thereon; accompanied the herald of arms, with a paper in his hand, containing the words of the challenge.

The earl marshal, in his robes and coronet, on horseback, with the marshal's staff in his hand; the champion on horseback, with a gauntlet in his right hand, his helmet on his head, adorned with a great plume of feathers, white, blue, and red; the lord high constable, in his robes and coronet, and collar of the order, on horseback, with the constable's staff. Four pages richly apparelled, attendant on the champion.

The passage to their majesties' table being cleared by the knight marshal, the herald at arms, with a loud voice proclaimed the champion's challenge, at the lower end of the hall, in the words following:

"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay, our Sovereign Lord King George III., King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c., grandson and next heir to our sovereign lord King George II., the last king deceased, to be the right heir to the imperial crown of the realm of Great Britain, or that he ought not to enjoy the same; here is his champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him; and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him, on what day soever shall be appointed."

And then the champion throws down his gauntlet; which,

having lain some small time, the herald took up and returned it to the champion.*

Then they advanced in the same order to the middle of the hall, where the herald made proclamation as before; and lastly, to the foot of the steps, when the herald, and those who preceded him, going to the top of the steps, made proclamation a third time, at the end whereof the champion cast down his gauntlet; which, after some time, being taken up, and returned to him by the herald, he made a low obeisance to his majesty; whereupon the cupbearer, assisted as before, brought to the king a gilt bowl of wine, with a cover; his majesty drank to the champion, and sent him the bowl by the cupbearer, accompanied with his assistants; which the champion (having put on his gauntlet) received, and retiring a little, drank thereof, and made his humble reverence to his majesty; and being accompanied as before, rode out of the hall, taking the bowl and cover with him as his fee.

You cannot expect that I should give you a bill of fare, or enumerate the dishes that were provided and sent from the adjacent temporary kitchens, erected in Cotton Garden for this purpose. No less than sixty haunches of venison, with a surprising quantity of all sorts of game, were laid in for this grand feast. The King's table was covered with one hundred and twenty dishes, at three several times, served up by his majesty's band of pensioners; but what chiefly attracted our eyes, was their majesties' desert, in which the confectioner had lavished all his ingenuity in rock work and emblematical figures. The other deserts were no less admirable for their

* The origin of this custom is not known, but Rapin appears certain that it is more ancient than the coronation of Richard II. because Sir John Dymoke, who then performed that office, was admitted so to do by virtue of a privilege attached to his manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire.

Sir Henry Dymoke, the present representative of the family, was created a baronet, on occasion of his having acted as champion at her present majesty's coronation, being the seventeenth of his family, who, in hereditary descent, had so done.

expressive devices. But I must not forget to tell you, that when the company came to be seated, the poor knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and not able provided for them. An airy apology, however, was served up to them instead of a substantial dinner: but the two junior knights, in order to preserve the rank of precedency to their successors, were placed at the head of the judges' table, above all the learned brethren of the coif. The peers were placed on the outermost side of the tables, and the peeresses within nearest the walls. You cannot suppose that there was the greatest order imaginable observed during the dinner, but must conclude, that some of the company were as eager and impatient to satisfy the craving of their appetites, as any of your country squires at a race or assize ordinary.

It was pleasant to see the various stratagems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken, or bottle of wine. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets with them, which were let down, like the prisoners' boxes at Ludgate or the Gate House, with a *Pray remember the poor.*

You will think it high time, that I should bring this long letter to a conclusion. Let it suffice then to acquaint you, that their majesties returned to St. James's a little after ten o'clock at night. After the nobility were departed, the hall doors were thrown open, according to custom, when the people immediately cleared it of all the movables, such as the victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, &c., and, in short, every thing that could stick to their fingers.

I need not tell you, that several coronation medals, in silver, were thrown among the populace at the return of the procession. Some of gold were also thrown among the peeresses in the abbey, just after the king was crowned; but they thought it below their dignity to stoop to pick them up.

I should not forget telling you that I am well assured the king's crown weighs almost three pounds and a half, and that the great diamond in it fell out in returning to Westminster Hall, but was immediately found and restored.

I shall say nothing of the illuminations at night; the news-

papers must have told you of them, and that the admiralty, in particular, was remarkably lighted up. I am, dear Sir, yours, most heartily,

JAMES HEMING.

P. S. The Princess dowager of Wales, with the younger branches of the royal family, had a box to see the coronation in the abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themselves, adjoining the hall.

There have been three coronations since the first edition of this work.

That of George the Fourth, on the 10th day of May, 1821, conducted with all the splendour which attached to his refined taste and habits of expense, but over which a thick gloom was cast by the absence of his ill-fated cousin-queen, and her endeavours to obtain admission into the abbey, more than one door of which was forcibly shut in her face, an indignity under which she sunk, and within a few weeks died of a broken heart, if even that sure result was not accelerated by her own act. She might be pitied but not absolved, while the conduct of her husband might be severely censured without involving her acquittal. Queen Caroline was the victim of the interested ambition of her advocates, and the king was equally sacrificed to the inefficiency and imbecility of his official advisers.

The cheap coronation on 8th of September, 1831, of William the Fourth, shorn of all extraneous splendour, was well suited to the simplicity of his character and to the impaired resources of the country; while that of her present Majesty, on the 28th of June, 1838, in the gorgeousness and expense of the pageant, far exceeded the ceremonial of George the Fourth, and, though perhaps in some measure justified by the sex and youth of the sovereign, appeared in too striking contrast with a deficient revenue and an immense and increasing mass and spread of pauperism throughout the land.

THE GHOST.

BOOK IV.*

COXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted sense
'Bove other men, and, gravely wise,
Affect those pleasures to despise,
Which, merely to the eye confined,
Bring no improvement to the mind,

* This, like the other three books of the Ghost, is a rhapsodical, poetical, whimsical performance, abounding with the strongest flights of fancy and the keenest strokes of satire, and treating of every thing and nothing. It is, like its author, an eccentric piece of genius, not to be judged by the strict rules of criticism, or to be confined within the narrow bounds of regularity.—*St. James's Chronicle.*

Whether we are to have any more of this Shandy in Hudibrastics, we cannot learn from the 4th part, but we think it probable that this is intended as the conclusion, if it be proper to talk of the conclusion of a work, which has neither beginning, middle, nor end, plan, purpose, nor moral. Nevertheless, as in the inimitable work of his brother Sterne, there are a thousand moral, witty, and excellent passages scattered through this rambling performance, every part of which we have read with pleasure without being well able to say what we were reading; such absolute command over us, such unbounded power has genius! We think it unnecessary to add any specimens to those we have formerly given from this heterogeneous production of a sportive, wild, and arbitrary fancy.—*Monthly Review.*

Rail at all pomp; they would not go
For millions to a puppet-show,
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing pantomime;
No, not at Covent Garden, where,
Without a head for play or player,
Or, could a head be found most fit,
Without one player to second it,
They must, obeying Folly's call,
Thrive by mere shew, or not at all.
With these grave fops, who (bless their brains!)
Most cruel to themselves, take pains
For wretchedness, and would be thought
Much wiser than a wise man ought
For his own happiness, to be,
Who what they hear, and what they see,
And what they smell, and taste, and feel,
Distrust, till Reason sets her seal,

[10] The predilection of Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, for pantomimes, and his own excellence in the character of Harlequin, have been already mentioned. After the death of Rich, Mr. Garrick produced the pantomime of Harlequin's Invasion, and in the prologue to it paid the following handsome compliment to his brother manager, while he apologized for the innovation of giving Harlequin a tongue:

"But why a speaking Harlequin? 'tis wrong,
The wits will say, to give the fool a tongue.
When Lun appeared with matchless art and whim,
He gave the power of speech to every limb;
Though mask'd and mute, conveyed his quick intent,
And told in frolic gestures all he meant;

And, by long trains of consequences
Ensured, gives sanction to the senses;
Who would not, Heaven forbid it! waste
One hour in what the world calls Taste,
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,
Unless they know some reason why.
With these grave fops, whose system seems
To give up certainty for dreams,
The eye of man is understood
As for no other purpose good
Than as a door, through which of course,
Their passage crowding, objects force;
A downright usher, to admit
New-comers to the court of Wit:

> But now the motley coat and sword of wood
> Require a tongue to make them understood."

Pope, in his Dunciad, had equally borne testimony to Rich's excellence in this department:

> Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
> Illumes their light and sets their flames on fire,
> Immortal Rich, how calm he sits at ease
> 'Midst snows of paper and fierce hail of pease,
> And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

If the present generation have not witnessed any Harlequin equal to Rich, the elder portion of it may remember a clown in Grimaldi, who has not at any time hitherto been equalled, nor can we conceive of his being surpassed. His life by Mr. Dickens is an admirable piece of biography, fraught with amusing incident, but affording a melancholy picture of the amount of bodily pain and premature decay incurred as the price of popular laughter and applause.

(Good Gravity! forbear thy spleen,
When I say wit, I wisdom mean)
Where, (such the practice of the court,
Which legal precedents support)
Not one idea is allow'd
To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,
But ere it can obtain the grace
Of holding in the brain a place,
Before the chief in congregation
Must stand a strict examination.
Not such as those, who physic twirl,
Full fraught with death, from every curl,
Who prove, with all becoming state,
Their voice to be the voice of Fate,
Prepared with essence, drop, and pill,
To be another Ward or Hill,

54 Joshua Ward was one of the younger sons of an ancient and respectable family, long settled at Guisborough, in Yorkshire. Though possessed of strong natural sense, it had not been improved by education; his first outset in life appears to have been in trade, in partnership with his brother William, as dry-salters, in Thames Street. In this business, notwithstanding a dreadful fire which consumed their warehouses, he must have met with considerable success, as in 1717, we find him returned member for Marlborough, though by a vote of the house, dated May 13, 1718, he was declared to be not duly elected. There is reason to believe he was in some measure connected in business with his brother, John Ward, of Hackney, M. P. who having been convicted of forgery and of secreting the property of Sir John Blunt, a South Sea Director, was first expelled the house, and in pursuance of a sentence of the Court of King's Bench stood in the pillory on the 17th of February, 1727, alluded to by Pope in the Dunciad, "as thick as eggs at Ward in pillory," and who again in the

Before they can obtain their ends,
To sign death-warrants for their friends,
And talents vast as theirs employ,
Secundum artem to destroy,
Must pass (or laws their rage restrain)
Before the chiefs of Warwick Lane :

Moral Essays is classed with "Waters, Chartres and the Devil." Joshua Ward soon after fled from England, resided some years abroad, and was generally supposed to have embraced the Roman Catholic religion. While he remained in exile, he acquired that knowledge of medicine and chemistry, which afterwards was the means of raising him to a state of affluence. About the year 1733, he began to practise physic, and had to contend with all the efforts of wit, learning, argument, ridicule, malice, and jealousy, united in every shape that can be suggested, to oppose his success. At length, by some fortunate cures, he triumphed over his opponents, and was suffered to practise undisturbed. From this time his reputation was established, he was exempted by an express vote of the House of Commons, from being visited by the censors of the College of Physicians; and was called in to the assistance of King George the Second, whose hand he cured, and received as a reward, a commission for his nephew, General Gansel. The king was so highly satisfied with his conduct, that he gave him a suite of apartments at Whitehall for his residence, that he might always be near the royal person in case of need. Dr. Ward, with a degree of compassion and liberality rarely then met with among the regularly bred practitioners who still affected to despise him as an empiric, afforded advice and medicines to the poor, at his house, gratis; he was also by no means sparing of pecuniary relief, while his charitable donations were numerous and judiciously applied, for under a rough exterior, he possessed much real benevolence. After a continued series of success, and the enjoyment of as great a degree of popularity as any physician had ever attained in this country, he died in 1761, at a very advanced age, and left the se-

Thrice happy Lane, where, uncontroll'd,
In power and lethargy grown old,
Most fit to take, in this bless'd land,
The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,
Her lawful throne great Dullness rears,
Still more herself, as more in years;
Where she, (and who shall dare deny

cret of his medicines to Mr. Page, M. P. for Chichester, who bestowed them on two charitable institutions, which have derived considerable advantage from them. Dr. Ward is known in the chemical world as the inventor of an improved process for making sulphureous acid. A masterly full length statue of him, executed by Carlini, an Italian sculptor patronised by the Doctor, is placed in the great room of the Society of Arts, to whom it was presented by the late Ralph Ward, Esq., a collateral descendant.

60 Warwick Lane, Newgate Street, was the seat of the College of Physicians, who, by virtue of their charter, are empowered to examine candidates for, and to confer the privilege of practising in the metropolis and its environs. The following descriptive lines of the building, occur in Garth's poem of the Dispensary:

> There stands a dome majestic to the sight,
> And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
> A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
> Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill.

It has now been converted to a more salutary purpose by becoming a part of Newgate market, and appropriated to the sale of butcher's meat. The College is removed to Pall Mall east, and comprises a very extensive medical library and various collections in anatomy and natural history. For several seasons an annual very agreeable soirèe was held in the great room, and an interesting essay delivered by the learned and accomplished President, Sir H. Halford, Bart.

Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One Garth, who err'd in wit and rhyme,
Ordains, from henceforth, to admit
None of the rebel sons of Wit,
And makes it her peculiar care
That Schomberg never shall be there.

68 Dr. Reeves was a physician of considerable practice in the city.

68 Dr. Chauncy, descended of a good family, and possessed of a competent estate, fortunately for himself and perhaps for the public, did not seek practice. He was a black-letter collector, and not over scrupulous in the means of acquiring the objects of his attention; in some instances he was suspected of having secretly injured a valuable book in order that he might become the purchaser of it at an inferior price. It has been said that on being detected once in some such attempt by Mr. Patteson, the celebrated auctioneer, he prevailed upon him not to divulge the transaction, and that a legacy he left him was the price of his secrecy. Dr. Chauncy resembled Socrates in but one particular, and that was an unlimited submission to his wife, which the Doctor evinced in more instances than are recorded of the Grecian philosopher. A story is told of him, that at an entertainment given to his friends, having endured the usual torrent of reprehension, he was, in the conclusion of it, reproached for his professional incapacity, and total want of *patients;* upon which Dr. Reeves observed, that the whole company must admit the accusation to be unfounded, as it had been satisfactorily proved that with *patience* the doctor was abundantly supplied.

70 Sir Samuel Garth, a celebrated poet and physician who flourished in the early part of last century. His benevolent design for establishing a charitable foundation for supplying the poor sick with medicines at prime cost, being warmly op-

Not such as those, whom Folly trains
To letters, though unbless'd with brains,
Who, destitute of power and will
To learn, are kept to learning still;
Whose heads, when other methods fail,
Receive instruction from the tail,
Because their sires, a common case

posed by the apothecaries and some of the college, gave rise to that admirable satire the Dispensary. His other original poems, particularly Claremont, are above mediocrity, and his translations of Ovid, the classic he most admired, are spirited and faithful. By his exertions the rites of sepulture were bestowed on Dryden, to whom, in politics, he formed a complete contrast. Dr. Garth was a stanch whig, and attached himself to the great Duke of Marlborough, whom he accompanied in his voluntary exile to Ostend, in the latter years of Queen Anne, when the Tories had obtained a complete ascendency. On the accession of King George he was appointed his majesty's physician, and knighted with the Duke of Marlborough's sword. His practice in his profession was very extensive, and his amiable disposition, inflexible integrity, and manly independence, obtained for him the esteem of all parties among his contemporaries. He is said to have possessed a happy talent at repartee, and as a specimen we are told that having once prescribed for the Duke of Marlborough, the Duchess, in her rough manner, observed, "she would be hanged if it did the Duke any good;" upon which the Doctor immediately replied, "then I would by all means recommend his Grace to take it, as it cannot fail to be of service to him one way or another." Garth died 18th January, 1718. Being a Whig, he is very slightingly dealt with by Dr. Johnson.

74 Dr. Isaac Schomberg, an eminent and learned physician, the friend of Garrick, who in his dying moments recognized his services, and affectionately hailed him "as last not least in our dear love." Schomberg survived but a short time, dying on the 4th of March, 1780.

Which brings the children to disgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule
They never could beget a fool,
Must pass, or must compound for, ere
The chaplain, full of beef and prayer,
Will give his reverend permit,
Announcing them for orders fit;
So that the prelate (what's a name?
All prelates now are much the same)
May, with a conscience safe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that Fiat
Which doth all faculties dispense,
All sanctity, all faith, all sense,
Makes Madan quite a saint appear,
And makes an oracle of Cheere.
Not such as in that solemn seat,
Where the Nine Ladies hold retreat,

95 Martin Madan, a celebrated English preacher, many years chaplain to the Lock Hospital. He was severely censured for publishing a book, entitled "Thelypthora, or a Treatise on Female Ruin," 3 vols. wherein he maintained the lawfulness of polygamy as authorized by the Mosaic law, and therefore obligatory on Christians. This work gave rise to a score of answers to which he was not slow to reply, and the controversy raged very fiercely for some years. The heads of the church were vehemently appealed to with a view to ecclesiastical animadversion, but they very judiciously abstained, and the question dropped by its own weight or rather want of it. It was said he intended to offer a plan to parliament for the establishment of polygamy in this country. The answer which Lycurgus gave to one who wanted a popular government to be instituted at Sparta might have been applied to this reverend gentleman, "Begin, friend, and try the experiment in thine own house."

The Ladies Nine, who, as we're told,
Scorning those haunts they loved of old,
The banks of Isis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford stir,
Are held for form, which Balaam's ass
As well as Balaam's self might pass,
And with his master take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.
  Men of sound parts, who deeply read,
O'erload the storehouse of the head
With furniture they ne'er can use,
Cannot forgive our rambling Muse
This wild excursion; cannot see
Why Physic and Divinity,
To the surprise of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath anything to do:

He was also the author of an ingenious pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on Executive Justice," wherein he very ably contends, that the strict and unvaried execution of the law would prove the most efficacious method of deterring from the commission of crimes. He died in 1790.

97 The high tory principles invariably avowed and acted on by the university of Oxford, from the period of the revolution to the rebellion of 1745, when their Jacobitical tendencies terminated, although the same principles in a more unadulterated form have been continued by apostolic succession to this time, were in a very particular manner exhibited during the ascendency of Lord Bute, and incurred the animadversion of Mason in a feeble poem entitled "Isis, an Elegy," which was answered by Warton in his "Triumph of Isis." The controversy was a drawn battle of mediocrity.

But men of nice and subtle learning,
Remarkable for quick discerning,
Through spectacles of critic mould,
Without instruction, will behold
That we a method here have got
To shew what is, by what is not;
And that our drift (parenthesis
For once apart) is briefly this:
Within the brain's most secret cells
A certain Lord Chief Justice dwells,
Of sovereign power, whom, one and all,
With common voice, we Reason call;
Though, for the purposes of satire,
A name, in truth, is no great matter;
Jefferies or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a Lord Chief Justice still.
Here, so our great projectors say,
The senses all must homage pay;
Hither they all must tribute bring,
And prostrate fall before their king,

131 The infamous instrument of James the Second's tyranny. His death was as miserable as his life had been wicked.

"Alive deserted, and accurst when dead!"

It was thought that Lord Chancellor Jefferies had escaped with his infatuated master, instead of which, having disguised himself as a woman, he lay at Wapping waiting for a passage to Hamburgh, but looking out at a window he was recognized by a Clerk in Chancery passing that way, whereupon he was apprehended and with difficulty delivered from the mob who would have torn him in pieces. He was carried before the Lord Mayor, who during his examination fell into an apo-

Whatever unto them is brought
Is carried on the wings of thought
Before his throne, where, in full state,
He on their merits holds debate,
Examines, cross-examines, weighs
Their right to censure or to praise
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow views of foe and friend,
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his steady course;
The channel of inquiry's clear,
No sham examination's here.
He, upright Justicer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjusts and settles in a trice
What virtue is, and what is vice;
What is perfection, what defect;
What we must choose, and what reject;
He takes upon him to explain
What pleasure is, and what is pain;

plexy and died upon the spot, in consequence, as it was thought, of the terror with which Jefferies had inspired him. He was from thence carried prisoner to the Tower, where, either to drown the thoughts of his atrocious cruelties or through cowardice, he fell to excessive drinking spirituous liquors, which soon put a period to his life.

148 Alluding to the conduct of the House of Commons, respecting one Alexander Dunn's attempt to assassinate Wilkes. Dunn was brought to the bar, but discharged on the ground of his insanity. The friends of Mr. Wilkes denied the fact of insanity, and insisted that it was a ministerial manœuvre to screen their instrument. See vol. ii. p. 41.

Whilst we, obedient to the whim,
And resting all our faith on him,
True members of the Stoic weal,
Must learn to think and cease to feel.
  This glorious system form'd for man
To practise when and how he can,
If the five senses in alliance
To Reason hurl a proud defiance,
And, though oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater slavery hold
Than Jewish bondage was of old;
Or if they, something touch'd with shame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of Royalty, and, as in sport,
To hold a mimic formal court,
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of puppet king,
And suffer'd, by the way of toy,
To hold a globe, but not employ,
Our system-mongers, struck with fear,
Prognosticate destruction near;
All things to anarchy must run;
The little world of man's undone.
  Nay, should the eye, that nicest sense,
Neglect to send intelligence
Unto the brain distinct and clear,
Of all that passes in her sphere;
Should she presumptuous, joy receive
Without the understanding's leave,

They deem it rank and daring treason
Against the monarchy of Reason,
Not thinking, though they're wondrous wise,
That few have reason, most have eyes;
So that the pleasures of the mind
To a small circle are confined,
Whilst those which to the senses fall
Become the property of all.
Besides, (and this is sure a case
Not much at present out of place)
Where nature reason doth deny,
No art can that defect supply;
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to state the argument)
A man shall want an eye or two,
The remedy is sure, though new;
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the Chevalier—

204 The chevalier John Taylor, a quack oculist of much notoriety in his day, who advertised himself as Opthalmiator, Pontifical, Imperial, and Royal. In 1761, he published his adventures, which book is perhaps the strangest rhapsody that ever appeared in public. His travels through all parts of the world occupy the greatest portion of his work, and are little inferior in the marvellous, though much so in ingenuity, to those of the celebrated Baron Munchausen; he introduces his work with the following pompous address: "O thou mighty, O thou sovereign Pontiff, O thou great luminary of the church, O ye imperial, O ye royal, O ye great masters of empire, O ye empresses, O ye queens, O ye great people of Rome, once masters of the willing world, governors of that great mistress of the terrestrial globe, have you not declared with one voice the praise of my works. O ye learned, great

As well prepared, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in as put them out.
But, argument apart, which tends
To embitter foes and separate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apostate from the Nine,
Would I, though bred up a divine,
And foe of course to Reason's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own sense and feelings taught,
In speech as liberal as in thought,
Let every man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him?
Might I, though never robed in ermine,
A matter of this weight determine,
No penalties should settled be
To force men to hypocrisy,
To make them ape an awkward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.

in the knowledge of physic, excellent in virtue, you who are placed at the head of human wisdom, have you not told mankind how highly you approve my deeds?" During a long life he contrived to be always per fas aut nefas before the public eye, and died in 1788. His son, John Taylor, many years editor of the Sun evening paper, was a punster by profession in the same style, but of an inferior grade to Caleb Whiteford. He was a writer of prologues, epilogues, songs, and minor poems, which were published in two volumes by subscription. He died in 1832.

Johnson, talking of irregular practitioners in physic, said that Taylor was the most ignorant man he ever knew, Ward the dullest, and that Taylor was an instance how far impudence could carry ignorance.

I would not have, might sentence rest
Finally fix'd within my breast,
E'en Annet censured and confined,
Because we're of a different mind.
  Nature, who in her act most free,
Herself delights in liberty,
Profuse in love, and without bound,
Pours joy on every creature round;
Whom yet, was every bounty shed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If freedom did not crown them all.
  By Providence forbid to stray,
Brutes never can mistake their way;
Determined still, they plod along
By instinct, neither right nor wrong;
But man, had he the heart to use
His freedom, hath a right to choose;
Whether he acts or well, or ill,
Depends entirely on his will.

225 Peter Annet having been convicted of blasphemy for writing a paper entitled the "Free Inquirer," in which he impugned the authority of the books of Moses, and denied the miracles related in the New Testament, was sentenced by the court to suffer one year's imprisonment in Bridewell with hard labour, and to stand twice in the pillory. The latter punishment was inflicted in November, 1762; he bore it with fortitude, and his age, being about 70, and respectable appearance, excited the compassion of the populace. It is related of this man, that he so hated the Bible, that if he chanced to call at any bookseller's shop, and saw it on the counter, he would earnestly request the removal of it.

To her last work her favourite man
Is given on nature's better plan,
A privilege in power to err!
Nor let this phrase resentment stir
Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,
The little merit man can plead
In doing well, dependeth still
Upon his power of doing ill.
Opinions should be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found
That my opinion must be bound,
And square with his; such slavish chains
From foes the liberal soul disdains;
Nor can, though true to friendship, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let those, who rigid judgment own,
Submissive bow at Judgment's throne,
And if they of no value hold
Pleasure, till pleasure is grown cold,
Pall'd and insipid, forced to wait
For Judgment's regular debate
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull subjects suited to their mind.
Theirs be slow wisdom; be my plan,
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless as the fashions go,
Whether there's reason for't or no:
Be my employment here on earth
To give a liberal scope to mirth,

BARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

Life's barren vale with flowers t'adorn,
And pluck a rose from every thorn.
But if, by error led astray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
That doctor could I ne'er endure
Who found disease, and not a cure;
Nor can I hold that man a friend
Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend
To open happy Folly's eyes,
And, making wretched, make me wise:
For next, a truth which can't admit
Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
To being happy here below,
Is to believe that we are so.
Some few in knowledge find relief;
I place my comfort in belief.
Some for reality may call;
Fancy to me is all in all.
Imagination, through the trick
Of doctors, often makes us sick,
And why, let any sophist tell,
May it not likewise make us well?
This I am sure, whate'er our view,
Whatever shadows we pursue,
For our pursuits, be what they will,

284 If we see right, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
The only wretched are the wise. PRIOR.

Are little more than shadows still:
Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,
For man to catch or hold them long:
But joys which in the fancy live,
Each moment to each man may give:
True to himself, and true to ease,
He softens Fate's severe decrees,
And (can a mortal wish for more?)
Creates, and makes himself new o'er,
Mocks boasted vain reality,
And is, whate'er he wants to be.
Hail, Fancy—to thy power I owe
Deliverance from the gripe of woe;
To thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget,
Whilst Memory can her force employ
A large increase of every joy.
When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,
Authority had placed a guard,
A knavish guard, ordain'd by law
To keep poor Honesty in awe:
Authority severe and stern,
To intercept my wish'd return;
When foes grew proud, and friends grew cool,
And laughter seized each sober fool;

315 It does not appear that Churchill was ever actually arrested; but his flight from his curacy in Wales was occasioned by the threat of one, and by an actual execution upon his goods, and he was, on his return to London, and until the publication of the Rosciad, in constant apprehension of similar results.

When Candour started in amaze,
And, meaning censure, hinted praise:
When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
And hands, thank'd Heaven that she was wise:
When all around me, with an air
Of hopeless sorrow, look'd despair:
When they or said, or seem'd to say
There is but one, one only way
Better, and be advised by us,
Not be at all, than to be thus;
When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride
Disabled, lay by Virtue's side,
Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,
Which could not hope, yet would not fear.
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of pleasure speaking in her face,
Dull regularity thrown by,
And comfort beaming from her eye,
Fancy, in richest robes array'd,
Came smiling forth, and brought me aid;
Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bless me, came in rhyme.
Nor is her power to me confined;
It spreads, it comprehends mankind.
When (to the spirit-stirring sound
Of trumpets breathing courage round,
And fife's well-mingled, to restrain
And bring that courage down again;
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
Such as of late the good Saint Bride

Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of those, who, England quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the Scot,
Where Asgill held the foremost place,
Whilst my Lord figured at a race)
Processions ('tis not worth debate
Whether they are of stage or state)
Move on, so very, very slow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
When the performers all the while
Mechanically frown or smile,
Or, with a dull and stupid stare,
A vacancy of sense declare,
Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought
Into a labyrinth of thought,
Where reason wanders still in doubt,
And, once got in, cannot get out;
What cause sufficient can we find,
To satisfy a thinking mind,
Why, duped by such vain farces, man
Descends to act on such a plan?
Why they, who hold themselves divine,
Can in such wretched follies join,
Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,

355 An address of congratulation on the peace having been reluctantly wrung from the city of London, it was carried up to St. James's, 12th of May, 1763, by Sir Charles Asgill as locum tenens, accompanied by six other aldermen, the recorder, sheriffs, chamberlain and town-clerk. The procession was throughout accompanied by the hootings of the mob, and as it passed Fleet-street the great bell of St. Bride's began to toll, and then a dumb peal struck up; at its return it received a similar salutation from Bow bells.

Themselves and Nature to expose?
What cause, but that (you'll understand
We have our remedy at hand,
That if perchance we start a doubt,
Ere it is fix'd we wipe it out;
As surgeons when they lop a limb,
Whether for profit, fame, or whim,
Or mere experiment to try,
Must always have a stypic by)
Fancy steps in and stamps that real,
Which, *ipso facto*, is ideal.
Can none remember? yes, I know,
All must remember that rare show
When to the country Sense went down,
And fools came flocking up to town;
When knights (a work which all admit
To be for knighthood much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when parsons play'd
In robes canonical array'd,
And, fiddling, joined the Smithfield dance,
The price of tickets to advance:
Or, unto tapsters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from Booth to booth about,
To every scoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of beef and ale,
Then first prepared, by bringing beer in,
For present grand electioneering;
When heralds, running all about

406 A new parliament was called after the accession, and met in November, 1761; consequently the canvassing must have been at its height at the period of the coronation.

To bring in order, turn'd it out;
When by the prudent Marshal's care,
Lest the rude populace should stare,
And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay puppets of Patrician strain,
The whole procession, as in spite,
Unheard, unseen, stole off by night;
When our loved monarch, nothing loath,
Solemnly took that sacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements spring
Betwixt the subject and the king,
By which, in usual manner crown'd,
His head, his heart, his hands, he bound,
Against himself, should passion stir
The least propensity to err,
Against all slaves, who might prepare
Or open force, or hidden snare,
That glorious Charter to maintain,
By which we serve, and he must reign;
Then Fancy, with unbounded sway,
Revell'd sole mistress of the day,
And wrought such wonders, as might make
Egyptian sorcerers forsake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The palm of magic hers alone.
A knight (who in the silken lap
Of lazy Peace, had lived on pap;
Who never yet had dared to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor even that, unless a guide
Was placed to amble by his side,

And troops of slaves were spread around
To keep his Honour safe and sound;
Who could not suffer, for his life,
A point to sword, or edge to knife,
And always fainted at the sight
Of blood, though 'twas not shed in fight;
Who disinherited one son
For firing off an alder gun,
And whipt another, six years old,
Because the boy, presumptuous, bold
To madness, likely to become
A very Swiss, had beat a drum,
Though it appear'd an instrument
Most peaceable and innocent,
Having, from first, been in the hands
And service of the City bands)
Graced with those ensigns, which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame,
And spur them on to deeds of fame:
With little sword, large spurs, high feather,
Fearless of every thing but weather,
(And all must own, who pay regard
To charity, it had been hard
That in his very first campaign
His honours should be soil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (seeing others much the same
In point of valour as himself,
Who leave their courage on a shelf

From year to year, till some such rout
In proper season calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big and swagger'd more
Than ever hero did before:
Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
Like Mavors, grimly smiled and frown'd;
Seem'd heaven, and earth, and hell, to call
To fight, that he might rout them all,
And personated valour's style
So long, spectators to beguile,
That passing strange, and wondrous true,
Himself at last believed it too,
Nor for a time could he discern,
Till truth and darkness took their turn,
So well did Fancy play her part,
That coward still was at the heart.
  Whiffle (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of Fame
Recorded first through all this land
In Vanity's illustrious band?)
Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern Hercules at least
To rid the world of each wild beast,
Of each wild beast which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove
His force on the parade of Love,
Disclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the distaff quits the sword;
Who fond of women would appear

To public eye and public ear,
But, when in private, lets them know
How little they can trust to show;
Who sports a woman, as of course,
Just as a jockey shews a horse,
And then returns her to the stable,
Or, vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather Venus find,
(So pall'd, and so depraved his mind)
Than, by some great occasion led,
To seize her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own desires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Through fashion, not through feeling, wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Sense and Nature have decreed,
From real passion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Because he nothing has to say,
As your choice spirits oaths dispense
To fill up vacancies of sense;
Who having some small sense defies it,
Or, using, always misapplies it;
Who now and then brings something forth
Which seems indeed of sterling worth;
Something, by sudden start and fit,
Which at a distance looks like wit,
But, on examination near,
To his confusion will appear,

By truth's fair glass, to be at best
A threadbare jester's threadbare jest;
Who frisks and dances through the street,
Sings without voice, rides without seat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æsop's ass,
A *gratis* fool to all who pass;
Who riots, though he loves not waste,
Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
Acts without sense, talks without thought,
Does every thing but what he ought;
Who, led by forms, without the power
Of vice, is vicious; who one hour,
Proud without pride, the next will be
Humble without humility:
Whose vanity we all discern,
The spring on which his actions turn;
Whose aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be singular,
And all his utmost wishes mean
Is, though he's laugh'd at, to be seen:
Such (for when Flattery's soothing strain
Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,
And found a method to persuade
Her art, to soften every shade,
Justice, enraged, the pencil snatch'd
From her degenerate hand, and scratch'd
Out every trace, then quick as thought,
From life this striking likeness caught)
In mind, in manners, and in mien,
Such Whiffle came, and such was seen
In the world's eye; but (strange to tell!)

Misled by Fancy's magic spell,
Deceived, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own.
O bow, bow all at Fancy's throne,
Whose power could make so vile an elf
With patience bear that thing, himself.
  But, mistress of each art to please,
Creative Fancy, what are these,
These pageants of a trifler's pen,
To what thy power effected then?
Familiar with the human mind,
And swift and subtle as the wind,
Which we all feel, yet no one knows
Or whence it comes, or where it goes,
Fancy at once in every part
Possess'd the eye, the head, the heart,
And in a thousand forms array'd,
A thousand various gambols play'd.
  Here, in a face which well might ask
The privilege to wear a mask
In spite of law, and justice teach
For public good t'excuse the breach,
Within the furrow of a wrinkle
'Twixt eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,
Like centinels i'th' starry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
Their watch, like soldiers, in their sleep;
Or like those lamps, which, by the power

591 By an act of parliament then lately past, for the more

Of law, must burn from hour to hour,
(Else they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that Hall
Which, once notorious for a hop,
Is now become a justice shop)
Which are so managed, to go out
Just when the time comes round about,
Which yet, through emulation, strive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find
Amongst the children of mankind)
As they grow weaker, would seem stronger,
And burn a little, little longer:
Fancy, betwixt such eyes enshrined,
No brush to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice waved her wand around, whose force
Changed in an instant Nature's course,
And, hardly credible in rhyme,
Not only stopp'd, but call'd back time,
The face of every wrinkle clear'd,

effectually lighting, &c., the liberty of Westminster, the sitting magistrate at Bow Street was armed with very stringent powers for committing and inflicting penalties on such lamplighters as negligently suffered the lamps to go out, or omitted to go their rounds every hour, to relight such as were extinguished. These imperfect expedients have now been happily superseded by the blaze of gas.

594 The Westminster Sessions-house was then held at a house in King Street, which had probably been a low place of public entertainment. Early in this century, a new sessions-house was erected near St. Margaret's church, affording a perfect specimen of the goose-pie order of architecture; it has since undergone some alterations, but it wants reforming, or rather removal altogether.

Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
Down the neck ringlets spread their flame,
The neck admiring whence they came;
On the arch'd brow the Graces play'd;
On the full bosom Cupid laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits sent,
Became for eyes a supplement;
Teeth, white as ever teeth were seen,
Deliver'd from the hand of Green,
Started, in regular array,
Like train-bands on a grand field day,
Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wondering, turn'd from white to red;
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady ———— was fifteen.
Here she made lordly temples rise
Before the pious Dashwood's eyes,
Temples which, built aloft in air,
May serve for show, if not for prayer;
In solemn form herself, before,
Array'd like Faith, the Bible bore:

629 See vol. ii. p. 101.

633 In Hogarth's "Five orders of Periwigs," the first head in the second row was designed to represent Lord Melcombe, whose general costume and equipage were no less characteristic; he had a wardrobe loaded with rich and flaring suits, each in itself a load to the wearer, and every birth-day added to the stock. In doing this he so contrived as never to put his old dresses out of countenance by any variations in the fashions of the new; in the mean time, his bulk and corpulency gave full display to a vast expanse and profusion of brocade and embroidery, and this, when set off with an enormous periwig and deep laced ruffles, gave the picture of

There, over Melcombe's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phiz,
More of another world than this,
To a dwarf Muse a giant page,
The last grave fop of the last age,
In a superb and feather'd hearse,
Bescutcheon'd and betagg'd with verse,
Which, to beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a cast rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the hallow'd plaid,
Naked, as when (in those drear cells
Where self-bless'd, self-cursed Madness dwells)
Pleasure, on whom, in Laughter's shape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
First brought her forth, before her time,
Wild witness of her shame and crime,

an ancient courtier in his gala habit. When he paid his court at St. James's to Queen Charlotte upon her nuptials, he approached to kiss her hand, decked in an embroidered suit of silk, with lilac waistcoat and breeches, the latter of which, in the act of kneeling down, forgot their duty, and broke loose from their moorings in a very indecorous manner.

The above sketch is chiefly extracted from Cumberland's memoirs of himself, and he completes this spirited portrait in these words: "I had taken leave of Lord Melcombe the day preceding the Coronation, and found him before a looking-glass in his new robes, practising attitudes, and debating within himself upon the most graceful mode of carrying his coronet in the procession. He was in high glee with his fresh and blooming honours, and I left him in the act of dictating a billet to Lady Harvey, apprising her that a *young lord* was coming to throw himself at her feet."

Driving before an idle band
Of drivelling Stuarts, hand in hand;
Some who, to curse mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er must think of more;
Others, whose baby brows were graced
With paper crowns, and toys of paste,
She jigg'd, and playing on the flute,
Spread raptures o'er the soul of Bute.
Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
Which wrought the busy soul of man
To her full bent, the Civil Law,
Fit code to keep a world in awe,
Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As Jewish frontlets were of old;
The famous Charter of our land
Defaced, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom best he loved, of heroes crown'd,
By Tories guarded all around,
Dull solemn pleasure in his face,
He saw the honours of his race,

672 The Tories were, to the last, the stanch friends of the Stuarts. The Earl of Bute was perfectly sensible of this when he invited into his ministry several members of the Cocoa Tree, a club then notorious for the high Jacobitical principles of its members. The house in Pall Mall, in which it was held, became afterwards as well if not better known as the auction-rooms of the celebrated Mr. James Christie.

He saw their lineal glories rise,
And touch'd, or seem'd to touch the skies;
Not the most distant mark of fear,
No sign of axe, or scaffold near,
Not one cursed thought to cross his will
Of such a place as Tower Hill.
Curse on this Muse, a flippant jade,
A shrew, like every other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peevishness and spleen:
Her tongue, (for as one bound for life,
The husband suffers for the wife,
So if in any works of rhyme
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards must always rue it,
Although 'tis plain the Muses do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To send me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme, (our themes we choose
In Modern days without a Muse,
Just as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,
As if, though they must be the players,
The game was wholly his, not theirs)
Whate'er my theme, the Muse, who still
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears
In fatal politics appears.

Time was, and, if I aught discern
Of fate, that time shall soon return,
When, decent and demure at least,
As grave and dull as any priest,
I could see Vice in robes array'd,
Could see the game of Folly play'd,
Successfully in fortune's school,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool:
Time was, when nothing loath or proud,
I lackeyed with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in office, and would bow
To cyphers great in place, but now
Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,
To compliment a shatter'd state,
Had me, like Atlas, hither sent
To shoulder up the firmament,
And if I stoop'd, with general crack,
The heavens would tumble from my back:
Time was, when rank and situation
Secured the great ones of the nation
From all control; satire and law
Kept only little knaves in awe;
But now, decorum lost, I stand
Bemused, a pencil in my hand,
And, dead to every sense of shame,
Careless of safety and of fame,
The names of scoundrels minute down,
And libel more than half the town.

705 The poet is here guilty of an injustice to himself; he had from infancy a surly spirit of independence, which neither misfortunes could subdue, nor prosperity corrupt.

How can a statesman be secure
In all his villanies, if poor
And dirty authors thus shall dare
To lay his rotten bosom bare?
Muses should pass away their time
In dressing out the poet's rhyme
With bills and ribands, and array,
Each line in harmless taste, though gay,
When the hot burning fit is on,
They should regale their restless son
With something to allay his rage,
Some cool Castalian beverage,

750 The Rev. John Brown, D. D., born in 1715, was author, among other works, of the "Essay on the Characteristics," and of an "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times." The latter publication excited uncommon attention, and ran through seven editions in one year. His insatiable vanity, dogmatism, and arrogance, rendered him disgusting to others, and a torment to himself; disappointed by ill health in his intention of accepting an invitation from the Empress of Russia, to superintend an enlarged plan of education in that country; and highly irritated by the slights and mortifications he received in this, he, in 1766, became insane, and put a period to his own existence, in the fiftieth year of his age. He was of the Warburtonian school, but possessed too much of the spirit of his master to submit, without murmuring, to his dictates. The part he took in the controversy then raging between Drs. Lowth and Warburton, induced the latter to omit, in the fifth edition of his Divine Legation, the following passage which had occurred in the preceding ones: "See this matter and what else relates to ridicule as a test of truth explained at large, and in a very just and elegant manner by Mr. Brown in his first Essay on the Characteristics." Dr. Brown, though not eminently successful in his poetical attempts, understood the theory of composition; and his "Dissertation on the Rise, Union,

Or some such draught (though they, 'tis plain,
Taking the Muse's name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a Whitehead's ode go down,
Or slakes the Feverette of Brown:
But who would in his senses think,
Of Muses giving gall to drink,
Or that their folly should afford
To raving poets gun or sword?

and Power; the Progressions, Separations, and Corruptions of Poetry and Music," evinces a thorough acquaintance with the subjects on which he treats.

His tragedy of Barbarossa, which was acted and published in December, 1754, first introduced him to the acquaintance of Garrick, who wrote the prologue and epilogue to it, and grievously wounded the author's characteristic vanity, by the following passage in the epilogue:

"Let the poor devil eat, allow him that."

Dr. Brown with many eminent qualifications for a distinguished position in the world of letters, neutralized them all by an inordinate vanity which every one appeared to take a pleasure in mortifying, and it was said that amid the storm of controversial missiles by which he was assailed, few gave him more uneasiness than an anonymous ode, addressed to him as Legislator Elect of Russia, on his being prevented by a fit of the gout from entering on his high office of civilizing that empire. The following are some of the most pungent stanzas of that ode:

Oh thou! who throned in priestly state,
Once took the pains to estimate
Our manners and our times;
Who held the scales like epic Jove,
Thy country's nothingness to prove;
Accept these homely rhymes.

Poets were ne'er design'd by fate
To meddle with affairs of state,
Nor should (if we may speak our thought
Truly as men of honour ought)

Yet, pitying its etourderie,
Did teach it what was liberty,
What licence, and what faction;
And shew'd it plain, past all dispute,
That not t'obey the nod of Bute
Was a rebellious action.

This Russia heard; I'm much to blame,
'Twas "all the Russias" heard, thy fame,
And prick'd their flapping ears;
Sent compliments, and humbly ask
You'd condescend to take the task
Of taming their he-bears.

Their bears, you cried, why be it so,
A bear's a beast, as times now go,
Better to tame than man;
Men I have tried with prose and ode,
And now am drawing them a code,
Then bears shall have the plan.

A preacher national I rose,
Demonstrating to friends and foes,
Our troops could only dance;
Spite of my proofs they drew their swords,
And, merely to gainsay my words,
They almost conquer'd France.

Yet still was my compassion shewn,
To save their credit and my own,
I boasted through the nation,
That all their enterprising spirit
Was owing to the aspiring merit
Of my bold exhortation.

Sound policy their rage admit,
To launch the thunderbolts of wit
About those heads which, when they're shot,
Can't tell if 'twas by Wit or not.

Vain were my words, the rabble rout
Did only sneer, and gibe, and flout,
As if they thought I lied;
Therefore, I give each mother's son
Up, as I've given Warburton,
And half my friends beside.

Now fly abroad, ye red-stamped hosts,
Ye Chronicles, ye Evening-posts,
Proclaim through all the land,
That I in Russia's cause engage,
Ye curates, guard my vicarage,
And eke my gown and band.

Meanwhile, dread empress, I to thee
Will Solon, will Lycurgus be,
And Montesquieu also.
But scarce these words were well got out,
When lo, a demon called the gout
Did tweak him by the toe.

Come, Patience, come, invoked full oft,
And in our aid bring flannel soft
To wrap the peccant member;
Else, grief of griefs, he cannot go,
For who can trust a gouty toe
In Russia in November.

Not go! avert it, gracious Fate,
What, not to save the Russian state,
And be a legislator;
Good Cincinnatus left his plough,
Though he had pecks of wheat to sow,
When voted Rome's dictator.

These things well known, what devil, in spite,
Can have seduced me thus to write
Out of that road, which must have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which had I more
Than ever poet had before
Of wit and virtue, in disgrace
Would keep me still, and out of place,
Which, if some judge (you'll understand
One famous, famous through the land
For making law) should stand my friend
At last may in a pillory end;
And all this, I myself admit,
Without one cause to lead to it?—
For instance now—this book—the Ghost—
Methinks I hear some critic Post
Remark most gravely—"The first word
Which we about the Ghost have heard."
Peace, my good Sir,—not quite so fast—
What is the first, may be the last,
Which is a point, all must agree,
Cannot depend on you or me.
Fanny, no Ghost of common mould;
Is not by forms to be controll'd;

778 Alluding to Lord Mansfield as the great improver, if not founder of that scheme of successive judicial decisions, which, professing to be glosses on some debatable questions arising out of the statute or common law, now constitute a third division or code generally designated as Judge-made law; Churchill's animadversions however would extend no farther than to the obnoxious exercise of this power by Lord Mansfield, with reference to the then anomalous condition of the law of libel.

To keep her state, and shew her skill,
She never comes but when she will.
I wrote and wrote, perhaps you doubt,
And shrewdly, what I wrote about;
Believe me, much to my disgrace,
I, too, am in the self-same case,
But still I wrote, till Fanny came
Impatient, nor could any shame
On me, with equal justice, fall,
If she had never come at all.
An underling, I could not stir
Without the cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the subject aid receive
Until she came and gave me leave,
So that, (ye sons of Erudition
Mark, this is but a supposition,
Nor would I to so wise a nation
Suggest it as a revelation)
If henceforth, dully turning o'er
Page after page, ye read no more
Of Fanny, who in sea or air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt Fortune; but agree
No censure can be laid on me;
For sure (the cause let Mansfield try)
Fanny is in the fault, not I.
  But, to return—and this I hold
A secret worth its weight in gold
To those who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,

Through ditch, through bog, o'er hedge and stile,
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a passage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Through dirt, who scruples to approach,
At Pleasure's call to take a coach?
But we should think the man a clown,
Who in the dirt should set us down.
But to return—If Wit, who ne'er
The shackles of restraint could bear,
In wayward humour should refuse
Her timely succour to the Muse,
And, to no rules and orders tied,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She must renounce decorum's plan,
And get back when and how she can;
As parsons, who, without pretext,
As soon as mentioned, quit their text,
And, to promote sleep's genial power,
Grope in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more reason (for we know
Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)
Why they come back (should it befall
That ever they come back at all)
Into the road, to end their rout,
Than they can give why they went out.
But to return—this book—the Ghost—
A mere amusement at the most;
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day;

A slight shot silk, for summer wear,
Just as our modern statesmen are,
If rigid honesty permit
That I for once purloin the wit
Of him, who, were we all to steal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel:
Yet in this book, where ease should join
With mirth to sugar every line;
Where it should all be mere chit-chat,
Lively, good-humoured, and all that;
Where honest Satire, in disgrace,
Should not so much as show her face
The shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into laughter's sacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In science, trade, and politics.
But why should the distemper'd scold
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
In power's dread book, whose mighty skill
Can twist an empire to their will;
Whose voice is fate, and on their tongue
Law, liberty, and life, are hung;
Whom on inquiry, truth shall find,
With Stuarts link'd, time out of mind
Superior to their country's laws,
Defenders of a tyrant's cause;
Men, who the same damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old;
Who, though by different means, pursue
The end which they had first in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part

With much less honour, much more art?
Why, at the corners of the streets,
To every patriot drudge she meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should she wild clamours vent? or why,
The minds of groundlings to inflame,
A Dashwood, Bute, and Wyndham name?
Why, having not, to our surprise
The fear of death before her eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should she an argument afford
For blood, to men who wear a sword?
Men, who can nicely trim and pare
A point of honour to a hair;
Honour—a word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a court,
Which my Lord, quite in rapture feels
Dangling and rattling with his seals—
Honour—a word which all the Nine
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a word which torture mocks,
And might confound a thousand Lockes—
Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What Honour is, on their wild plan)
Is not, (to take it in their way,
And this we sure may dare to say
Without incurring an offence,)
Courage, law, honesty, or sense:

Men, who all spirit, life, and soul,
Neat butchers of a buttonhole,
Having more skill, believe it true
That they must have more courage too;
Men, who, without a place or name,
Their fortunes speechless as their fame,
Would by the sword new fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than starve
At coronations, a vast field,
Which food of every kind might yield;
Of good sound food, at once most fit
For purposes of health and wit?
Could not ambitious Satire rest,
Content with what she might digest?
Could she not feast on things of course,
A champion or a champion's horse?
A champion's horse—no better say,
Though better figured on that day—

926 Alluding to the horse which Lord Talbot mounted as high steward at the coronation. His performance was so ludicrously described in No. 12 of the North Briton as with other provocations to occasion the duel between his lordship and Mr. Wilkes, at Bagshot, of which we have already given an account. The following passages occur in the North Briton on the subject of this equestrian exhibition:

"Not only real services in parliament, but every species of elegance and refinement, in the polite arts, may, I think, without censure be rewarded with a pension. A politeness equal to that of Lord Talbot's horse ought not to pass unnoticed; at the coronation he paid a new, and, for a horse, a singular respect to his sovereign. I appeal to applauding multitudes, who were so charmed as to forget every rule

A horse, which might appear to us
Who deal in rhyme, a Pegasus;
A rider, who, when once got on,
Might pass for a Bellerophon,
Dropt on a sudden from the skies,
To catch and fix our wondering eyes,
To witch, with wand instead of whip,
The world with noble horsemanship,
To twist and twine, both horse and man,
On such a well-concerted plan,

of decency, and to clap even in the royal presence, whether his or his Lord's dexterity, on that day, did not surpass any courtiers. Caligula's horse had not half the merit. We remember how nobly he was provided for. What the exact proportion of merit was between his lordship and his horse, and how far the pension should be divided between them, I will not take upon me to determine; I leave this knotty point to be decided by the Earl of Eglingtoun, because Mr. John Hume, alias Home (for so it is printed in the New Sweet Nosegay of Scottish Thistles), tells the world, Vol. II. p. 230, that he is

A friend of princes, poets, wits,
A judge infallible of tits.

"In my private opinion, however, the merit of both was very great, and neither ought to pass unnoticed.

"The impartial and inimitable pen of Cervantes has made Rosinante immortal, as well as Don Quixote. Lord Talbot's horse, like the great planet in Milton, "danced about in various rounds his wandering course." At different times he was progressive, retrograde, or standing still. The progressive motion I should rather incline to think the merit of the horse, the retrograde motion the merit of the Lord. Some of the regulations of the courtiers themselves for that day had long been settled by former Lord Stewards; it was reserved for Lord Talbot to settle an etiquette for their horses."

That Centaur-like, when all was done?
We scarce could think they were not one?
Could she not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of new-coined peers,
Who walk'd, nobility forgot,
With shoulders fitter for a knot
Than robes of honour, for whose sake
Heralds, in form were forced to make;
To make, because they could not find,
Great predecessors to their mind?
Could she not (though 'tis doubtful since
Whether he plumber is, or prince)
Tell of a simple knight's advance
To be a doughty peer of France?
Tell how he did a dukedom gain,
And Robinson was Aquitain?

940 To obtain a decided majority in the House of Lords, it was thought expedient by Lord Bute, within the first two years of King George the Third's accession to create sixteen peers; we have seen nearly double that number created in one year. A measure of this kind was first resorted to in 1711; when, to carry a particular question in the upper house, twelve peers were created by the Tory faction. One of them, Lord Bathurst, having delivered his sentiments, pursuant to his instructions, the Earl of Wharton asked the remaining eleven *whether they voted by their Foreman?* Thus unceremoniously comparing them to a petit Jury. Burnet observes on this transaction that the Tory ministers, finding that the House of Lords would not be induced to favour their designs, resolved to make an experiment which none of our princes had ventured on in former times, that of making twelve peers at once.

Tell how her city chiefs, disgraced,
Were at an empty table placed?
A gross neglect, which, whilst they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive,
A gross neglect of all those rights
Which march with city appetites,
Of all those canons, which we find
By Gluttony, time out of mind
Established, which they ever hold
Dearer than anything but gold?
Thanks to my stars—I now see shore—

952 It had been customary at the coronation of the Kings of England, ever since the conquest, to be attended in the procession by the then greatest vassals of the crown, the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitain; since the loss of those provinces they have been represented by deputy on the occasion. At the coronation of George the Third, the Duke of Normandy (not Aquitain) was represented by Sir Thomas Robinson, a Yorkshire Baronet, the elder brother of the first Lord Rokeby, more generally called, to distinguish him from Sir Thomas Robinson, first Lord Grantham, by the name of either Sir Francis Fidget, from his restlessness, or long Sir Thomas, on account of his uncommon height of stature, in allusion to which the following happy epigram was written:

"Unlike to Robinson shall be my song,
It shall be witty and it shan't be long."

A ludicrous anecdote is related of the introduction of Sir Thomas to a Russian Nobleman, who persuaded himself that he was addressing no less a character than Robinson Crusoe. Sir Thomas was a specious, empty man, and a great pest to persons of high rank or in office. He was very troublesome to the Earl of Burlington, and when in his visits to him he was told that his Lordship was gone out, would desire to be ad-

Of courtiers, and of courts no more—
Thus stumbling on my city friends,
Blind Chance my guide, my purpose bends
In line direct, and shall pursue
The point which I had first in view,
Nor more shall with the reader sport
Till I have seen him safe in port.
Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear
Through the wide regions of the air
The reader terrified, no more
Wild ocean's horrid paths explore.
Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Cross-roads to Allen I resign;

mitted to look at the clock, or to play with a monkey that was kept in the hall in hopes of being sent for in to the Earl. This he had so frequently done that all in the house were tired of him. At length it was concerted among the servants that he should receive a summary answer to his usual questions, and accordingly at his next coming, the porter as soon as he had opened the gate, and without waiting for what he had to say, dismissed him with these words, "Sir, his Lordship is gone out, the clock stands, and the monkey is dead." Sir Thomas Robinson had been chiefly bred up in some of the minor German Courts, and was one of the weakest of the Duke of Newcastle's political tools under whom he was Secretary of State, and on his resignation of that office was made Master of the Great Wardrobe, with a pension of £2000 a year on Ireland for 31 years. On the Duke of Newcastle's attempt to govern the House of Commons by Sir Thomas Robinson, Pitt in his bitterest manner said, "he might as well send his jack-boot to govern us."

976 Warburton was suspected of giving his uncle, Mr. Allen, some assistance in his epistolary correspondence with the Earl of Chatham, on the subject of the address of thanks from the city of Bath, on the peace of 1763. Mr. Allen was

Allen, the honour of this nation;
Allen, himself a corporation:
Allen, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own;
Allen, the first of letter'd men,
Since the good Bishop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his stand
To mend his head, and guide his hand.
But hold—once more, digression hence—
Let us return to common sense;
The car of Phœbus I discharge,
My carriage now a Lord Mayor's barge.
Suppose we now—(we may suppose
In verse, what would be sin in prose—)
The sky with darkness overspread,
And every star retired to bed;
The gewgaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In some dark corner thrown aside;
Great lords and ladies giving way
To what they seem to scorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art;
Desire triumphant through the night,

the inventor and farmer of cross posts, by which he acquired a large fortune.

988 The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and a deputation of the Common Council, were invited to the coronation dinner in Westminster Hall: by some mistake a table had been neglected to be set out for them, and, like the Knights of the Bath who were in the same predicament, they got but a scanty meal, and returned to the city late in the evening in their barge, much displeased with their part in the show.

And Beauty panting with delight;
Chastity, woman's fairest crown,
Till the return of morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not sullied in the night;
Dull Ceremony, business o'er,
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
Precaution trudging all about
To see the candles safely out,
Bearing a mighty master-key,
Habited like Economy,
Stamping each lock with triple seals,
Mean Avarice creeping at her heels.
  Suppose we too, like sheep in pen,
The Mayor and Court of Aldermen
Within their barge, which through the deep,
The rowers more than half asleep,
Moved slow, as overcharged with state;
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that bawble heavier far
Than a whole fleet of men of war.
Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head
With liberal hand his poppies shed,
Each head by Dullness, render'd fit
Sleep and his empire to admit.
Through the whole passage not a word,
Not one faint, weak, half-sound was heard;
Sleep had prevail'd, to overwhelm

1006 Sir Clement Cottrell, master of the ceremonies; who was succeeded in his high office by Sir Robert Chester.

The steersman nodding o'er the helm;
The rowers, without force or skill,
Left the dull barge to drive at will;
The sluggish oars suspended hung,
And even Beardmore held his tongue.
Commerce, regardful of a freight
On which depended half her state,
Stepp'd to the helm; with ready hand
She safely clear'd that bank of sand,
Where, stranded, our west-country fleet
Delay and danger often meet,
Till Neptune anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid.
Next (for the Muses can survey
Objects by night as well as day;
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkness and light to them the same)
They pass'd that building which of old

1032 Beardmore, whose conduct as under-sheriff with respect to Dr. Shebbeare, has already been the subject of a note. This man was an occasional writer in the Monitor, an opposition paper, and was afterwards employed by Wilkes as his solicitor in his contest with government, and he and his clerk being taken into custody by the king's messengers, at the same time with his client, they brought actions against the Secretaries of State, in which very heavy damages were recovered.

1045 The Savoy and Old Somerset House, formerly the residences of the Queens of England, were afterwards purchased by parliament for national uses, and the more convenient palace of Buckingham House was appropriated for that purpose in exchange, in favour of Queen Charlotte as Queen consort.

Queen-mothers was design'd to hold,
At present a mere lodging-pen,
A palace turn'd into a den,
To barracks turn'd, and soldiers tread
Where dowagers have laid their head,
Why should we mention Surrey Street,
Where every week grave judges meet
All fitted out with hum and ha,
In proper form to drawl out law,
To see all causes duly tried
'Twixt knaves who drive, and fools who ride?
Why at the Temple should we stay?
What of the Temple dare we say?
A dangerous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear;
Where, as the brethren of the seas
For fares, the lawyers ply for fees.
What of that Bridge most wisely made

1061 A hackney-coach office was first established by act of parliament in 1696, in Surrey Street in the Strand, and five Commissioners authorized to regulate the fares and to determine differences.

1063 A senseless clamour was excited by interested persons of all descriptions against the erection of a bridge over the Thames, at Blackfriars. Principally owing to the exertions of Mr. Paterson, an eminent attorney, and member of the Common Council, an act of parliament was obtained for the purpose, but not without considerable opposition, founded on arguments as little tenable as those urged by our author, who seems to have been guided in his judgment by the circumstances of Paterson being the head of the Anti-Wilkites in the city, and of Mylne, the architect, being a Scotchman. The act of parliament having at length been obtained, for

To serve the purposes of trade,
In the great mart of all this nation,
By stopping up the navigation,
And to that sand bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?
What of that Bridge, which, void of sense,
But well supplied with impudence,
Englishmen, knowing not the Guild,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till Paterson, as white as milk,
As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,
In solemn manner had decreed,

which the thanks of the city were voted to Mr. Paterson, a committee was appointed to receive plans, and a controversy, in which Dr. Johnson incidentally took a part against Mr. Mylne, was raised by the friends of the different projectors on the comparative solidity and beauty of semicircular and elliptical arches; the former were recommended by Mr. Thomas Simpson, the celebrated mathematician, but the plan of Mr. Robert Mylne, on the latter principle, was at length, chiefly by the influence of Mr. Paterson, adopted, and the first stone of the bridge was laid on the 31st of October, 1760, with great solemnity; the inscription upon it in quaint Latin was ascribed to Mr. Paterson, who incurred a very considerable portion of ridicule on account of it, in a very witty, and critical dissection of it, in a pamphlet entitled, City Latin. The bridge was opened for carriages on the 18th of November 1769, and the toll imposed for defraying the expense of building, and which produced about £8000 a year did not cease until the expiration of twenty years. The utility of the bridge has been proved, its durability is still questionable, the materials of which it is composed have, in many instances, proved defective when used in the construction of works of such extraordinary magnitude, and so much exposed to the vicissitudes of the seasons. Sir John Hawkins, in his life of John-

That on the other side the Tweed
Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne, a man unknown;
But grace, preferment, and renown,
Deserving, just arrived in town:
One Mylne, an artist perfect quite
Both in his own and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge as he,
With glorious Patavinity,
To build inscriptions, worthy found
To lie for ever under ground.
Much more, worth observation too,
Was this a season to pursue

son, has entered minutely into the merits of the bridge, and many of his objections to its style of building appear well founded. He notices the columns being disproportionate in the ratio between their heights and their diameters, and consequently assuming the shape of candles; of the lesser errors he mentions the unwarrantable mutilation of the keystones over the arches, and the injudicious position of the entablature of the ballustrade. Mr. Paterson was equally zealous in 1766, in obtaining and carrying into effect an act of parliament for new paving the City of London, for which service the thanks of the court of Common Council were again voted to him.

Mr. Mylne obtained and held the responsible appointment of Engineer to the New River Company, until his death in August 1811, at the advanced age of 79, and was succeeded in his office by his only son, a gentleman of much eminence in his profession.

1084 The ancient inhabitants of Patavium, now Padua, were celebrated for their affected phraseology, and studied mode of composition. The historian Livy was of this school. of whom Quintilian says, In Tito Livio miræ facundiæ vero patat inesse Pollio Asinius quandam Patavinitatem.

The theme, our Muse might tell in rhyme:
The will she hath, but not the time;
For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
(And when a goddess comes, we know,
Surpassing Nature acts prevail,
And boats want neither oar nor sail)
The vessel pass'd, and reach'd the shore
So quick, that thought was scarce before.
Suppose we now our city court
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And, of their state regardless quite,
Landed, like smuggled goods, by night.
The solemn magistrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown,
With every other ensign gone,
Suppose the woollen nightcap on;
The flesh-brush used, with decent state,
To make the spirits circulate,
(A form which, to the senses true,
The lickerish chaplain uses too,
Though, something to improve the plan,
He takes the maid instead of man)
Swathed, and with flannel cover'd o'er,
To shew the vigour of threescore,
The vigour of threescore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,
Suppose, the mighty Dulman led
Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed;
Suppose, the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great Town,

The drone as fast asleep, as he
Must in the course of nature be,
Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up, is never half awake.
There let him sleep, whilst we survey
The preparations for the day;
That day on which was to be shown
Court pride by City pride outdone.
The jealous mother sends away,
As only fit for childish play,
That daughter who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her side.
The wretch, of God and man accurst,
Of all hell's instruments the worst,
Draws forth his pawns, and for the day
Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;
Around his awkward doxy shine
The treasures of Golconda's mine;
Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.
Garments well saved, (an anecdote
Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well saved, which first were made
When tailors, to promote their trade,

1126 We have already noticed the magnificent entertainment given to the sovereign and his consort, by the city on the Lord Mayor's day succeeding the Coronation.

1139 This anecdote, whatever might have been its authenticity, and interest at the time, has now no claim to the latter, and we may therefore be spared any pains in substantiating the former.

Against the Picts in arms arose,
And drove them out, or made them clothes;
Garments immortal, without end,
Like names and tifles, which descend
Successively from sire to son;
Garments, unless some work is done
Of note, not suffer'd to appear
'Bove once at most in every year,
Were now, in solemn form, laid bare,
To take the benefit of air,
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this solemnity, to avoid
That scent, which Russia's leather gave,
From vile and impious moth to save.
  Each head was busy, and each heart
In preparation bore a part;
Running together all about
The servants put each other out,
Till the grave master had decreed,
The more haste, ever the worst speed.
Miss, with her little eyes half-closed,
Over a smuggled toilette dozed:
The waiting-maid, whom story notes
A very Scrub in petticoats,
Hired for one work, but doing all,
In slumbers lean'd against the wall.
Milliners, summon'd from afar,
Arrived in shoals at Temple Bar,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart loads of foppery from court;

With labour'd visible design
Art strove to be superbly fine;
Nature, more pleasing, though more wild,
Taught otherwise her darling child,
And cried, with spirited disdain,
Be Hunter elegant and plain.
Lo! from the chambers of the East,
A welcome prelude to the feast,
In saffron-colour'd robe array'd,
High in a car by Vulcan made,
Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed
High-mettled, of celestial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,
And held her empire, till outrun
By that brave jolly groom the Sun.
The trumpet—hark! it speaks—it swells
The loud full harmony; it tells
The time at hand when Dulman, led
By form, his citizens must head
And march those troops, which at his call,
Were now assembled, to Guildhall,
On matters of importance great,
To court and city, church and state.
From end to end the sound makes way,
All hear the signal and obey;
But Dulman, who, his charge forgot,
By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
Hear any trumpet, but the last.
Crape, ever true and trusty known,

Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
Then in the spirituals of pride,
Planted himself at Dulman's side.
Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke death's adamantine chain,
On Dulman call, but call'd in vain.
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
The Theban boxer curse his trade,
The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
And thrice fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? Where force hath fail'd
Policy often hath prevail'd,
And what, an inference most plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again.
Under his pillow (still in mind
The proverb kept, fast bind, fast find)
Each blessed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away assay'd.
What not the power of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick started he with stupid stare,
For all his little soul was there.
Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
In elbow-chair, and morning-gown;
Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of robes, and trumpery of state;
Behold him (for the maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do

We do ourselves, and chaplain paid,
Like slaves, in every other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having, as usual, said his prayers,
Go titter, totter, to the stairs:
Behold him for descent prepare
With one foot trembling in the air;
He starts, he pauses on the brink,
And, hard to credit, seems to think;
Through his whole train (the chaplain gave
The proper cue to every slave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each started, paused, and aim'd at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and, silent for a season,
At last with Crape begins to reason:
But first of all he made a sign,
That every soul but the divine
Should quit the room; in him he knows,
He may all confidence repose.
"Crape—though I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful step I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
My foes and friends—observe me still—
I mean not those who well or ill
Perhaps may wish me, but those who
Have't in their power to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the state,

In too much hurry to be great,
Or through much zeal, a motive, Crape,
Deserving praise, into a scrape
I, like a fool, am got no doubt
I, like a wise man should get out:
Note that remark without replies;
I say that to get out is wise,
Or by the very self-same rule
That to get in was like a fool.
The marrow of this argument
Must wholly rest on the event,
And therefore, which is really hard,
Against events too I must guard.
  Should things continue as they stand,
And Bute prevail through all the land
Without a rival, by his aid
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, honours, on my zeal may smile,
And stamp me Earl of some *great* Isle:
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The present minister goes out,

1284 The Isle of Bute, situate in the Frith of Clyde, is about twelve miles in length, and five in breadth. A ludicrous statement was made of the sum contributed by it to the revenue, amounting to thirteen shillings and nine-pence three-farthings, subject to some deductions. In allusion to its being the property of the premier and favourite, and to his overwhelming influence and patronage, the following epigram was made:

All other turns, vicissitudes and changes
  I could behold sedately, and be mute,
One metamorphosis I own most strange is,
  Great Britain turned into the Isle of Bute.

Fain would I know on what pretext
I can stand fairly with the next?
For as my aim, at every hour,
Is to be well with those in power,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I should not, like a blockhead, choose
To gain these so as those to lose:
'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto our bow."
As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd
His lord, who thus his speech pursued:
"This, my good Crape, is my grand point;
And as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is required
To bring about the point desired.
What I would wish to bring about
Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
The matter in dispute you know,
Is what we call the *Quomodo*.
That be thy task"—The reverend slave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fix'd to the ground and rooted, stood
Just like a man cut out of wood,
Such as we see (without the least
Reflection glancing on the priest)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almost in every church in town;
He stood some minutes, then, like one
Who wish'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, shook his head,

And thus the man of Sorrow said:
"Hard is this task, too hard I swear,
By much too hard for me to bear;
Beyond expression hard my part,
Could mighty Dulman see my heart,
When he, alas! makes known a will
Which Crape's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To sense and honour? could I reach
Thy meaning without help of speech,
At the first motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not said, not what I ought,
But what my earthly master taught?
Did I e'er weigh, through duty strong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever Interest, to whom thou
Canst not with more devotion bow,
Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table placed,
When business call'd aloud for haste,
Torn myself thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites, as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan pursued
Of voluntary servitude,
Pursued, without or shame or fear,
Through the great circle of the year,

Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my power,
Commands which baffle all my skill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his slave afford:
This task, for my poor strength unfit,
Will yield to none but Dulman's wit."
With such gross incense gratified,
And turning up the lip of pride,
"Poor Crape"—and shook his empty head—
"Poor puzzled Crape!"—wise Dulman said,
"Of judgment weak, of sense confined,
For things of lower note design'd;
For things within the vulgar reach,
To run of errands, and to preach,
Well hast thou judg'd, that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;
Well hast thou judged thyself unmeet
Of such high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
And all I said was but a joke.
Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace
Or to my person or my place;
The wisest of the sons of men
Have deign'd to use them now and then.
The only caution, do you see,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common use and men exempt,
Is that they may not breed contempt.
Great use they have, when in the hands

Of one like me, who understands,
Who understands the time and place,
The person, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect; so that we find,
If all the requisites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke must spring;
A joke's a very serious thing.
  But to our business—my design,
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade;
Which, like broad-cloth, I can, with ease
Cut out in any shape I please.
  Some, in my circumstance, some few,
Aye, and those men of genius too,
Good men, who, without love or hate,
Whether they early rise or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,
Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,
By threadbare ways and means would try
To bear their point—so will not I.
New methods shall my wisdom find
To suit these matters to my mind,
So that the infidels at court,
Who make our City wits their sport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that Dulman bears a brain.
  Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;
Would lend a wife, who they might swear
Safely, was none the worse for wear;

Would see a daughter, yet a maid,
Into a statesman's arms betray'd;
Nay, should the girl prove coy, nor know
What daughters to a father owe,
Sooner than schemes so nobly plan'd
Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;
Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t'other;
Would every petty band forget;
To public eye be with one set,
In private with a second herd,
And be by proxy with a third;
Would (like a queen, of whom I read
The other day—her name is fled—
In a book (where, together bound,
Whittington and his Cat I found;
A tale most true, and free from art,
Which all Lord Mayors should have by heart)
A queen (O might those days begin
Afresh, when queens would learn to spin)
Who wrought, and wrought, but for some plot,
The cause of which I've now forgot,
During the absence of the sun
Undid what she by day had done)
While they a double visage wear,
What's sworn by day, by night unswear.
  Such be their arts, and such perchance,
May happily their ends advance;
From a new system mine shall spring,
A *Locum tenens* is the thing.

That's your true plan—to obligate
The present ministers of state,
My shadow shall our court approach,
And bear my power, and have my coach;
My fine state-coach, superb to view,
A fine state-coach, and paid for too.
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain of those who're out of place;
In the mean time I—that's to say—
I proper, I myself—here stay.
But hold—perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scots administration,
To lend my coach may seem to be
Declaring for the ministry,
For where the City-coach is, there
Is the true essence of the Mayor:
Therefore (for wise men are intent
Evils at distance to prevent,
Whilst fools the evils first endure,
And then are plagued to seek a cure)
No coach—a horse—and free from fear
To make our Deputy appear,
Fast on his back shall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his side;
Then for a horse—through all the land,
To head our solemn city-band,
Can any one so fit be found
As he, who in Artillery ground,

1468 A ludicrous accident of this kind occurred at a review of the city, but the particulars have escaped our recollection.

Without a rider, noble sight,
Led on our bravest troops to fight?
  But first, Crape, for my honour's sake,
A tender point, inquiry make
About that horse, if the dispute
Is ended, or is still in suit:
For whilst a cause (observe this plan
Of justice) whether horse or man
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determined out and out,
That power must tyranny appear
Which should, prejudging, interfere,
And weak faint judges overawe
To bias the free course of law.
  You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you must appear,
Whilst I in privacy sit here;
Here shall great Dulman sit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did."
  Crape heard, and speeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey;

1482 The determination of the House of Commons, on the subject of the 45th number of the North Briton, was generally considered as prejudging a matter then before another tribunal, and as having a direct tendency to influence the judge and overawe the jury.

1485 For the name and some account of this obsequious chaplain, see supplemental notes to this poem.

Not without trouble, be assured,
A proper proxy was procured
To serve such infamous intent,
And such a lord to represent,
Nor could one have been found at all
On t'other side of London Wall.
The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow
Behold the grand procession go,
All moving on, cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er design'd.
Constables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the second place
By virtue of a silver mace,
Which every Saturday is drawn,

1514 Our author's clerical connection with Westminster has led him to introduce the names of persons otherwise too obscure to excite general interest. Mr. Peirson was a leading man in the parish committee for repairing and beautifying St. Margaret's church, and the contest of that committee with Dr. Pearce, Dean of Westminster, and Bishop of Rochester, on the subject of the beautifully painted eastern window purchased by them for 400 guineas, excited much attention. The Dean insisted upon its being Popish and idolatrous, and required its removal, but did not succeed. The history of this window is too curious to be omitted; it was presented to Henry VII. for the chapel he was then building at Westminster, by the magistrates of Dort in Holland; but he dying before it was completed, it fell into the hands of the Abbot of Waltham, who put it up in his Abbey church, where it continued until the dissolution in 1540. To preserve it from destruction, it was removed by the last Abbot to New Hall, a seat of the Butlers, Earls of Ormond, in Essex. In Queen Elizabeth's reign New Hall belonged to the Earl of Sussex,

For use of Sunday out of pawn;
Treasurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty treasury;
Churchwardens, who their course pursue
In the same state, as to their pew
Churchwardens of St. Margaret's go,
Since Peirson taught them pride and show,
Who in short transient pomp appear,
Like almanacks changed every year;
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the poor's box,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and shut it when they please:
Overseers, who by frauds ensure
The heavy curses of the poor;

of whom George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, bought it, whose son sold it to General Monk, who, to preserve the window, buried it under ground during the prevalence of puritanism. After the restoration General Monk caused it to be replaced in the chapel of New Hall. From the heirs of General Monk, New Hall passed to Mr. Olmius, who demolished the chapel, and sold the window to Mr. Conyers for his chapel, at Copthall, near Epping; there it remained till his son, intending to rebuild the mansion, sold it to the committee appointed for repairing St. Margaret's, A. D. 1758. The Dean's interference occasioned the following epigram:

"Our Saviour, as scripture informs us, in Jewry
The changers of money drove out in a fury;
Now Rochester's bishop, what can he do more?
Returns the affront, and kicks Christ out of door."

It is probable our author might also allude to the transaction in the following couplet:

"Who his Redeemer would pull down,
And sell his God for half a crown." GHOST, b. ii.

Unclean came flocking, bulls and bears,
Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.
Portentous, flaming in the van,
Stalk'd the Professor Sheridan,
A man of wire, a mere pantine,
A downright animal machine;
He knows alone, in proper mode,
How to take vengeance on an ode,
And how to butcher Ammon's son
And poor Jack Dryden both in one:
On all occasions next the chair
He stands for service of the Mayor,
And to instruct him how to use
His A's and B's, and P's and Q's:
O'er letters, into tatters worn,
O'er syllables, defaced and torn,

1523 The twin monsters of the Stock-Exchange, who sometimes undergo as strange a metamorphosis as any Ovid has recorded, by making their final exit from their Pandemonium in the shape of Lame Ducks; and although never readmitted to their original seats, some have been known to waddle into the House of Commons, and to achieve the dignity of the Baronetage.

1527 This was no great compliment to Mr. Sheridan's gesticulation. A Pantinei was a figure made of pasteboard in miniature imitation of the human form; by the least touch of the finger it might be thrown into a variety of antic and ridiculous postures; about the commencement of last century it was in high vogue among the beau-monde, and deemed a most diverting plaything for gentlemen as well as ladies. Mademoiselle Pantini, one of Marshal Saxe's mistresses, was the ingenious inventor, from whom it derived its name.

1530 Mr. Sheridan, for his own benefit, recited Dryden's Ode with more labour than success.

O'er words disjointed, and o'er sense,
Left destitute of all defence,
He strides, and all the way he goes
Wades, deep in blood, o'er Criss-cross-rows:
Before him every consonant
In agonies is seen to pant;
Behind, in forms, not to be known,
The ghosts of tortured vowels groan.
  Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
And City favour, came in place:
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to reverend age;
When a court dame, to grace his brows
Resolved, is wed to City-spouse,
Their aid with Madam's aid must join,
The awkward dotard to refine,
And teach, whence truest glory flows,
Grave sixty to turn out his toes,
Each bore in hand a kit; and each
To show how fit he was to teach
A Cit, an Alderman, a Mayor,
Led in a string a dancing bear.
  Since the revival of Fingal,
Custom, and custom's all in all,
Commands that we should have regard,
On all high seasons, to the bard.

1560 Hart and Duke, more than once before noticed as eminent dancing-masters, who were thus represented in one of the daubings comprised in Bonnell Thornton's sign-post exhibition. See vol. ii. p. 307.

Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
Profaned should not be said, but sung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty Lockman came,
And ne'er forgot in Dulman's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The uniformity of pride,
Brought Brother Whitehead by his side.
On horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And cast his fiery eyeballs round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpose fit,
His high and generous blood disdain'd
To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,

1568 John Lockman, secretary to the British herring fishery, an amiable, inoffensive man. In conversation he had some humor, but his attempts to excite merriment on paper, were wretchedly unsuccessful. He was concerned in several translations and compilations, among others the Romance of the Loves of Chœrea and Callirhoe was revised by him, he died on the 2d of February, 1771.

1592 The poet omits no opportunity of visiting Lord Talbot for his challenge to Wilkes, and silly conduct during their nocturnal meeting at Bagshot, of which a full account has been given in a former volume. The Lord High Steward appears to have been a weak and irritable but well intentioned man, altogether unequal to the task he undertook of being a reformer, and as such of retrenching the expenditure of the royal household, in despair of which, he took frequent occasion in the House of Lords to insist on the inadequacy of the civil list. Mr. Burke, in his celebrated speech on presenting resolutions to the House of Commons, for the better security of the independence of parliament and of the economical reformation of the civil and other establishments,

Great Dymoke, in his glorious station,
Paraded at the coronation.
Not so our city Dymoke came,
Heavy, dispirited, and tame;
No mark of sense, his eyes half-closed,
He on a mighty dray-horse dozed:
Fate never could a horse provide
So fit for such man to ride,
Nor find a man with strictest care,
So fit for such a horse to bear.
Hung round with instruments of death,
The sight of him would stop the breath
Of braggart Cowardice, and make
The very court Drawcansir quake;

thus humorously stated Lord Talbot's difficulties on the occasion, for which purpose it was convenient to overrate his abilities:

"At the beginning of his majesty's reign, Lord Talbot came to the administration of a great department in the household. I believe no man ever entered into his majesty's service, or into the service of any prince, with a more clear integrity, or with more zeal and affection for the interest of his master; and I must add, with abilities for a still higher service. Economy was then announced as a maxim of the reign. This noble lord, therefore made several attempts towards a reform. In the year 1777, when the king's civil list debts came last to be paid, he explained very fully the success of his undertaking. He told the House of Lords, that he had attempted to reduce the charges of the king's tables, and his kitchen,—the thing, Sir, was not below him. He knew that there is nothing interesting in the concerns of men, whom we love and honour, that is beneath our attention.—'Love,' says one of our old poets, 'esteems no office mean;' and with still more spirit, 'Entire affection

With dirks, which, in the hands of spite,
Do their damn'd business in the night,
From Scotland sent, but here display'd
Only to fill up the parade;
With swords, unflesh'd, of maiden hue,
Which rage or valour never drew;
With blunderbusses, taught to ride
Like pocket-pistols, by his side,
In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
A little moving armoury.
One thing much wanting to complete
The sight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horse, (a courtesy

scorneth nicer hands.' Frugality, Sir, is founded on the principle, that all riches have limits. A royal household, grown enormous, even in the meanest departments, may weaken and perhaps destroy all energy in the highest offices of the state. The gorging a royal kitchen may stint and famish the negotiations of a kingdom. Therefore, the object was worthy of his, was worthy of any man's attention.

"In consequence of this noble lord's resolution, (as he told the other house) he reduced several tables, and put the persons entitled to them upon board wages, much to their own satisfaction. But unluckily, subsequent duties requiring constant attendance, it was not possible to prevent their being fed where they were employed—and thus this first step towards economy doubled the expense.

"There was another disaster far more doleful than this. I shall state it, as the cause of that misfortune which lies at the bottom of almost all our prodigality. Lord Talbot attempted to reform the kitchen; but such, as he well observed, is the consequence of having duty done by one person, whilst another enjoys the emoluments, that he found himself frustrated in all his designs. On that rock his whole adven-

In horses found of high degree)
Instead of going forward on,
All the way backward should have gone.
Horses, unless they breeding lack,
Some scruple make to turn their back,
Though riders, which plain truth declares,
No scruple make of turning theirs.
  Far, far apart from all the rest,
Fit only for a standing jest,
The independent, (can you get
A better suited epithet)
The independent Amyand came,

ture split—His whole scheme of economy was dashed to pieces; his department became more expensive than ever;—the civil list debt accumulated—Why? It was truly from a cause, which, though perfectly adequate to the effect, one would not have instantly guessed;—it was because the *turnspit in the king's kitchen was a member of parliament.* The king's domestic servants were all undone; his tradesmen remained unpaid, and became bankrupt—*because the turnspit in the king's kitchen was a member of parliament.* His majesty's slumbers were interrupted, his pillow was stuffed with thorns, and his peace of mind entirely broken—*because the king's turnspit was a member of parliament.* The judges were unpaid; the justice of the kingdom bent and gave way; our ministers abroad remained inactive and uninformed; the system of Europe was dissolved; the chain of our alliances was broken; all the wheels of government at home and abroad were stopped; *because the king's turnspit was a member of parliament.*"

1617 George and Claudius Amyand were at this period among the most eminent merchants in the city of London; the former was in parliament for Barnstable, and created a baronet in 1764; he died in 1766, when his title descended

All burning with the sacred flame
Of liberty, which well he knows
On the great stock of slavery grows,
Like sparrow, who, deprived of mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From spray to spray no more will hop,
But sits alone on the house-top;
Or like himself, when all alone
At Croydon, he was heard to groan,
Lifting both hands in the defence
Of interest, and common sense;
Both hands, for as no other man

to his son, who afterwards took the name of Cornwall; the latter was a commissioner of customs, and possessed the lucrative situation of receiver-general of the land tax for London and Middlesex; and was also with Henry Digby joint under-secretary of state to Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. These gentlemen uniformly gave the weight of their influence to administration, and took the lead in all the money negotiations of the times. As practice alone can make perfect, these transactions were then not so well understood by the public as at present, when we shall find it difficult to render credible the clamour that was excited at the exorbitant profit of ten per cent. gained in 1763, by the contractors, on what was then considered an enormous loan of three millions and a half. The North Briton affords a complete specimen of the popular language adopted on the occasion.

"The terms of the new subscription have been so injurious to the public, but so beneficial to the subscribers, that is, to the creatures of the minister, that there was immediately an advance of seven per cent. and in a very few days of above eleven per cent. I shall, however, only state it at the round sum of ten per cent. that I may not puzzle the chancellor of the Exchequer. The whole loan amounted to £3,500,000, consequently in a period of a very few days, the minister gave

Adopted and pursued his plan,
The left hand had been lonesome quite,
If he had not held up the right:
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a distant prize,
On which, in letters worthy note,
There, twenty thousand pounds, was wrote.
False trap, for credit sapp'd is found
By getting twenty thousand pound:
Nay, look not thus on me, and stare,
Doubting the certainty—to swear
In such a case I should be loath—
But Perry Cust may take his oath.

among his creatures, and the tools of his power, £350,000, which was levied on the public; the most enormous sum ever divided in so short a time among any set of men. A few of their names I will mention, to shew in what estimation they are held by the public. Messrs. Touchet, Glover, Cust, (brother to the able and impartial speaker) Amyand, Maygens, Salvador, Colebrooke, Thornton, and Muilman had each £200,000 of the new subscription, and of course almost immediately cleared £20,000 each, which they have, or have not shared among their friends. Mr. Fox had £100,000, Mr. Calcraft, £72,000, Mr. Drummond, £70,000. The governor of the bank, Robert Marsh, Esq., had £150,000 to keep the gentlemen there in good humour; and to preserve his own good humour, £50,000. Lewis Way, Esq., sub-governor of the South Sea House, had the same sums for the same purposes. Such were the douceurs given to these persons when gentlemen of the first moneyed property of the kingdom who had subscribed the largest sums in all the exigencies of government during the former wars, and who were of known affection to the Brunswick line were refused any share, and the reason given to some was 'you are no friend to the minister.'"

In plain and decent garb array'd
With the prim Quaker, Fraud, came Trade;
Connivance, to improve the plan, 1645
Habited like a juryman,

1642 Mr. Peregrine Cust, in answer to the imputations contained in the extract we have given from the North Briton, published an affidavit in defence of his own conduct and motives. Having inserted the charge, we think it reasonable his justification should follow, both, indeed are rendered necessary for the elucidation of the text.

"And this deponent saith, that he doth think himself prejudiced and injured in his character and credit in his business as a merchant of the city of London, by the aspersions and insinuations contained in the same paragraph, in the paper called the North Briton; so far as the same mentions and relates to the person mentioned by the name of Cust; and that the same doth contain, in the opinion and belief of this deponent, very gross, defamatory, and malevolent, as well as false and unjust insinuations and aspersions on the honour, character, and reputation of this deponent. And this deponent saith he is the more fully convinced, that this deponent was and is the person meant and intended, for that about August or September last, it being generally understood that a loan of money would be wanted for the service of the public and support of government in 1763; and it being then uncertain what sum would be wanted, (on account of the uncertainty at that time whether the war would continue or not) and it being also apprehended, that a much larger loan would be wanted by government, than afterwards was found necessary, and it being supposed that eight millions at least would be wanted for the said service; and this deponent being desirous of contributing so far as he could to the service of the public, by procuring among his friends part of the money which might be wanted for the said loan for the service of government, whether there should be a continuation of the war or not, this deponent therefore gave out among his acquaintance that he intended to offer a list of subscriptions to the lords

Judging as interest prevails,
Came next, with measures, weights, and scales;
Extortion next, of hellish race,
A cub most damn'd, to shew his face,

commissioners of his majesty's treasury, on account of the said loan, to the amount of one million or thereabouts: and thereupon this deponent received from many persons, as well those of his acquaintance as many others, who this deponent knew only by reputation and character as responsible persons, letters offering the sums which they were respectively willing to subscribe, and which they desired to be included in this deponent's list; and this deponent did accordingly insert in his said list indiscriminately the names of all the persons who so desired to become subscribers in this deponent's list (they being all persons, who in this deponent's judgment, were able and responsible persons), and the respective sums which they severally desired to subscribe were accordingly inserted in their respective names in the said list, and no person who desired to have any part of the said subscription was left out of this deponent's said list, in regard this deponent looked on the said loan in the nature of a public subscription, and as what was likely to be of real service and benefit to the public. And this deponent saith, that in January last, and long before the terms of the said loan were known, and before it could be possibly known whether the terms thereof would prove advantageous to the subscribers or not, this deponent delivered in his said list, for the consideration of the lords commissioners of the treasury; and that in the said list, amounting to £1,024,000, or thereabouts, were included the names of every person who had wrote to this deponent, desiring to be included in his list, with the sums by them desired to be subscribed, whether they were of this deponent's acquaintance or strangers (as many of them in fact were to this deponent, except by character as to their abilities), in order to their being eventually admitted as sharers of the said loan. And this deponent saith, that above four-fifths of the sum of £200,000 being the sum allowed to this deponent on

Forbid by fear, but not by shame,
Turn'd to a Jew like Gideon came;
Corruption, Midas like behold

account of the said list so delivered in by this deponent as aforesaid, was divided among the several persons who had made such applications as aforesaid to this deponent, and in which this deponent had no interest or share, or profit whatsoever; and that there was not any one person who wrote to this deponent to be in his list who had less than one-fifth of the sum which he so wrote for, except only one person who had wrote to subscribe for £12,000, and had £2,000 only of the loan, to make it an even sum. And this deponent saith, that the assertion contained in the said paper, called the North Briton, that a sum of £350,000 was levied on the public is, according to this deponent's judgment, and best of his belief, a false and unjust misrepresentation, inasmuch as it was, in this deponent's opinion and judgment, uncertain at the time of this deponent's delivering in his said list as aforesaid, whether the agreement for the public loan would or would not be attended with benefit to the subscribers; and there was not, in this deponent's judgment, any probability that the subscribers to the same would derive any large, considerable, or unreasonable benefit from it, nor was the agreement itself, in this deponent's opinion, unfair or inequitable, or inadequate to the risk run."

1652 Sampson Gideon, a Jew broker, of immense wealth, who, having been a stanch supporter of Sir Robert Walpole, in all his financial operations in the city, considered himself entitled to a baronetage, which Sir Robert was quite willing to concede; but strong prejudices then existing in consequence of the Jews naturalization bill, George the Second declined conferring it; although it was afterwards bestowed on his son, a Christian, and M. P. for Worcester, whose steady adherence to government was ultimately rewarded by an Irish peerage, under the title of Lord Eardley. The following notice of its founder's death, in Oct. 1762, occurs in one of H. Walpole's letters to Conway: "Gideon is dead — worth more than the

Turning whate'er she touch'd to gold;
Impotence, led by Lust and Pride, 1655
Strutting with Ponton by her side;

whole land of Canaan; he has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on the Duke's taking his name, or being circumcised." See supplemental note.

1656 Daniel Ponton, a gentleman of fortune, who had served the office of sheriff, and was in the magistracy for the county of Surrey. The warmth with which Mr. Ponton supported the cause of administration rendered him necessarily obnoxious to the opposition. A very severe charge against him having appeared in the St. James's Chronicle, for the 10th of December, 1768, in the form of an introduction to a copy of a letter, addressed to Daniel Ponton, Esq., chairman to the quarter sessions at Lambeth, complaint was made to Parliament of it, upon which both houses, at a conference, agreed that such introduction was an insolent, scandalous, and seditious libel, tending to inflame and stir up the minds of his majesty's subjects to sedition, and to a total subversion of all good order and legal government. Mr. Wilkes being then in the King's Bench prison for several other libels, upon being brought up to the House of Commons, on the 3d of February, 1769, avowed himself to be the author of the Introduction, upon which the House of Commons resolved, "That John Wilkes, Esq., a member of this house, who hath, at the bar of this house, confessed himself to be the author and publisher of what this house has resolved to be an insolent, scandalous, and seditious libel, and who has been convicted in the court of King's Bench of having printed and published a seditious libel, and three obscene and impious libels; and by the judgment of the said court has been sentenced to undergo twenty-two months' imprisonment, and is now in execution under the said judgment, be expelled this House." This resolution, together with all the others of the same nature, was rescinded by the House on the 3d of May, 1782. Mr. Ponton died in 1777.

Hypocrisy, demure and sad.
In garments of the priesthood clad,
So well disguised, that you might swear,
Deceived, a very priest was there;
Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,
And wallowing in well-saved wealth,
Came sneering through a ruin'd band,
And bringing B—— in her hand;
Victory, hanging down her head,
Was by a highland stallion led;
Peace, cloth'd in sables, with a face
Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
Which spake a deep and rooted shame
Both of herself and of her name,
Mourning creeps on, and, blushing, feels
War, grim War, treading on her heels;

1678 The Great Commoner, as he was called during the period of the publication of these poems, forms so prominent a figure in most of them, that, although we have incidentally adverted to his political conduct on several occasions, and the high sense entertained by the public of him, we are induced to add a nearly contemporaneous character of him attributed to the Earl of Chesterfield.

Mr. Pitt owed his rise to the most considerable posts and power in the kingdom simply to his own abilities. In him they supplied the want of birth and fortune, which latter in others too often supply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his fortune was only an annuity of £100.

"The army was his original destination, and a cornetcy of horse his first and only commission in it. Thus unassisted by favour or fortune he had no powerful protector to introduce him into business, and (if I may use that expression) to do

Pale Credit, shaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,
Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
Look'd wistful all around for Pitt:
Freedom—at that most hallow'd name
My spirits mount into a flame,
Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
Even to the cracking; through my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am Freedom's son—
Freedom came next, but scarce was seen,
When the sky, which appear'd serene

the honours of his parts—but their own strength was fully sufficient.

"His constitution refused him the usual pleasures, and his genius forbade him the idle dissipations of youth, for so early as at the age of sixteen he was the martyr of an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leisure which that tedious and painful distemper either procured or allowed him in acquiring a great fund of premature and useful knowledge. Thus by the unaccountable relation of causes and effects, what seemed the greatest misfortune of his life was perhaps the principal cause of its splendour.

"His private life was stained by no vice, nor sullied by any meanness. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which when supported by great abilities, and crowned with great success, make what the world calls a Great Man.

"He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing—qualities which too often accompany, but always clog, great ones.

And gay before, was overcast;
Horror bestrode a foreign blast,
And from the prison of the North,
To Freedom deadly, storms burst forth. 1690
A car like those, in which, we're told,
Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with death, six horses bear
Through the blank region of the air.

"He had manners and address, but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents.

"He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life, and had such a versatility of wit, that he could adapt it to all sorts of conversation. He had also a most happy turn to poetry; but he seldom indulged, and seldomer avowed it.

"He came young into parliament, and upon that great theatre he soon equalled the oldest and the ablest actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative, as well as in the declamatory way. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction and such dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him. Their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant which his genius gained over theirs.

"In that assembly, where public good is much talked of, and private interest singly pursued, he set out with acting the patriot, and performed that part so ably, that he was adopted by the public as their chief, or rather their only unsuspected champion.

"The weight of his popularity and his universally acknowledged abilities obtruded him upon King George the Second, to whom he was personally obnoxious. He was made Secretary of State. In this difficult and delicate situation, which one would have thought must have reduced either the patriot or the minister to a decisive option, he managed with such

Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame
From their wide nostrils; every steed
Was of that ancient savage breed
Which fell Geryon nursed; their food
The flesh of man, their drink his blood.
On the first horses, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and sleek, that lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd riders side by side,

ability, that while he served the King more effectually in his most unwarrantable electoral views than any former minister, however willing, had dared to do, he still preserved all his credit and popularity with the public, whom he assured and convinced that the protection and defence of Hanover with an army of seventy-five thousand men in British pay, was the only possible method of securing our possessions or acquisitions in North America. So much easier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

"His own disinterestedness, and even contempt of money, smoothed his way to power, and prevented or silenced a great share of that envy which commonly attends it. Most men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make a proper use of them, but not very many of them have the impudence to think themselves qualified for power.

"Upon the whole he will make a great and shining figure in the annals of this country; notwithstanding the blot which his acceptance of three thousand pounds per annum, pension for three lives, upon his voluntary resignation of the seals, in the first year of King George the Third, must make in his character, especially as to the disinterested part of it. On the whole it must be acknowledged, that he had those qualities which none but a Great Man can have, with a mixture of some of those failings, which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature."

And Poverty was yoked with Pride;
Union most strange it must appear,
Till other Unions make it clear.
Next in the gall of bitterness,
With rage, which words can ill express,
With unforgiving rage, which springs
From a false zeal for holy things,
Wearing such robes as prophets wear,
False prophets placed in Peter's chair,
On which, in characters of fire,
Shapes antic, horrible, and dire
Inwoven flamed, where, to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of sainted devils, where, all round,
Vile relics of vile men were found,
Who, worse than devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of hell on earth,
Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,
Pointing at axes, wheels, and ropes,
And engines, framed on horrid plan,
Which none but the destroyer, man
Could, to promote his selfish views,
Have head to make or heart to use,
Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
In her left hand a crucifix,
"Remembrance of our dying Lord,"
And in her right a two-edged sword,
Having her brows, in impious sport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
"On earth peace, amongst men, good will,

Love bearing, and forbearing still,"
All wrote in the hearts' blood of those
Who rather death than falsehood chose:
On her breast, (where, in days of yore,
When God loved Jews, the High Priest wore
Those oracles which were decreed
To instruct and guide the chosen seed)

1729 And on his breste a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lorde.
Faerie Queene.

1733 The *Rational*, a plate composed of precious stones, which the High Priest of the Jews wore on his breast; and which, by its resplendent brightness, before an engagement, manifested the protection of heaven, and prognosticated victory to the chosen people.

For a description of the Rational, or Breastplate of Judgment, as it is called in our translation, see Exodus, ch. xxviii. To this ornament was annexed the privilege granted to the High Priest, of always pronouncing true and righteous judgments, or being endowed with the Urim and the Thummim, Lights and Perfections, the former of which preserved the High Priest from being deceived himself, and the latter prevented his deceiving others. These words gave rise to a warm controversy. Some learned authors contending that they formed the inscription on the Breastplate; others, with the poet, thought them the names of some visible ornament attached to it, consisting of so many precious stones, whose shining lustre, according to their different radiations, produced a kind of oracular language, which informed the High Priest of the will of God. Hardouin holds the better explanation to be, that the two words were expressive of the gifts imparted to the High Priest, and to be exactly—as the Vulgate has it, Doctrina et veritas; light to know the will of the Lord, and candour and integrity of heart to reveal and declare it fully, after it is known, to his people.

Having with glory clad and strength,
The Virgin pictured at full length,
Whilst at her feet, in small pourtray'd,
As scarce worth notice, Christ was laid,
Came Superstition, fierce and fell,
An imp detested, e'en in hell;
Her eye inflamed, her face all o'er
Foully besmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled saints she rode;
Fast at her heels Death proudly strode,
And grimly smiled, well pleased to see
Such havoc of mortality:
Close by her side, on mischief bent,
And urging on each bad intent,
To its full bearing, savage, wild,
The mother fit of such a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of Sin and Death, came Ignorance.
With looks, where dread command was placed,
And sovereign power by pride disgraced,
Where, loudly witnessing a mind
Of savage, more than human kind,
Not choosing to be loved, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, Misrule appear'd,
With eyeballs glaring fiery red,
Enough to strike beholders dead,
Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chafed jaws; without remorse
Whipping, and spurring on his horse,
Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,

E'en to the bone were open laid,
Came Tyranny, disdaining awe,
And trampling over sense and law;
One thing, and only one, he knew,
One object only would pursue;
Though less (so low doth passion bring)
Than man, he would be more than king.
With every argument and art
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was Flattery join'd;
Winning his carriage, every look
Employed, whilst it conceal'd a hook;
When simple most, most to be fear'd;
Most crafty, when no craft appear'd;
His tales, no man like him could tell;
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might even a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,
Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Those who had cheated been before.
Such Flattery came, in evil hour,
Poisoning the royal ear of power.
And, grown by prostitution great,
Would be first minister of state.
Within the chariot, all alone,
High seated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles graced, a figure came,
Whom Justice would, but dare not, name.
Hard times when Justice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear

The names of those who dare offend
'Gainst justice, and pervert her end!
But, if the Muse afford me grace,
Description shall supply the place.
  In foreign garments he was clad;
Sage ermine o'er the glossy plaid
Cast reverend honour; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of Art,
In silver wrought, and brighter far
Than heavenly or than earthly star,
Shone a White Rose, the emblem dear
Of him he ever must revere,
Of that dread lord, who, with his host
Of faithful native rebels lost,
Like those black spirits doom'd to hell,
At once from power and virtue fell:
Around his clouded brows was placed
A bonnet, most superbly graced
With mighty thistles, nor forgot
The sacred motto—"Touch me not."
  In the right hand a sword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South;
The reeking blade to view presents
The blood of helpless innocents,
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the shearers dumb,
With downcast eye, and solemn show
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,

Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.
In his left hand, in wax imprest,
With bells and gewgaws idly drest,
An image, cast in baby mould,
He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold:
On this he fix'd his eyes; to this
Bowing, he gave the loyal kiss,
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to desire the antitype.
What if to that Pretender's foes
His greatness, nay, his life, he owes?
Shall common obligations bind,
And shake his constancy of mind?
Scorning such weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he still remains
Though he the friend of George appear:
Dissimulation's virtue here.
Jealous and mean he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to truth and justice bend,

1848 Alluding to the Earl of Mansfield's original predilection for the Pretender, as had been manifested by drinking his health at a Jacobitical club of young men at the University. His brother also was in the immediate service of the exiled family, and took an active part with others of his clan in measures for their restoration. It is not uncharitable to suppose that Lord Mansfield was prepared to retain his high office, whoever occupied the highest.

1854 The amenity of Lord Mansfield's habits indisposed him for controversial wrangling with his colleagues, to avoid which he too often submitted in council to the boisterous vehemence of Sir Fletcher Norton, rather than to his arguments.

Unless out-bullied by his friend:
Brave with the coward, with the brave
He is himself a coward slave:
Awed by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part:
Mines in a subtle train he springs,
And, secret, saps the ears of kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainst the resistance of a worm:
Born in a country, where the will
Of one is law to all, he still
Retain'd the infection, with full aim
To spread it wheresoe'er he came;
Freedom he hated, law defied,
The prostitute of power and pride;
Law he with ease explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Sense astray;
Much to the credit of his brain,
Puzzles the cause he can't maintain,
Proceeds on most familiar grounds,
And where he can't convince confounds:
Talents of rarest stamp and size,
To Nature false, he misapplies,
And turns to poison what was sent
For purposes of nourishment.
Paleness, not such as on his wings
The messenger of sickness brings,
But such as takes its coward rise
From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
O'erspread his cheeks; disdain and pride,

To upstart fortunes ever tied,
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye
Insidious, lurking like a spy,
To caution principled by fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodged covert mischief: passion hung
On his lip quivering: on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large: within his breast
All that makes villain found a nest;
All that, on hell's completest plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.
  Soon as the car reach'd land, he rose,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's best blood, which was enough
Had hearts been made of sterner stuff
In cities than elsewhere, to make
The very stoutest quail and quake,
He cast his baleful eyes around:
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on surprise, all stood,
And horror chill'd their curdled blood;
No more they thought of pomp, no more
(For they had seen his face before)
Of law they thought; the cause forgot,
Whether it was or Ghost, or plot,
Which drew them there: they all stood more
Like statues than they were before.
  What could be done? Could art, could force,
Or both, direct a proper course
To make this savage monster tame,

Or send him back the way he came?
What neither art, nor force, nor both,
Could do, a Lord of foreign growth,
A Lord to that base wretch allied
In country, not in vice and pride,
Effected; from the self-same land,
(Bad news for our blaspheming band
Of scribblers, but deserving note)
The poison came and antidote.
Abash'd, the monster hung his head,
And like an empty vision fled;
His train, like virgin snows, which run,
Kiss'd by the burning bawdy sun,
To lovesick streams, dissolved in air;
Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,
Came smiling, freed from slavish awe;
Loyalty, Liberty, and Law,
Impatient of the galling chain,
And yoke of power, resumed their reign;
And, burning with the glorious flame
Of public virtue, Mansfield came.

1984 Churchill gave added point to his satire, and at the same time evaded legal animadversion by thus introducing the name of his victim in apparent but ironical contrast with a preceding elaborate and exaggerated, but still not to be mistaken delineation of the darker shades of his character.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

64 *The reins that fell from Wyndham's hand.*

CHARLES WYNDHAM, Earl of Egremont, joint secretary of state with the Earl of Halifax, and son of the celebrated Sir William Wyndham, chancellor of the exchequer in the reign of Queen Anne. Lord Egremont died suddenly in August, 1763, shortly after actions at law had been commenced against him and his colleague by Wilkes for the illegal seizure of his papers. He was succeeded in office by Lord Sandwich. It was observed at the time that Lords Egremont and Halifax owed their immunity from much of the poet's wonted strain of invective against all the active opponents of Wilkes, to their not being Scotchmen; but this plea certainly did not avail in favour of the Earl of Sandwich.

> O had but fate to Halifax decreed,
> The seat of birth on t'other side the Tweed,
> Had some bleak shire of penury the reign,
> More starved than Famine's prophecy can feign,
> But given him title, in the general ban,
> We with the country had o'erwhelm'd the man,
> There like Enceladus had lain oppress'd,
> With half an Island heavy on his breast.

79 *Whose heads, when other methods fail,*
Receive instruction from the tail.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the expediency or propriety of flogging in the army, the greater degree of classical and scholastic eminence attained by the pupils of Doctors Busby and *Birch*, from what has resulted from a more lenient regime, confirms the doctrine laid down by Butler, in his Hudibras, that

> "Canons shoot the higher pitches
> The lower you let down their breeches."

206 *To put eyes in as put them out.*

John Taylor, the editor of the Sun evening paper, was originally an oculist, in which business he succeeded the notorious chevalier, his father, on whose death he was appointed oculist to the King; early in life he published a volume of poems with this motto in the title page:

I left no calling for this idle trade.

Upon which his friend Colman aptly retorted,

For none were *blind* enough to seek thy aid.

Later in life Taylor republished those poems with others, including Mon. Tonson, the only lines by which he is now remembered, and we are induced to quote, by way of counterpart to the exaggerated sanction mentioned in vol. ii. p. 317, as having been given by Lord Chesterfield to Mallet; the following extract of a letter from Lord Byron blazoned in the title-page, and who must have had a very unusual *accès* either of good nature or of bad taste when he wrote it.

DEAR SIR—I have to thank you for a volume written in the good old style of our Elders and our Betters, which I am glad to see is not yet extinct. Yours, BYRON.

John Taylor died in 1832, and not in 1829, as stated in p. 23.

225 *E'en Annet censured and confined.**

This man, in addition to the publication mentioned in p. 25, wrote a book called "The Resurrection of Jesus con-

* Strong representations were made to the Government of the inexpediency of inflicting the sentence of pillory and imprisonment on so aged and apparently mild an individual; Lord Bute appeared disposed in the first instance to accede to a mitigation of it, but on a second interview with a noble advocate for Annet, the minister said that he had just had Archbishop Secker with him, in high displeasure at the suggestion, and insisting on the full enforcement of the sentence, and which was accordingly inflicted to the letter.

sidered by a Moral Philosopher," which was answered by Dr. Samuel Chandler, F. R. S., the celebrated nonconformist divine. Annet was one of that series of philosophers as they have called themselves, who in succession have repeated the same trite objections to revelation, and as often as they have been refuted have returned to their dirty work again,

Condorcet filtered through the dregs of Paine.

Among the earliest in the English list was Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who with Hobbes presented the incongruous but not unusual spectacle of infidels believing in visions, and instinctively apprehensive of demons and darkness; to them succeeded Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke with a minor swarm of Tindals, Chubbs, Woolstons, Mandevilles, and Annets, and the class has at length dwindled down to, if not expired, with the coarse blasphemy of Richard Carlile, and the always mischievous but happily not always intelligible gibberish of Jeremy Bentham.

406 *For present grand electioneering.*

H. Walpole, in a letter to Lady Aylesbury at Paris, thus adverts to the warm canvass then in progress.

"But what care you, Madam, about our parliaments; you will see the *rentré* of the old one with songs and epigrams into the bargain. We do not shift our parliaments with so much gayety. Money in one hand and abuse in the other, these are all the arts we know; *wit and a gamut* I don't believe ever signified a parliament, whatever the glossaries may say, for they never produce pleasantry and harmony. Perhaps you may taste this Saxon pun, but I know it will make the antiquarian society die with laughing."

The following letter from Colonel N. Berkeley to his constituents, who had presumed to instruct him in his duty as to the Excise bill then in agitation, has by no means lost its value as a precedent under the nova progenies of the Reform Bill.

"Gentlemen—Yours I received, and am very much surprised at your insolence in troubling me about the Excise. You know, what I know very well, that I bought you. I know what perhaps you think I don't know, that you are about selling yourselves to somebody else, and I know what perhaps you don't know, that I am now about buying another borough.

And now may the curse of God light upon you all, and may your houses be as common to excisemen, as your wives and daughters were to me when I stood candidate for your suffrages."

627 *Here she made lordly temples rise*
Before the pious Dashwood's eyes;
Temples, which, built aloft in air,
May serve for shew, if not for prayer.

In addition to the short note on these lines in vol. ii. p. 101, we subjoin an account of West Wycombe Church, built at the charge of Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despenser, given in Wilkes's most playful style, alluding also to some negotiations for compromise of his political differences with the recent associate of his profligacies.

"The word *memento* in immense letters on the steeple surprised and perplexed me. I could not find the word *mori*, or perhaps the other word was *meri*, from the practice as well as the precept of the noble Lord. As to the elegance of the Latin, his Lordship has embarrassed himself as little about that as he has about the elegance of his English. Memento mori is besides more monkish, and therefore more becoming St. *Francis*. This conjecture that the other word on the outside must be meri, is farther strengthened by the magnificent gilt ball at the top of the steeple, which is hollowed, and made so very convenient in the inside for the celebration, not of devotional but of convivial rites, that it is the best *Globe* Tavern I was ever in; but I must own I was afraid my descent from it would have been as precipitate as his Lordship's was from a high station, which *turned his head too*. I admire, likewise, the silence and secrecy which reign in that great globe undisturbed, but by his jolly songs, very unfit for the profane ears of the world below. As to secrecy, it is the most convenient place imaginable, and it is whispered that a negotiation was here *entamé* by the noble Lord himself with Messrs. Wilkes and Churchill. The event will shew the amazing power of his Lordship's oratory, but if from perverseness neither of these gentlemen then yielded to his wise reasons, nor to his dazzling offers, they were both delighted with his divine milk punch."

633 *There over Melcombe's feather'd head.*

Lord Melcombe was unfortunate in having, as editor of his Diary, Mr. Penruddocke Wyndham, a gentleman, who, in his preface, professing unwonted purity of principle, took upon himself, with unmeasured severity, to stigmatize his noble relation's conduct as having been altogether influenced by the basest motives of avarice, vanity, and selfishness. Hard words these towards a statesman who had the naïveté to give the real clue to all the political intrigues of those days, and equally applicable to the present; whether whig or tory, whether civil and religious liberty, or church extension are the party symbols, it is still, according to the motto to the Diary, ALL FOR QUARTER DAY.

750 *And cure the Feverette of Brown.*

Dr. Brown, a far wiser and better man than Jeremy Bentham, made himself equally ridiculous by that overweening vanity which led each of them to suppose himself capable of legislating for a great state. The following letters from Brown to Garrick amusingly develop the absurdity of the expectations entertained by the codeficator, which, however, in his case, produced a fatal termination: See p. 44, note.

DEAR SIR—Another, and still more serious circumstance I must inform you of, that I have lately been invited to assist in the civilization of a great empire. I have had letters from Russia which do me more honour than I can pretend to deserve, but which I have answered in such a manner as may probably carry me to Petersburg in a summer or two. The Empress is aiming at great things, but seems to me to be wandering in the dark. I have sent a general sketch of a plan, which, by this time, is laid before her Imperial Majesty. Whether the whole or any part of it may be adopted, I cannot yet say; if it should, you will probably, some time or other, see, "A System of Legislation for the Russian Empire."

Yours ever,

JOHN BROWN.

December 16, 1762.

DEAR SIR—Why did you not tell me that you was to go out of town to-night? I would have seen you in spite of all

obstacles. As it is otherwise, I cannot omit this opportunity of thanking you for your friendly letter. Your caution is well founded; on what you (and I too) know of the impetuosity of my temper; and it will certainly put me more on my guard, than I should have been without it. However, to let you see, that in theory, at least, I am tolerably prudent on this occasion; I will transcribe the concluding paragraph of my letter to the Prime Minister of the Russian Empire. "I will take the liberty to observe to your Excellency, that I think my purpose in coming to Petersburg cannot be too little talked of, either before my arrival, or when I am there. It will be but for a foreigner silently to make his observations on the state of the Empire; and in the time and manner which prudence may dictate, convert them to their proper use. This will prevent jealousies, and tend gradually to carry forward those salutary designs, which will be most surely established by being insensibly begun." Prudence herself! in theory. Yet I know, by experience, that I have an unconquerable tendency to bolt out truths, independent of the consequences they may produce. Therefore, again, I say, thank you for your good advice. I will endeavour to follow it. As to the point you speak of; it would certainly be dangerous to carry it so far as to think of removing the seat of Empire.

That is certainly too much to think of: but to reinstate the city of Moscow in some degree of splendour, and to make it one of the two seats of art and science, I think is not so dan gerous a proposal. However, nothing of this kind will I say to any soul living but the Empress herself, and that with great caution. But let me be fairly at home again, and then if I do not tell them my mind at large, in a general and connected plan of legislation, may I be knouted to death by the metropolitan of Novogorod or Moscow! Yours truly,

JOHN BROWN.

Dr. Brown had probably incurred the satirist's displeasure by having taken, as he was wont to do, the same freedom of criticism in conversation as he did in writing, as appears in a letter to Garrick, in which this observation occurs: "I do not like your friend Churchill's third book of the Ghost; to talk

in the grand epic style, it has neither beginning, nor middle, nor end; it is crammed with personal abuse, and that thrown on people who did not deserve it for aught that appears. It is obscure; here and there a good line, but many of the mediocre rank in my opinion. In short, he will scribble himself down in spite of genius."

1058 The armorial ensigns of the two Temples, a horse and a lamb, have given rise to sundry obvious and appropriate jeux d'esprit, and few more worthy of preservation than the following:

ON THE TEMPLARS.

As by the Templars holds you go,
The horse and lamb displayed,
In emblematic figures shew
The merits of their trade.

The client may infer from thence,
How just is their profession;
The lamb sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition.

O happy Britons, happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And Law without delay!

THE ANSWER.

Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to shew
Their clients, not themselves.

'Tis all a trick, these are all charms
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care, for you're the lambs,
And they the wolves that eat you.

Nor let the thoughts of no delay,
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis you're the shewy horse, and they
The jockeys that will ride you.

1178 *Be Hunter elegant and plain.*

The poet was not happy in his selection of female excellence, if he wished to combine it in this instance with beauty and simplicity. This young lady's elopement with the Earl of Pembroke, has already been mentioned in vol. ii. p. 302, it excited infinite interest in the fashionable world, and the event was thus communicated by Horace Walpole to his friend Conway, "In all your reading, true or false, have you ever heard of a young earl, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, a lord of the bed-chamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting every thing, resigning wife and world, and embarking for life in a packet-boat with a Miss? I fear your connexions will but too readily lead you to the name of the peer; it is Henry, the Earl of Pembroke; the nymph, Kitty Hunter. The town and Lady Pembroke were but too much witnesses to their intrigue, last Wednesday, at a great ball at Lord Middleton's. On Thursday they decamped. However, that the writer of their romance, or I, as he is a *noble author*, might not want materials, the Earl has left a bushel of letters behind him; to his mother, to Lord Bute, to Lord Ligonier (the two last to resign his employments) and to Mr. Stopford, whom he acquits of all privity to his design. In none he justifies himself, unless this is a justification, that having long tried in vain to make his wife hate and dislike him, he had no way left but this, and it is to be hoped he will succeed; and then it may not be the worst event that could happen to her."

1191 *The time at hand when Dulman led.*

The Lord Mayor for 1761–2, thus designated, was Sir Samuel Fludyer, a Blackwell Hall factor of the first eminence. His origin was so low as to be employed in attending the packhorses then used in transporting cloth from the western counties to London. By great industry, a spirit of enterprise and good fortune, he acquired prodigious wealth, and arrived at great importance in the commercial world, and without much abating from a continued attention to the objects of his extensive commerce, he lived in all the taste and luxury of nobility to which he had, by a second marriage, allied himself.

In consequence of a strong combination of interests against him, he was an unsuccessful candidate to represent the city of London in the House of Commons, but sat in several parliaments for Chippenham.

Soon after his splendid entertainment as Lord Mayor to the King and Royal Family at Guildhall, his besetting sin of avarice got the better of his ordinary caution, cast a cloud over his reputation, and is supposed to have shortened his life.

In his capacity of assignee of a bankrupt's estate, the creditors impugned not only his judgment but his integrity, and on a hearing before Lord Camden, those imputations were confirmed, and a discovery was at the same time made of a contraband trade he had carried on in scarlet cloth, to the detriment of the East India Company. A decree passed against him delivered in terms of severe animadversion. Sir Samuel, who was present in court, sunk beneath the chastisement, and did not long survive it.

Beckford, his successor in the mayoralty gave four entertainments far more costly and magnificent than that given by his predecessor to Royalty, or indeed on any occasion since the days of Henry VIII. when the Emperor Charles V. was feasted at Guildhall. One of Beckford's evening entertainments at the Mansion House cost him above £10,000.

The principal opponent in the court of Aldermen to the Wilkites, was the Honourable Alderman Thomas Harley, who had ingratiated himself with the administration by personally seizing the Boot (*Bute*) and Petticoat, typical of the Favourite and the Princess Dowager, which the mob were throwing into the fire lighted by the Sheriffs, for burning No. 45 of the North Briton by order of the House of Lords.

The constant allusion throughout the Fourth book of the Ghost to the Lord Mayor and officers of the corporation of London, renders it convenient to give a list of them for the year 1761-2, but who have left no sufficiently enduring memorial of their merits to determine to which of them to apply the characters in the poem, and therefore, while Dulman and Crape very clearly represent the Lord Mayor and his Chaplain, the designations of Stentor and Whiffle must float in uncertainty over the remaining worthy functionaries.

Lord Mayor	Sir S. Fludyer, Bart. M. P.
Chaplain	Rev. Dr. Bruce.
Recorder	Sir W. Moreton, knt.
Deputy Recorder	James Eyre, Esq., afterwards Lord Chief Baron, who in 1794 presided at the trials of Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall.
Town Clerk	Sir James Hodges, knt.
Common Serjeant	Thomas Nugent, Esq.
Remembrancer	Peter Roberts, Esq.
City Solicitor	W. Hussey, Esq.
Comptroller	Dutton Seaman, Esq.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Bruce was also preacher at Somerset Chapel, which he had held several years, having printed a sermon preached on occasion of the rebellion of 1745. His patron, Sir Samuel Fludyer, obtained for him, immediately after his mayoralty, and probably in consideration of his sufferings from Churchill's rod, the valuable vicarage of Inglisham, co. Wilts.

1568 *The high and mighty Lockman came.*

Lockman, in addition to being a dealer in small literary ware as mentioned in p. 82, was a great adept in music, and the composer of a very popular ballad beginning "How canst thou lovely Nancy," which was sung at Vauxhall, and at most of the other public gardens round London.

1652 *Turn'd to a Jew like Gideon came.*

This imputation of extortion, like too many of Churchill's random hits, is not merely overcharged but altogether untrue. Sampson Gideon was a Jew broker, the most considerable of his tribe, the great oracle and leader of what was originally called Jonathan's Coffee House in Exchange Alley, but which has since been dignified, by the more appropriate name of the Stock Exchange; he was the great agent and manager in the seven years war for the rich bankers and others who had acquired, what were then thought, great ready money fortunes. He amassed a considerable property; and possessed an odd mixture of character: but he was a man of strong natural understanding, of great liberality and generosity, and of some

humour. He for many years gave £100 at the anniversary festivals of the sons of the clergy. He procured for his only son, whom he had educated as a christian, a baronetage, by patent dated May 21, 1759, in which he was styled Sampson Gideon the younger, son of S. Gideon, of Spalding, co. Lincoln, and of Belvidere, co. Kent, and sent him, with the patent, a very sensible letter, exhorting him to remember his dignity, to maintain a conduct worthy of it, and telling him that, though it was the lowest hereditary honour in this country, it was frequently a step to higher, as proved to be the case. It has been said to have been a maxim with him—never grant an annuity for life to an old woman—they wither, but they *never* die. And when people dealing with him for such articles happened to be taken with a dreadful asthmatic cough as they approached his room door, he would call out to them, "Aye, you may cough; but it shall not save you six months purchase of the annuity. In the year 1745, Mr. Snow, the banker in the Strand, immortalized by the verses addressed to him by Dean Swift, had lent Sampson £20,000 for some specific purpose for three months; but the Pretender's army having made some advance, and the old gentleman, being taken with a panic, sent Sampson a pitiful note, stating his apprehensions of a run upon the house, and all manner of dreadful consequences, and begged that he would return him the money immediately; on which Sampson went very coolly to the bank, got twenty bank notes, sent to the apothecary's for a phial of hartshorn, rolled up the phial in the notes, and sent Mr. Snow all his money back again, to his great satisfaction. By his will he gave to the poor of the synagogue of Portuguese Jews £2000, provided they would permit him to be interred in their burying ground at Mile End, and that prayers should be addressed over him according to their accustomed ceremonies. He was carried in great funeral pomp from Belvedere, where he died Oct. 17, 1762, aged 63, to Pewterer's Hall, in Lime Street, and thence to the desired spot, to be buried with his fathers, leaving a son, as before mentioned, who married a daughter of Lord Chief Justice Wilmot, took the name of Eardley, and was created an Irish peer by the title of Baron Eardley, of Spalding; and two daughters, of whom one married

Lord Viscount Gage, and died without issue in 1783, and the other died unmarried in 1784.

1934 *Of public virtue, Mansfield came.*

No able or impartial pen has yet been employed to develop the character of Lord Mansfield, and place it on that fair basis of truth and justice, which can alone transmit it fairly to posterity. His early prejudices in favour of the family of Stuart, his strong tendency to extend the royal prerogative, and his unconstitutional doctrine on the law of libels, formed the sum of his offences, on which a black superstructure of crimes was erected by the virulence of party; and the catalogue of his sins comprised every epithet the language could afford to calumniate his memory as a judge and as a man. As the best means of repelling charges as false as they were injurious, his friends and admirers resorted to the injudicious language of unqualified and declamatory praise. His mild and pleasing eloquence, his silver tones, his experience, the perspicuity of his language and the rectitude of his understanding, were the foundation on which rested the extravagant commendations of those, who made him the god of their idolatry. On the bench, he was rivalled by the cultivated powers of Lord Camden, and in the House of Lords, he was disconcerted by the astounding oratory of Lord Chatham. As an English lawyer, it is difficult justly to appreciate his merit; though his fame be inferior in that rugged and exclusive path, to a Coke, a Holt, and a Kenyon; though he too frequently interpreted the statutes with the same license that he would the institutes of Justinian, yet his long course of judicial eminence was marked with only two decisions,* to which his brethren of the bench refused their assent, and their opinion was ultimately sanctioned by the House of Lords. Of all the unfortunate victims of biography, his Lordship's case must excite the deepest commiseration; but the friendship of Pope, as well as the splendour of his own abilities, have secured a permanency of reputation to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield

* The great leading case of Perrin v. Blake, and one relating to the law of literary property.

which can never be impaired—even by Mr. John Holliday, the conveyancer's long law life of him, in two large quarto volumes, composed of pleadings and reports most inartificially strung together.

Lord Mansfield was much blamed for permitting the record of the information against Wilkes to be amended by an order made at his house the evening before the trial, by substituting throughout, in setting out the libellous passages, the word TENOR for that of PURPORT, a substantial distinction, and one calculated to interfere with the line of argument intended to have been taken by the defendant's counsel.*

The unjustifiable language respecting Lord Mansfield, adopted by Wilkes and his party, called forth from his Lordship the following animated vindication of his conduct, the insertion of which in this place can require no apology. "If I have ever supported the king's measures, if I have ever afforded any assistance to government, if I have discharged my duty as a public or private officer, by endeavouring to preserve pure and perfect the principles of the constitution; maintaining unsullied the honour of the courts of justice, and by an upright administration of, to give a due effect, to the laws, I have hitherto done it without any other gift or reward than the most pleasing and most honourable one, the conscientious conviction of doing what was right. I do not affect to scorn the opinion of mankind; I wish earnestly for popularity; I will seek and will have popularity; but I will tell you how I will obtain it, I will have that popularity which follows, and not that which is run after. It is not the applause of a day, it is not the huzzas of thousands, that can give a moment's satisfaction to a rational being; that man's mind must indeed be a weak one, and his ambition of a most depraved sort, who

---

* For designating which as "officious, arbitrary, and illegal," the attorney-general, Sir F. Norton, moved the court for a rule to shew cause why an attachment should not issue against Almon, the publisher of a "Letter concerning Libels, Warrants, Seizure of Papers, &c." 1765, but the application dropped in consequence, as was supposed, of the resignation of Sir Fletcher Norton, or for some better reason.

can be captivated by such wretched allurements, or satisfied with such momentary gratifications. I say with the Roman orator, and can say it with as much truth as he did, "*Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam, non infamiam putarem.*" But threats have been carried farther, personal violence has been denounced, unless public humour be complied with. I do not fear such threats, I do not believe there is any reason to fear them, it is not the genius of the worst of men in the worst of times to proceed to such shocking extremities; but if such an event should happen, let it be so; even such an event might be productive of wholesome effect; such a stroke might rouse the better part of the nation from their lethargic condition to a state of activity, to assert and execute the law, and punish the daring and impious hands which had violated it: and those who now supinely behold the danger which threatens all liberty, from the most abandoned licentiousness, might, by such an event, be awakened to a sense of their situation, as drunken men are often stunned into sobriety. If the security of our persons and property, of all we hold dear and valuable, are to depend upon the caprice of a giddy multitude, or to be at the disposal of a mob; if in compliance with the humours, and to appease the clamours of those, all civil and political constitutions are to be disregarded or overthrown, a life somewhat more than sixty is not worth preserving at such a price; and he can never die too soon, who lays down his life in support and vindication of the policy, the government, and the constitution of his country."

[74] *That Schomberg never shall be there.*

The Battiad, a mock heroic poem of some merit, in imitation of Garth's Dispensary, was written by Moses Mendez, assisted by Paul Whitehead and Dr. Schomberg on occasion of the war waged by the latter with the College of Physicians, in consequence of their requiring him to submit to an examination prior to his being admitted a Licentiate, although he had already in fact been during many years in very extensive practice. The Doctor rejected the requisition with great haughtiness, and spoke with much contempt of one of the persons who was summoned to be examined at the same time, and

who was in consequence admitted with extraordinary honours. He however ultimately submitted to be examined, and obtained a Doctor's degree from the University of Cambridge; but the rancour of the College remained unappeased; they found out that he had been born abroad, although he had lived in England ever since he was two years of age, and when after much trouble, delay, and expense, he obtained an act of naturalization, fresh obstacles were raised, which he successfully obviated by an appeal to Westminster Hall.

We cannot better close our annotations on this long and digressive story of the Cock Lane Ghost, than by giving the advertisement of the Bottle Conjurer, who, with Miss Fanny, present two of the most discreditable specimens of the credulity of the last century, and we should be better pleased if the popular delusions which this first half of the present has exhibited, were not in danger of incurring equal animadversion from posterity.

"LITTLE HAYMARKET THEATRE."

16 January, 1749.

"A Person then and there before the audience, will take a common walking cane from any one of the spectators on which he will play the music of every instrument now in use.

"He next will present a common wine bottle to be examined by the spectators. This bottle being placed on a table, he will then without any equivocation *go into it*, and sing while there. During which time any person may handle it and see that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle. Those who come in masked habits to the entertainment, will, if agreeable to them, be told by the performer *who they are*.

Stage 7*s*. 6*d*. Boxes 5*s*. Pitt 3*s*. Gallery 2*s*.

To begin at half an hour after six o'clock.

"After the above, in a private room, and for a fresh gratuity, he will shew the dead to any gentleman or lady requiring it, and tell the thoughts, however secret, of their past lives, and give a full view of the persons who may have *injured them*, dead or alive.

"Most of the crowned heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe, have witnessed these performances.

"There will be a proper guard to keep the house in due decorum."

The house was crowded, the curtain drew up, when nothing appeared but a table covered with a green baize cloth and a common quart bottle on it; the swindler and all his associates had in the mean time decamped with the entrance money, when after some time the patience of the audience being exhausted, they wreaked their vengeance on the chandeliers, fittings up, and benches of the house, and dispersed in unspeakable confusion.

Among the spectators was William Duke of Cumberland, who in the *melé* lost his diamond-hilted sword, on which the Jacobite portion of the crowd set up a cry of Billy the Butcher has lost his knife, and this formed the *refrain* of the veritable ballad of the Bottle Conjurer, written on the occasion.

We subjoin extracts from Walpole's Correspondence of two of the incidents in the foregoing poem, of both of which he was an eye-witness, and has described with much humour and apparent accuracy.

COCK LANE GHOST.

"You told me not a word of Mr. M. and I have a great mind to be as coolly indolent about our famous ghost in Cock Lane. I could send you volumes on it; and I believe if I were to stay a little, I might send its *life* dedicated to my Lord D——— by the Ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk set it on foot out of revenge, the Methodists have adopted it, and the whole town think of nothing else. E. Canning and the rabbit woman were modest impostors in comparison of this, which goes on without saving the least appearances. The Archbishop who would not suffer the Minor to be acted in ridicule of the Methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform it in the great hall of Lambeth. I went to hear it, for it is not an *apparition* but an *audition*. We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland

House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady M. Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot; it rained torrents, yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full, we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts. We had nothing; they told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there were only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wonder *when it will be found out*, as if there was any thing to find out; as if the actors would make their noises when they can be discovered."

FUNERAL OF GEORGE II.

"Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying the other night: I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The prince's chamber hung with purple and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six great chandeliers of silver on high stands had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see the chamber. The procession through a line of foot guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But

the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest chiaroscuro. There wanted nothing but incense and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. When we came to the chapel of Henry VII. all solemnity and decorum ceased: no order was observed; people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, opprest by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, 'Man that is born of a woman,' was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected one of his eyes; and placed near the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself into a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling bottle: but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights."

THE CANDIDATE.*

THIS Poem was written in 1764, on occasion of the contest between the Earls of Hardwicke and Sandwich, for the High-stewardship of the University of Cambridge, vacant by the death of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. The spirit of party ran high in the University, and no means were left untried by either candidate, to obtain a majority. The election was fixed for the 30th of March, when, after much altercation, the votes appearing equal, a scrutiny was demanded; whereupon the Vice-Chancellor adjourned the senate sine die. On appeal to the Lord High-Chancellor, he determined in favour of the Earl of Hardwicke, and a mandamus issued accord-

---

* Churchill's repeated allusions in this poem to the political predilections of the University of Oxford, derive some of their pungency, no doubt, from the rejection he had there experienced. Those predilections had been invariably displayed in favour of the Stuarts und their adherents, so much so, that on the accession of the present reigning family, Oxford was in so disturbed a state as to render it necessary to station a troop of horse there under the command of General Pepper, in order to secure its obedience, about the same time that a munificent donation of books had been presented by the King to the University of Cambridge, on which the following epigram, by an Oxonian, was circulated:

> The king, observing with judicious eyes,
> The state of both his Universities,
> To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
> That learned body wanted loyalty:
> To Cambridge books, as very well discerning
> How much that loyal body wanted learning.

This was thus answered by Sir William Browne:

> The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
> For Tories own no argument but force;
> With equal sense he books to Cambridge sent,
> For Whigs admit no force but argument.

ingly. On a supposition that Lord Sandwich was favoured by the Crown, the following epigram was written:

A DOUBT.

To be Granta's high steward, when it comes to the choice,
If't be true, for Lord Sandwich the king gives his voice,
Can any good subject refuse him?
But yet if the king to make the matter more nice,
Has declared that he means to discourage all vice,*
Pray mayn't we offend if we choose him?

On the publication of this poem Lord Bath wrote thus to his friend and protegé Colman. "I thank you for your letter, and the inclosed poem in it, which is in my opinion the severest and the best of all Churchill's works. He has a great genius, and is an excellent poet; there are to be sure some as fine lines as ever were writ, and some as low prosaic trash as ever came from Grub Street. One may plainly see that all his works are what the French call pieces rapporté. He has always a vast number of loose verses lying by him which he can bring into any poem that he wants to enlarge to the price of half-a-crown, and so sticks them in as he wants them. I cannot, however, in the main, approve of such abominable abuse. You know I never was famous for great partiality to ministers; I am acquainted with very few who are at present such, and I never would be one myself though often offered it. From these considerations, you may be sure that it is not any fondness of mine for great men, that makes me dislike this poem; but really, it is so scandalously abusive, that no one who has the least decency, can approve such Billingsgate stuff, running a muck, as Pope calls it, at once upon all mankind."

Among the sketches of characters generally attributed to the Earl of Chesterfield, is one of Lord Sandwich, in which the following passages occur:

"The art of robbing vice of its disgust, and throwing around it the mantle of convivial pleasure, belongs in a very peculiar manner, to this nobleman. I understand, that from his youth to the present time, he has proceeded in one uniform, unblushing course of debauchery and dissipation.

* Alluding to the royal proclamation for the discouragement of vice and immorality.

His conversation is chiefly tinctured with unchaste expressions and indecent allusions; and some have assured me that, if these were to be omitted by him, much of his wit, or, at least, what is called his wit, would be lost.

"It was most certainly, a very serious business, and yet I could not help smiling at being informed of this nobleman's rising in the House of Lords and making a grave, laboured speech against a blasphemous production of Mr. Wilkes. Surely it was very *mal-à-propos*, as the whole kingdom must suspect his sincerity, and even his friends could not but feel the ridiculousness of his situation.* He is, however, an able and an active minister; his abilities are universally acknowledged; and although I have, at times, been not quite satisfied with him (for an immoral character will never possess my entire confidence), yet, on due examination, I have found him deserving the high station he possesses.

"It is a great imperfection in government, that a king, who is under the influence of religion, and feels the comforts and necessity of it, should be prevented from making a sense of it, and its sanctions a necessary qualification in his servants. The friends of this noble person, who partake the mirth and good humour of his jovial hours, have, no doubt, a great regard for him; but he is an unpopular character with the nation in general.

"I have been informed that he was seriously affected at the treatment he met with from the young men at Cambridge, when he was candidate for the office of High-steward to that University. It must, indeed, be extremely mortifying to a

* They did indeed! And who could have done otherwise, on hearing the exordium of the oration, which was to the following purport:

"I have a paper in my hand, whose contents are of such a horrible and detestable nature, that I almost wonder it did not draw down the immediate vengeance of heaven upon this nation.——This shocking composition may be said to contain two parts; *a blasphemous* and an *obscene* part. I shall not shock the many Right Reverend Bishops who are present with a recital of the *former*, but shall confine my observations to the *latter*." He then read from bad to worse, until Lord Lyttelton interpsoed to stop the disgusting ribaldry.

man, who means to be young as long as he lives, that the whole youth of a large university should not only treat his name with contempt, and harass his friends with an unpopular cry, but mark his personal appearance with the most confirmed and open disapprobation.* I am sorry for these things—but he is certainly a good minister!"

In corroboration of Lord Chesterfield's observations on the inexpediency of admitting men of known, if not avowed profligacy of life and conversation, into the confidence of the crown, or in a more especial manner, we would add, into the Commons' House of Parliament, we would quote Burke's noble and irrefragable apothegm, in his charges against Warren Hastings, which he avers to have arrived at from personal experience and long conviction, and wishes as such to be recorded—"THAT THERE NEVER WAS A BAD MAN WHO HAD ABILITY FOR GOOD SERVICE."

Dr. Watts had before embodied the same sentiment in one of his hymns:

Wild and unwholesome as the tree
Will all the branches be,
How can we hope for living fruit
From a corrupted tree.

What mortal power from things *unclean*,
Can pure productions bring,
Who can command a vital stream
From an *infected* spring.

---

* "This alludes to the following singular circumstances which occurred during the canvass: When this nobleman was candidate for the High Stewardship of the University of Cambridge, in opposition to Lord Hardwicke, the whole body of students, a very few excepted, exerted their utmost opposition to him, and treated his supporters with the most avowed insults.——In Trinity college, particularly, when a sumptuous public entertainment was provided by the head of it for the unpopular candidate; as soon as grace was pronounced, all the scholars, &c., to the number of forty, immediately quitted the hall. This dignified mark of contempt made, I believe, the soup of that day, and some succeeding ones, very bitter to his Lordship." For their names, see a note upon the Poem.

THE CANDIDATE.

ENOUGH of Actors—let them play the player,
And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut, and
stare,
Garrick abroad, what motives can engage

[8] Garrick, in September, 1763, induced by a variety of motives, determined upon visiting the Continent; his insatiable vanity had dreaded an intermission of public favour, and he rightly judged that during a temporary absence the town would, upon comparison, properly appreciate his superiority, and greet his return with redoubled pleasure. In this he was not disappointed; he returned in April, 1765; his first appearance was honoured by the king. The joy of the audience was expressed by unbounded acclamations, repeated at intervals during his recitation of a prologue written by himself for the occasion. His foreign tour had been of considerable service to him, and was productive of a more elegant and graceful manner, and a general improvement in his style of acting. Before his arrival in England, he was so apprehensive of the reception he might possibly meet with that he sat down seriously at Paris to write a satire on himself, anticipating the dreaded censure of the town. This poem, entitled the Sick Money, he sent to a friend in London, to be published preparatory to his arrival; the town, engrossed by himself, fortunately for him, had no leisure to peruse his performance, which sunk still-born from the press. It possessed neither wit nor poetry.

Our author is, we think, peculiarly happy in his intro-

To waste one couplet on a barren stage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when these tasty days
In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise;
When, at thy bidding, Sense, for twenty years,
Indulged in laughter, or dissolved in tears;
When in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had given some little share of wealth,
Couldst thou repine at being still a slave?
Darest thou presume to enjoy that wealth she gave?
Couldst thou repine at laws ordain'd by those
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes?
Whom, too refined for honesty and trade,
By need made tradesmen, pride had bankrupts made;
Whom fear made drunkards, and, by modern rules,
Whom drink made wits, though nature made them fools;
With such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In such a manner, and at such a time,
To quit the stage; but men of real sense,
Who neither lightly give, nor take offence,

duction, from which he proceeds, with more than usual address, to his subject, which we the rather take notice of, as our author's poetical prefaces are sometimes too much detached from the main body of the poem, and too foreign to the nature of the subject.

21 The ultimate retirement of Mr. Garrick from the stage in 1776, was dignified by every charm that rank and accomplishments could confer upon it. One of the most distinguished ladies of rank, Lady Georgiana Spencer, considered him as her most brilliant guest. The hospitalities of the

Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since thou hast left a Powell in thy place.
Enough of Authors—why, when scribblers fail,
Must other scribblers spread the hateful tale?
Why must they pity, why contempt express,
And why insult a brother in distress?

convivial Rigby awaited him at Mistley, and Lord Camden hailed a period with joy when he could profit by his visits, without encroaching on the duties of his high office. Nor were these invitations unreturned. Garrick had rendered Hampton a scene of peculiar enjoyment. As a companion Garrick hit the true medium, nothing could exceed his tact for playful humour while he told a characteristic story with all his professional power.

Garrick's wit secured his friendships, the wit of Foote rendered his society unsafe. Men laughed with Garrick without pain, the wit of Foote was a sacrifice, and there was always a victim smoking on the altar. Garrick had studied human nature thoroughly.

He took his final leave of the public on June 11, 1776, in the part of Don Felix in the Wonder, for the benefit of the actors' benevolent fund, the following being the concluding lines of his address on the occasion.

Shan't I, who oft have drenched my hands in gore,
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more,
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain,
Shan't I the slayer, try to feed the slain,
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who slew me, and the men I slew.

It is painful to observe, that while, as appears by Garrick's bulky correspondence of two volumes in 4to, he was maintaining an epistolary intercourse with Warburton of the most confidential, if not affectionate character, the latter, in a letter to Hurd, allowed himself to write most disparagingly of his

Let those, who boast the uncommon gift of brains
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains:
Fresh on their brows for ages let it bloom,—
And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.
Let those, who without genius write, and write,
Versemen or prosemen, all in Nature's spite,
The pen laid down, their course of folly run

friend, on the subject of his Ode to Shakspeare at the Stratford Jubilee, beginning—

> To what blest genius of the isle
> Shall Gratitude her tribute pay,
> Decree the festive day,
> Erect the statue, and devote the pile?
>
> Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,
> To own the "bosom's lord?"
> 'Tis he! 'tis he! that demi-god!
> Who Avon's flowery margin trod,
> While sportive fancy round him flew,
> Where Nature led him by the hand,
> Instructed him in all she knew,
> And gave him absolute command!
> 'Tis he! 'tis he!
> "The God of our idolatry!"
> To him the song, the edifice we raise,
> He merits all our wonder, all our praise!

"Garrick's portentous ode, as you truly call it, has but one line of *truth* in it, which is where he calls Shakspeare the god of our idolatry, the *sense* I will not allow it, for that which is so highly satirical he makes the topic of his hero's encomium. The ode itself is below any of Cibber's. Cibber's nonsense was something like sense, but this man's sense whenever he deviates into it is much more like nonsense."

24 William Powell, a pupil of Garrick's, and next to him and Barry, the most popular performer on the stage. His

In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone.
Why should I tell, to cross the will of Fate,
That Francis once endeavour'd to translate?
Why, sweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recall poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne, simple in his lay,
Effusion on effusion pour away,
With Friendship and with Fancy trifle here,
Or sleep in Pastoral at Belvidere?

first appearance in Philaster captivated the public, and this theatrical phenomenon (for so he was called) contributed to supply the chasm occasioned by his master's absence, and during two years was the great pillar of the theatre in which solely by his merit he maintained a superior rank and importance. Powell in person was tall although not graceful, but his countenance was open and manly, and strongly marked with an expressive brow. His voice was harmonious and adapted to the expression of strength as well as of tenderness. He was endowed with great sensibility, and on the stage indulged all the tender feelings of the soul to excess; if ever he displeased, it was from a defect of that critical judgment which is seldom the companion of a warm imagination; he occasionally ranted and blustered, and would sometimes whine and blubber, and consequently excited ridicule when he intended to be most pathetic. Powell purchased a share in the patent of Covent Garden Theatre, and died at Bristol, July, 1769, of a raging fever, at the premature age of 33.

Garrick, in a letter to Colman from Paris, October, 8, 1763, writes, "I am vastly happy that Powell strikes you so much in the rehearsal of Philaster. He will surprise, and I most cordially wish it, for I think him a very worthy man." In another letter, "I am very angry with Powell for playing that detestable part of Alexander. Every genius must despise it, because that and such fustian-like stuff is the bane of true merit. If a man can act it well, I mean, to please the people, he has something in him that a good actor should not have."

Sleep let them all, with Dullness on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.
Enough of Critics—let them, if they please,
Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees;
Wide and extensive be their infant state,
Their subjects many, and those subjects great,
Whilst all their mandates as sound law succeed,
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.

Sterne, in a letter to Garrick, thus writes of Powell, "Give me some one of less smoke and more fire. There are who, like the Pharisees, still think that they shall be heard for much speaking: come, come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson."

28 The Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace and Demosthenes; in the former work he was considerably assisted by Dr. Dunkin, and it is still the most successful attempt to translate an untranslatable work.

41 John Langhorne, D. D. the translator of Plutarch, and author of some poetical pieces of merit. His writings are correct and delicate, but are deficient in force of thought and expression. He was author of the answer to the Prophecy of Famine, entitled Genius and Valour, noticed in our preliminary remarks on the former poem. His Fables of Flora are elegantly told, and are deservedly the most popular of his productions. He was on terms of intimacy with General Crawford and Lord Eardley, and laid the scene of many of his pastoral and other poems at Belvidere in Kent, the seat of that nobleman. Dr. Langhorne was also the author of a tragedy, called the Fatal Prophecy, and of a very feeble mixture of prose and verse, entitled, Effusions of Friendship and Fancy. He died in 1779, a victim, as it is said of him in Baker's Biographia Dramatica, to his too frequent visits to the Peacock, a Burton ale-house in Gray's Inn Lane. He was part editor and also a principal contributor to the Critical Review.

What though they lay the realms of Genius waste,
Fetter the fancy and debauch the taste;
Though they, like doctors, to approve their skill,
Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read;
Though, other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out so much praise for so much gold:
Though Scot with Scot, in damned close intrigues,
Against the commonwealth of letters leagues?
Uncensured let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters, as they ruled the realm:
Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse,
(Nor could ingenious Malice make a worse,
To do our sense, and honour deep despite)
To credit what they say, read what they write.
Enough of Scotland—let her rest in peace;
The cause removed, effects of course should cease,
Why should I tell, how Tweed, too mighty grown,
And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
Burst o'er his banks, and, by destruction led,
O'er our faint England desolation spread,
Whilst, riding on his waves, Ambition, plumed
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assumed,
Now that the river god, convinced, though late,
And yielding, though reluctantly, to Fate,
Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,

In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides;
Enough of States, and such like trifling things;
Enough of kinglings, and enough of kings;
Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen lie,
Spread the court web, and catch the patriot fly:
Henceforth, unwhipt of Justice, uncontroll'd
By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,
Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
Meets with compassion only from the throne.
Enough of Patriots—all I ask of man
Is only to be honest as he can:
Some have deceived, and some may still deceive;
'Tis the fool's curse at random to believe.
Would those, who, by opinion placed on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear

80 We may here add another quotation from Langhorne's Poem of Genius and Valour to that before given in a note on the Prophecy of Famine, vol. i. p. 175.

> In spite of faction's blind unmannered rage,
> Of various fortune and destructive age,
> Fair Scotland's honours yet unchanged are seen,
> Her palms still blooming and her laurels green.

Lord Bute, on Sept. 8, 1763, ostensibly retired from the administration of public affairs, which led to the speedy dissolution of a cabinet as contemptible for talent as it had become odious to all classes of the public by its arbitrary and unconstitutional encroachments on the most sacred rights of the people, their persons, and their domiciles.

90 Patriots, Sir Robert Walpole said, are easily raised. I have myself made many a one, 'tis but to refuse an unreasonable demand, and up springs a patriot. See also Supplemental Note.

Hint this essential doctrine—Persevere.
Should they (which Heaven forbid) to win the grace
Of some proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their king and country sell, with endless shame
The avenging Muse shall mark each traitorous name;
But if, to honour true, they scorn to bend,
And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
Their grateful country shall their fame record,
And I myself descend to praise a lord.
Enough of Wilkes—with good and honest men
His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
And future ages shall his name adore,
When he can act and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful and unjust,
But fostering France shall ne'er betray her trust:

110 Wilkes, at this time, had withdrawn to France, from the double prosecution hanging over him for No. 45 of the North Briton, and the Essay on Woman. That ingenious publication, Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea, by Charles Johnson, contains a tolerably accurate delineation of his character, which should be read as an antidote to our author's infatuated panegyric.

At the same time there is no denying but that he achieved some great constitutional objects for his country, and with undaunted spirit wrote down one administration, who, had its members been of ability equal to their inclination, would have revived those restrictions on the press which formed one of the worst features of the reign of Charles the Second, the worst of sovereigns, Tiberius not excepted.

It was Wilkes also who first taught the public to consider the King's speech as the mere fabrication of his ministers, and

'Tis a brave debt which gods on man impose,
To pay with praise the merit e'en of foes.
When the great warrior of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her base,
To prove her virtue, though it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had denied.
Enough of Self—that darling luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight;
Vain proof of folly tinctured strong with pride!
What man can from himself himself divide?
For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
(Conscience first satisfied) is love of fame;

as such proper to be commented on, approved or treated with contempt. By his bold and determined conduct in the case of the city printers, he annihilated the power of commitment assumed by the Speaker's warrant, and rendered the jurisdiction of the Serjeant-at-arms subject to the control of a constable. He punished arbitrary secretaries of state by holding them up to public scorn, abolished general warrants, and obliged even Lord Mansfield to declare them illegal. But this was not all: he contributed to render an Englishman's house his castle, for it is to him we are indebted for the benefit of having our papers considered as sacred in all cases short of high treason.

Horace Walpole thus writes, July 31, 1762, to Lady Cliles-bury, "Election stock more buyers than sellers. Promotions —Mr. Wilkes as high as he can go. Apropos he was told, Lord Chancellor intended to signify to him that the King did not approve the city's choice; he replied, then I shall signify to his Lordship that I am at least as fit to be Lord Mayor as he is to be Lord Chancellor. This being more

Some little fame derived from some brave few,
Who prizing Honour, prize her votaries too.
Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely
speak,
So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of those, who bless'd with parts above
My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
And call it mine; for mine, though never known,
Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own. 136
Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,

gospel than every thing Mr. Wilkes says, the formal approbation was given."

When the Wilkes fever had subsided, Walpole says to his friend Conway, "We can go through the city without being mobbed, and through Brentford without having No. 45 chalked on one's coach-door. Wilkes is almost as dead as Sacheverill."

Wilkes, with his usual humour, while in exile wrote to his friend Garrick from Paris, Jan. 17, 1767.

"I keep a steady and a longing eye to clear England, but I do not know when I am likely to see its white cliffs again. Perhaps I may be doomed, like my predecessors in Plutarch, to pass the rest of my life in exile, so dangerous is it to do great service to any country."

In the full tide of Wilkes's popularity, on his return to London, through which he was carried on the shoulders of the mob, Burke quoted from Horace's character of Pindar—

——-—— *Numerisque fertur,*
Lege solutâ.

Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
Let none of those, whom I despise though great,
Pretending friendship to give malice weight,
Publish my life; let no false sneaking peer,
(Some such there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
Nor soul-gall'd bishop damn me with a note.
Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it, (may Heaven, indulgent, grant that prayer)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest

138 Churchill, before his death, destroyed all his manuscripts, excepting the Dedication to his Sermons, and the Journey, though he completed neither of these poems, he had written a poem entitled the Conclave, previous to the Rosciad, but it was deemed too offensive for publication. A short poem called the Poetry Professors, was confidently attributed to him, but it was written by his friend Robert Lloyd, and published in the St. James's Magazine, of which he was the Editor.

141 John Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery, the translator of Pliny's Letters, was also the author of Observations on the Life of Swift, whose memory is not treated in them either with candour or impartiality. In them his Lordship attributes the humiliating condition, to which the Dean was reduced for many years before his death, to a judgment of heaven upon his vanity and ambition, and concludes with comparing him to one of his own Laputan Struldbrugs, and the Dean's head, by way of frontispiece to the book, does not disparage the resemblance. Warburton in one of his letters to Dr. Hurd, with his wonted power, and more than his wonted justice, well exposes this sample of lordly and pedantic biography.

"Lord Orrery's imperial flower of speech, the sovereign of

Roams through the Churchyard, whilst his dinner's drest,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)
Reading my Works, he cries—Here Churchill lives.

Enough of Satire—in less harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.
I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave;
Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms;
When in her faithful and immortal page

this grove of delights is what the French call Galimatias—but seriously what would the noble lord say of his enemies when he draws so charming a picture of diablerie from his friend, yet he himself told me he pursued their friendship so sedulously that he suffered numberless indignities from Swift before he could be admitted to any degree of familiarity. Perhaps then he had taken his revenge in this representation which however I believe a true one. But it seems a strange office in a friend to acquaint the public with such truths; don't you think that age in want of a little truth and sense, which gave credit to the *Bottle man*, and applauses to Orrery's Letters, of which the bookseller told me he had sold twelve thousand, the first impression having been disposed of in one day."

142 The reader requires no prompter to remind him that Warburton is the person alluded to in this line.

149 A humble grave, in the churchyard of Dover, contains all that was mortal of our author. His being buried in a place so much frequented by travellers almost gives an air of prophecy to these affecting lines.

They saw transmitted down from age to age
Recorded villains, and each spotted name
Branded with marks of everlasting shame,
Succeeding villains sought her as a friend,
And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend;
But in an age, when actions are allow'd
Which strike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd
Too terrible to suffer the report,
Avow'd and praised by men who stain a court,
Propp'd by the arm of Power; when Vice, high born,
High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn;
When she is lost to every thought of fame;
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to shame;
When Prudence a much easier task must hold
To make a new world, than reform the old;
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if she cannot cure, she will not wound.
Come, Panegyric—though the Muse disdains,
Founded on truth, to prostitute her strains
At the base instance of those men who hold
No argument but power, no god but gold,
Yet, mindful that from heaven she drew her birth,
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth;
Virtuous herself, brings Virtue forth to view,

179 Churchill as well as Pope might justly say of himself—

> I am not used to panegyric strains,
> Besides a fate attends on all I write,
> That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.

And loves to praise, where praise is justly due.
Come, Panegyric—in a former hour,
My soul with pleasure yielding to thy power,
Thy shrine I sought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, dispersed my prayer;
E'en at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
The pen of truth and honour in my hand,
Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,
Whilst, Hayter brought too quickly to his end,
I lost a subject and mankind a friend.
Come, Panegyric—bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy power my soul is proud to own:
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
And lead me safe through passes yet untried.
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the house of Satire leads mankind;

195 Dr. Thomas Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, was the natural son of Blackbourn, Archbishop of York, and in Sept. 1761, translated to the See of London, at a time of life when his powers both of mind and body were in their full vigour, but he had no opportunity of displaying them in that station, as he died in the month of February in the succeeding year of a quinsy.

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata neque ultra,
Esse sinunt.

He was the intimate friend of Jortin and of Clarke, and had been appointed, in 1759, Governor to George the Third, then Prince of Wales, but was abruptly dismissed by the Princess Dowager and Lord Bute, on their discovering that he was bent on giving that solid instruction to the Prince

Narrow, and unfrequented, are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praise.
What though no theme I choose of vulgar note,
Nor wish to write as brother bards have wrote,
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream?
What though a theme I choose, which might demand
The nicest touches of a master's hand?
Yet, if the inward workings of my soul
Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
And Envy shall behold, in triumph raised,
The poet praising, and the patron praised.
What patron shall I choose? shall public voice,
Or private knowledge, influence my choice?

which it was their interest, and that of the cabal of Leicester house to withhold.

The following lines were written on the occasion:—

Not gentler virtues glowed in Cambray's breast,
Not more his young Telemachus was blessed;
Till envy, faction, and ambitious rage,
Drove from a guilty court the pious sage.
Back to his flock with transport he withdrew,
And but one sigh, an honest one he knew!
O guard my royal pupil, heaven! he said;
Let not his youth be, like my age, betrayed!
I would have formed his footsteps in thy way—
But "vice prevails, and impious men bear sway."

Horace Walpole, as usual, vents some small sneers and insinuations against the Bishop, but being unable to substantiate a single charge against him, just hints a fault, and hesitates dislike.

Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
Or, seeking patriots, to friend Wildman's go?
"To Wildman's!" cried Discretion, (who had heard,
Close standing at my elbow, every word)
"To Wildman's! art thou mad? canst thou be sure
One moment there to have thy head secure?
Are they not all (let observation tell)
All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
In Doomsday book, by ministers set down,
Who style their pride the honour of the crown?
Make no reply—let reason stand aloof—
Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof.

217 Then the magnificent seat of the excellent Earl Temple, and now of the Duke of Buckingham, and celebrated, while in possession of Lord Cobham, by Pope, in these lines:

"Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole;
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance,
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at, perhaps a Stowe."

MORAL ESSAYS.

218 The minority, with the Duke of Devonshire at their head, established a society at a tavern in Albemarle Street, kept by one Wildman, a brother-in-law of Mr. J. H. Tooke. This institution was intended merely to keep the party together, compact and ready for action, without entering into any political discussions. But, on the apostasy of many of the members, the party dwindled away, and the death of the Duke of Devonshire completed the dissolution of the society.

That settled faith, that love which ever springs
In the best subjects, for the best of kings,
Must not be measured now, by what men think,
Or say, or do—by what they eat and drink;
Where and with whom, that question's to be tried,
And statesmen are the judges to decide;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe;
They, facts confess'd, in themselves vest the law.
Each dish at Wildman's of sedition smacks;
Blasphemy may be gospel at Almack's."
Peace, good Discretion! peace—thy fears are vain;
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train;

238 Old Almacks, a noted Tory club-house in Pall Mall, the name of which has been since transferred to a côterie of female noblesse of the highest birth and fashion, under whose conduct, subscription assemblies and entertainments of the most select and exclusive character, are held during the London season.

240 Wildman was a wine-merchant, and originally kept a coffee-house in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, which was frequented by the most vehement of Wilkes's supporters in Westminster; he afterwards removed his establishment to Argyle Street, and ultimately, in 1765, obtained the situation of Cofferer of the wine-cellar in the royal household.

Wildman, with Gay and Cotes, acted subordinate parts in the discreditable episode between John Wilkes and John Horne, afterwards Tooke, involving a question of old clothes which the latter alleged had been purchased for Wilkes when at Paris, by Wildman, and sold or pawned by the former. An acrimonious correspondence took place between Wilkes and Horne, on the subject of these vestimenta pretiosa of Eutrapelus as Wilkes called them, adding in a letter to Horne, "I hope, Sir, the putting them on will not have the same effect

Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, against the mighty stir.
If, from long proof my temper you distrust,
Weigh my profession, to my gown be just;
Dost thou one parson know so void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place?
If still you doubt (though scarce a doubt remains)
Search through my alter'd heart, and try my reins,

on you as formerly on him;" to which Horne retorted, "If they have no more effect on me than Horace supposes them to have had on Eutrapelus, they will not do me much mischief:

Eutrapelus cuicunque nocere volebat
Vestimenta DABAT pretiosa.

"The fact is, Sir, as any schoolboy can tell you, that Eutrapelus did not wear the clothes himself as you suppose, but left them with a profligate at Paris; and the bad effects enumerated by Horace, in the following lines, relate to the fellow who pawned them, and not to Eutrapelus who gave him the opportunity."

Horne also charged Wilkes with having given him a draft on his banker for £1500, when he knew he had not fifteen pence in the world; this ingenious device, which apparently constituted one of Wilkes's qualifications for the representation of Middlesex, has by the operation of the reform act, in its considerate indulgence to human infirmity, become extended to its metropolitan boroughs; more than one of which has rejoiced in a member possessing that qualification in common with Wilkes, and equally profligate with him in life and conversation, but having no pretence to his ability, his classical acquirements, his public services, or his brilliancy of social wit.

There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the court.
Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of mistakes convinced, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor blush to own that change which reason wrought:
For such a change as this, must justice speak;
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.
Bigot to no one man, or set of men,
Without one selfish view, I drew my pen;
My country ask'd, or seem'd to ask, my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade;
A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
Till time hath fairly proved me in the wrong:
Convinced, I change, (can any man do more?)
And have not greater patriots changed before?
Changed, I at once (can any man do less?)
Without a single blush, that change confess;
Confess it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the losing for the winning side,

250 John Montague, Earl of Sandwich, was, in Sept. 1763, appointed one of the principal Secretaries of State. His Lordship's abilities as a statesman and his virtues as a man were at least doubtful, until the full conviction of them blazed upon the public in the memoirs prefixed to his voyage in the Levant, written by the disinterested and impartial pen of his chaplain, the Reverend John Cooke. During his lifetime the Earl of Sandwich acquired, according to the habitual alternations of his conduct, the sobriquets of Lothario, from the hero of the Fair Penitent, or of Jemmy Twitcher, one of Macheath's gang in the Beggar's Opera.

Granting, whilst virtuous Sandwich holds the
rein,
What Bute for ages might have sought in vain.
Hail, Sandwich—nor shall Wilkes resentment
show, [271]
Hearing the praises of so brave a foe— [refuse
Hail, Sandwich—nor, through pride, shalt thou
The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse—

[271] The Earls of Sandwich and of March voluntered their evidence in the house of Lords in support of the charges brought against Wilkes, as the author of several obscene, blasphemous, and impious libels; and in their seats in Parliament, these noble Lords displayed a zealous sense of religious horror at the crime of the offender. Lord Sandwich had indeed once been on the most intimate footing of friendship with Mr. Wilkes until political differences occasioned its dissolution, and by their habits of life, and thorough acquaintance with the topics of their reprehension, their Lordships were no doubt peculiarly calculated for making their declamatory accusation. The Earl of Chesterfield, in a letter to his son, expresses his sense of the obligations conferred upon their country by the patriotic commoner, and the virtuous peer. "Happy," says he, "is it for this nation, that God hath been pleased to raise up in Mr. Wilkes a patriotic defender of our rights and liberties, and in the Earl of Sandwich so zealous a defender of our religion and morals."

The political character of the Earl of Sandwich sustained some severe shocks, particularly on his appointment to the head of the Admiralty, in 1771, when repeated motions were made in both Houses pointedly censuring his conduct in that situation, and praying his removal. In 1782, a very severe motion was made by Mr. Fox, on the same subject, which, in a full house, was negatived by a majority of only nineteen voices, and was immediately followed by a complete change of administration.

Sandwich, all hail—when Bute with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, scourged the land;
When Scots, or slaves to Scotsmen, steer'd the helm;
When peace, inglorious peace, disgraced the realm,
Distrust, and general discontent prevail'd;
But when, (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd;
When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of power, and hid his miscreant head;
When, like a Mars, (fear order'd to retreat)
We saw thee nimbly vault into his seat,
Into the seat of power, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoisseur in statesmanship;
When, like another Machiavel, we saw
Thy fingers twisting, and untwisting law,
Straining, where godlike Reason bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy, pleased to spare;
Saw thee resolved, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy king, thy country, right;

282 Lord Bute, finding the whole English nation exasperated against him after the Excise Bill had received the royal assent, thought proper to resign, having continued in power ten months and ten days. He immediately retired to Harrowgate, glad to escape from the threatening insults of an infuriated London populace. He had, however, with considerable discretion, previous to his resignation, secured places and pensions for his relations and dependents to the amount of above £8000 per annum; a very paltry sum indeed as compared with the dealings in that way of some of his successors in the Premiership.

All things were changed, suspense remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before:
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,
What virtues such as thine must needs produce.
Thy foes (for honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,
In sullen silence sit; thy friends (some few,
Who, friends to thee, are friends to honour too)
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Commonweal
Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.
A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,
And bring this free-will offering to thy fame;
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.
From his youth upwards to the present day,
When vices, more than years, have mark'd him gray;
When riotous excess, with wasteful hand,
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,

307 The mingled vein of ironical praise, and of unqualified execration which pervades this poem, constitutes it perhaps the severest satire ever written by the pen of man, though the inspiration naturally resulting from such a subject may detract somewhat from the merit of the poet, to whom the praises of imagination and invention must in this instance be denied.

Folly to folly added, vice to vice;
Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.
Where (reason left without the least defence)
Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense;
Where Impudence made Decency submit;
Where noise was humour, and where whim was wit;
Where rude, untemper'd license had the merit
Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit;
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
Lothario was, with justice, always first.
To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle;
Whilst, in most blessed union rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out, encore;
Whilst gray Authority, who slumbers there
In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay the affrighted moon,
To walk with torches through the streets at noon;
To force plain nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
To make one leg run races with his brother:
'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
Bute to ride first, and he to ride behind;
To coin newfangled wagers, and to lay 'em,

Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
Lothario, on that stock which nature gives,
Without a rival stands, though March yet lives.
When Folly, (at that name in duty bound,
Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
Whilst they who, in the presence upright stand
Are held as rebels through the loyal land)
Queen every where, but most a queen in courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her sports;
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age,
Lothario, great above the common size,
With all engaged, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And every day deserves it more and more.
Nor in such limits rests his soul confined;
Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
Vice, bold substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
Observe his follies well, and you would swear
Folly had been his first, his only care;

346 ——— alter vergentibus annis
In senium, longoque togæ tranquillior usu
Dedidicit jam pace ducem; famæque petitor
Multa dare in vulgus: totus popularibus auris
Impelli, plausuque sui gaudere theatri:
Nec reparare novas vires; multumque priori
Credere fortunæ; stat magni nominis umbrâ
Qualis *frugifero* quercus, &c. LUCANI PHARS. lib. i.

The Duke of Queensbury was living in 1804, when the above quotation was made in the first edition. For some account of him and of his death see Supplementary Note.

Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,
And swear that he was born for vice alone.
  Is the soft nature of some hapless maid,
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd?
Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt declare her shame?
Is some brave friend, who, men but little known,
Deems every heart as honest as his own,
And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnared, and ruin'd with a smile?
Is law to be perverted from her course?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is freedom to be crush'd, and every son
Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone?
Is base corruption, creeping through the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, sure, though slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are kings (who trust to servants, and depend
In servants (fond, vain thought!) to find a friend)
To be abused, and made to draw their breath
In darkness thicker than the shades of death?
Is God's most holy name to be profaned,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,

374 The poet here endeavours to stigmatise the insincerity of Lord Sandwich's conduct to Wilkes, of which the latter had certainly reason to complain, and of the treachery resorted to in betraying the results of their unhallowed orgies. To a well constituted mind it is a matter of some exultation to observe that the bands by which profligates are associated yield to the first attacks of interest or caprice.

His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphemed?
Are debauchees in morals to preside?
Is faith to take an Atheist for her guide?
Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
Are states to totter on a drunkard's head?
To answer all these purposes, and more,
More black than ever villain plann'd before,
Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.
Is this nobility, which, sprung from kings,
Was meant to swell the power from whence it springs;
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which nature hoped for from so rich a root?
Were there but two,(search all the world around)
Were there but two such nobles to be found,
The very name would sink into a term
Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a lord: but Nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,
Made only one, and having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more:
Nor stopp'd she there, but, like a generous friend,
The ills, which error caused, she strove to mend,
And having brought Lothario forth to view,
To save her credit, brought forth Sandwich too.
Gods! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of every art,

414 Another instance of Churchill's favourite antitypical application of his satire.

Of every art which great ones in the state
Practise on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that virtues can descend,
Do I behold (a sight, alas! more rare
Than honesty could wish) the noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known
They're his by virtue not by birth alone;
When he recalls his father from the grave,
And pays with interest back that fame he gave:
Cured of her splenetic and sullen fits,
To such a peer my willing soul submits,
And to such virtue is more proud to yield
Than 'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field.
Such, (for that truth e'en envy shall allow)
Such Wyndham was, and such is Sandwich now.
O gentle Montague, in blessed hour
Didst thou start up and climb the stairs of power;
England of all her fears at once was eased,
Nor, 'mongst her many foes was one displeased;
France heard the news, and told it cousin Spain;
Spain heard, and told it cousin France again;
The Hollander relinquish'd his design
Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine;
Of Indian villanies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native shore:
Awed by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth
Shall blow from east to west, from north to south)
The western world shall yield us her increase,
And her wild sons be soften'd into peace;
Rich eastern monarchs shall exhaust their stores,

And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores;
Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,
And all acquired by honourable means,
Some honourable chief shall hither steer,
To pay our debts, and set the nation clear.
Nabobs themselves, allured by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the English crown;
Shall freely as their king our king receive—
Provided, the Directors give them leave.

450 Meer Jaffier, Ali Cawn, on his elevation to the Subahship of Bengal by the victorious arms of Lord Clive, then Colonel Clive, ceded to the company a tract of country, the annual rent of which amounted to £600,000, reserving to himself the quit rents, amounting to £30,000 a year. He soon after granted these quit rents to the colonel, as an acknowledgment of his obligations to him. The payment of these quit rents, commonly known by the name of Clive's Jaghire, was stopped under some futile pretences by the directors soon after Lord Clive's first return to England; but he insisted upon a full restoration of his right before he sailed the second time. The ungrateful and unjustifiable conduct of the directors, in thus attacking their political saviour, arose from no motives of purity, or wish to restrain the unprincipled rapacity of their servants; for as long as those servants paid an implicit obedience to their will, their iniquity was connived at; but Lord Clive, who had nobly earned his wealth, and whose talents were equally conspicuous in council as in the field, had, on his return to England, dared to question the conduct of the directors, and to protect the rights of the proprietors. The insolence and arrogance of the directors, during the brilliant sunshine of Lord Clive's victories, could only be equalled by their mean submission to his dictates, when his commanding genius was required to re-establish their crumbling empire.

456 The affairs of the East India Company, began at this

Union at home shall mark each rising year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of, though severe;
Envy her own destroyer shall become,
And faction with her thousand mouths be dumb:
With the meek man thy meekness shall prevail,
Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail:
Some to thy force of reason shall submit,
And some be converts to thy princely wit:
Reverence for thee shall still a nation's cries,
A grand concurrence crown a grand excise:
And unbelievers of the first degree,
Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.

When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
Possess'd the region of each heated brain;
When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
And all were mad, but mad in different ways;

period to assume a new aspect of political importance. The unexampled success of Lord Clive, had established an empire too unwieldy to be comprehended within the narrow views of the directors, and of their factors in the East. They wantoned with dominion, became the setters up and pullers down of kings; Meer Jaffier, and Meer Cossim were dethroned or deposed, as best suited the interested views of the council at Calcutta; and if the sovereign they nominated dared to assert his rights, they seemed astonished at his conduct, and considered it as justifying an appeal to force, for the purpose of punishing his presumption. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that factions should arise among our merchant-monarchs. The council of Calcutta refused to ratify the engagements and treaties entered into by Mr. Vansittart their governor. On the news of these divisions, and of the successful progress of Meer Cossim's arms, reaching England, India stock fell 14 per cent. Meetings of the proprietors were held for the purpose of adopting measures for

When commonwealthsmen starting at the shade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
Of tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
And with state bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;
When others, struck with fancies not less vain,
Saw mighty kings by their own subjects slain,
And, in each friend of liberty and law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell saw,
Thy manly zeal stept forth, bade discord cease,
And sung each jarring atom into peace;
Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;
And, patronized by thee, Prerogative
Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live;
Whilst Privilege, hung betwixt earth and sky,

the security of the company; many censures were passed on the conduct of the directors, and particularly on that of the chairman, Mr. Sullivan, by the friends of Lord Clive, who was once more solicited to protect their possessions; but who refused to act, while Mr. Sullivan had the lead in the direction. The unpromising aspect of affairs gave a preponderating weight to the Clive party; his lordship's terms were acceded to, and Mr. Sullivan had scarcely votes enough to bring him into the direction. Lord Clive sailed the 27th of May, 1764, and in May, 1766, East India stock rose above 15 per cent.

These observations might have been spared, and certainly any others are rendered unnecessary by the masterly review of the life of Lord Clive, and of his civil and military administration of India, by Mr. Macaulay, among the essays recently reprinted by him, from his contributions to the Edinburgh Review and to which we would refer our readers accordingly, and to whose thanks we shall entitle ourselves for so doing.

Shall not well know whether to live or die.
When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And seem'd to totter, commerce shivering stood;
When credit, building on a sandy shore,
Saw the sea swell and heard the tempest roar,
Heard death in every blast, and in each wave
Or saw, or fancied that she saw her grave;
When property transferr'd from hand to hand,
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly through the land;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend;
Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid;
That to be saved we must be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;

502 The national debt, which on the 5th of January, 1764, amounted to not quite £130,000,000, is now upwards of £800,000,000, while the annual charge for interest on it is nearly £30,000,000. If the radical remedy of the sponge, reprobated by the poet, was even then proposed, the prescription, or some modification of it, must at this day be necessarily considered as far less absurd. The bow is violently bent, but when it will reach the extreme point of elasticity, no one can pretend to predict.

504 This expedient which could only have been then contemplated by the utmost stretch of poetic license, has been reduced to practice by the sober and select men of the United States; more fortunately for justice than himself, the Rev. Sydney Smith was a creditor, and has, with as much truth as brilliancy, exposed the dishonourable act.

Like England's better genius, born to bless,
And snatch his sinking country from distress,
Didst thou step forth, and, without sail or oar,
Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore:
Nor shalt thou quit, till, anchor'd firm and fast,
She rides secure, and mocks the threatening blast!
Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
Nursed in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy sage councils to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Economy her needful aid shall join
To forward and complete thy grand design,
And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still.
In vain have sly and subtle sophists tried
Private from public justice to divide;
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together and together die,
'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High treason in the eye of common sense,
To think a statesman ever can be known
To pay our debts who will not pay his own:
But now, though late, now may we hope to see
Our debts discharged, our credit fair and free,
Since rigid Honesty (fair fall that hour!)
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in power.
With what delight I view thee, wondrous man,
With what delight survey thy sterling plan
That plan which all with wonder must behold,

And stamp thy age the only age of Gold.
Nor rest thy triumphs here—that discord fled,
And sought with grief the hell where she was bred;
That faction 'gainst her nature forced to yield,
Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck dumb;
That our most bitter foes (so much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
That our offended friends (such terror flows
From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That credit, gasping in the jaws of death,
And ready to expire with every breath,
Grows stronger from disease; that thou hast saved
Thy drooping country; that thy name, engraved
On plates of brass, defies the rage of time;
Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred rhyme
Embalms thy memory, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muse alone can give;
These heights of virtue, these rewards of fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.
But, that poor sickly science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath neglect's cold shade,
By those who knew her purposely forgot,
And made the jest of those who knew her not:
Whilst ignorance in power, and pamper'd pride,
"Clad like a priest, pass'd by on t'other side,"
Recover'd from her wretched state, at length
Puts on new health, and clothes herself with strength,

To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand
Which raised, and gave her to possess the land:
This praise, though in a court, and near a throne,
This praise is thine, and thine, alas! alone.
With what fond rapture did the goddess smile,
What blessings doth she promise to this isle,
What honour to herself, and length of reign,
Soon as she heard, that thou didst not disdain
To be her steward, but what grief, what shame,
What rage, what disappointment, shook her frame,
When her proud children dared her will dispute,
When youth was insolent, and age was mute!
That young men should be fools, and some wild few
To wisdom deaf, be deaf to interest too,
Moved not her wonder; but that men, grown gray
In search of wisdom; men who own'd the sway

576 The younger members of the University were unanimous in favour of Lord Hardwicke, whom they supported with the characteristic enthusiasm of youth. By their impetuous conduct at the election, they incurred the censures of their superiors, who were chiefly in the other interest, and a certain number were ordered to recant their behaviour, which they peremptorily refused to do; the names of these spirited young men are worthy of record, though stigmatized as *Recusants*. The following is a list of them: Phillips, Davies, Cotton, Neale, Fox, Jones, Wilbraham, Marwood, Shipperdsdon, Spranger, Cobbold, Norris, Paddey, Bennett, Frank, Clowes, Campbell, Hardinge, Graham, Brisco, Abbot, Ellis, Kershaw, Mattey, Harrison, Pinnock, Popham, Ridgill, Twisden, Smyth, Kreyk, Clutterbuck, Daniel, Hills, Panton, Dobson, Davidson, Churchill, Carter, Scafe, Butcher, Langley, Bird, Green, Lake, Wright.

Of reason; men who stubbornly kept down
Each rising passion; men who wore the gown;
That they should cross her will, that they should dare
Against the cause of Interest to declare;
That they should be so abject and unwise,
Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain; scorning the ready means
Of being vicars, rectors, canons, deans,
With all those honours which on mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of state;
That they should dare a Hardwicke to support,
And talk, within the hearing of a court,
Of that vile beggar conscience, who, undone,
And starved herself, starves every wretched son;

602 Dr. John Burton, head master of Winchester school. An anecdote was related in the Auditor, that Wilkes, while in the command of the Buckinghamshire militia, being stationed at Winchester, had occasionally addressed one of the sons of the Earl of Bute, then at school there, with the most insulting language against his father. This story gaining ground, by being uncontradicted, if not circulated, by the young man, induced Wilkes to write a letter to Dr. Burton, denying the statement, and on the contrary, representing himself as having been frequently abused by the youth in the grossest terms; and concluding with requesting, that a public examination and investigation of the affair might take place; to this letter Dr. Burton returned the following answer:

To Colonel John Wilkes.

Oct. 20, 1762.

Sir—When I had the honour of seeing you in my lodgings I acquainted you with my resolution, that I would not concern myself in the affair: at the same time assured you I would

This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore.
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Though Dullness there unrivall'd state doth keep,
Would she at Winchester with Burton sleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull, and still more mean,
Rather than bear such insults, she would fly
Far, far beyond the search of English eye,
And reign amongst the Scots: to be a queen
Is worth ambition, though in Aberdeen.
O, stay thy flight, fair Science; what though some,
Some base-born children, rebels are become?
All are not rebels; some are duteous still,

not read any public papers relating to it. I have the honour to be with the greatest regard, Sir, your most obedient servant, JOHN BURTON.

608 Of the Scottish Universities, Dr. Johnson observes, "that men bred there cannot be expected to be often decorated with the splendours of ornamental erudition, but they obtain a mediocrity of knowledge, between learning and ignorance, not inadequate to the purposes of common life, which is very widely diffused among them, and which, countenanced in general by a national combination so invidious, that their friends cannot defend it, and actuated in particulars by a spirit of enterprise so vigorous, that their enemies are constrained to praise it, enables them to find or make their way to employment, riches, and distinction."

Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy interest is opposed by those alone
Who either know not, or oppose their own.
Of stubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the livery of their trade,
Marshall'd by Form, and by Discretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black Smith of Trinity; on Christian ground
For faith in mysteries none more renown'd.
Next, (for the best of causes now and then
Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
Next (if old Story lies not) sprung from Greece,

619 Dr. Smith, master of Trinity College, Cambridge, died in 1768, in the 79th year of his age. By his will he left the interest of £2000 for the annual repairs of his college; £2,500 to the University, the interest of half which sum he bequeathed to the augmentation of the stipend of the Plumian professorship; and the other half to be divided between the mathematical and philosophical scholars that annually take the degree of bachelors of arts. He was master of mechanics to the King, and had been preceptor to William, Duke of Cumberland. He published, in 1744, Harmonics, or the Philosophy of Musical Sounds, 8vo. Cumberland, in the Memoirs of his own Life, says of him, "Dr. Smith was unquestionably one of the most learned men of his time, as his works—especially his system of optics, effectually demonstrate. He led the life of a student, abstemious and recluse, his family consisting of a sister advanced in years, and unmarried, like himself. He was a man of whom it might be said, philosophy marked him for her own." Of a thin spare habit, and a nose prominently aquiline, and an eye penetrating as that of the bird, the semblance of whose beak marked the character of his face. The tone of his voice was shrill and nasal, and his manner of speaking such as denoted forethought and delibe-

Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece:
Her, wretched maid! committed to his trust,
To a rank letcher's coarse and bloated lust
The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had sold,
And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a college bred,
No woman knew, but those which made their bed;
Who, planted virgins on Cam's virtuous shore,
Continued still male virgins at threescore,
Comes Sumner, wise, and chaste as chaste can be,
With Long, as wise, and not less chaste than he.

ration. How deep a theorist he was in harmony his Treatise will evince. In mere melody he was indignantly neglectful, and could not reconcile his ear to the harpsichord, till by a construction of his own he had divided the half tones into their proper flats and sharps. Those who figured to themselves a Diogenes in Mason, might have fancied they beheld an Aristotle in Smith, who, had he lived in the age and fallen within the eye of the great designer of the school of Athens, might have left his image there without discrediting the group.

635 The Rev. Dr. Humphry Sumner, Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and Provost of King's College.

636 Roger Long, D. D., F. R. S., master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and professor of Astronomy in that University. He died in 1770, at the advanced age of 91. He was never a hale and hearty man, but of a tender and delicate constitution, yet took care of it. His common drink, water. He always dined with the fellows in the hall; but latterly left off eating flesh-meat. He wrote a Treatise on Astronomy, 2 vols. 4to, and, with a view to popularize that science, he caused to be constructed a hollow sphere, wherein

Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cause
Who, for thy sake, defying penal laws,
Were, to support thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jersey, and the Isle of Man?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree
Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee?
Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo still,
Who may, perhaps, in some ten years, or more,
Be ascertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a still more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind?
With such a mighty power on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcasses, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And ere they dare the battle, sound retreat.
But if persuasions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor prayers can move,
Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe

thirty persons could sit conveniently, and on the inner surface of which was a representation of the heavens as they would appear in a north latitude.

He also wrote an answer to Mr. Everard Fleetwood's celebrated pamphlet, called "An Inquiry into the Customary Estates and tenants of those who hold Lands of Church and other Foundations by the tenure of three lives and twenty-one years."

678 The last Earl of Lichfield succeeded the Earl of Westmoreland, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in

Why talk of Burton? why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford, she, with open arms,
Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms:
Shall for thy love her former loves resign,
And jilt the banish'd Stuarts to be thine.

Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
Tutor'd to get, by heart, the despot's creed,
She, of subjection proud, shall knee thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;
She shall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial sway
If subjects none but just commands obey?
Then, and then only, is obedience seen,
When by command they dare do all that's mean:
Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.

Gods, with what joy, (for fancy now supplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)
Gods, with what joy I see the worthies meet,
And Brother Litchfield Brother Sandwich greet!

1762, after a very severe contest between him and Lords Foley and Suffolk; his success was principally owing to the interference of Lord Bute in his favour. After his election, he was installed at his seat at Ditchley, at which ceremony the Vice Chancellor and all the officers of the University attended. This solemnity having been usually performed at Oxford, the undignified members of the University were not pleased with the alteration. Lord Litchfield's family had always been considered as at the head of the tory party in Oxfordshire; and during the whig reigns of George the First and Second, had been thought by no means friendly to

Blest be your greetings, blest each dear embrace;
Blest to yourselves, and to the human race.
Sickening at virtues, which she cannot reach,
Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
Let Envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
Outrageous, search the corners of the world,
Ransack the present times, look back to past,
Rip up the future, and confess at last,
No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
Produce, and bless the world with such a pair.
Phillips, the good old Phillips, out of breath,
Escaped from Monmouth, and escaped from death,
Shall hail his Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,

the act of settlement. This circumstance was dwelt upon by his opponents, who also objected to him some legal disqualification, he having been a freeman of the city of Oxford. Blackstone wrote a pamphlet on the subject, but the disqualification was removed, and Lord Litchfield succeeded by a great majority. Neither University had any cause for exultation in the superior morality of its Chancellor, par nobile fratrum.

689 Sir John Phillips, a barrister and active member of the House of Commons, who during the rebellion of 1745, intrenching himself behind legal forms, had at a public meeting threatened to present to the court of King's Bench, as an illegal levying of money upon the subject, the association formed for the defence of the family upon the throne. In 1763 he was called to the privy council, and died the following year.

696 Medmenham, or as it was commonly called, Medmam Abbey, was a very large house on the banks of the Thames, near Marlow, in Bucks. It was formerly a convent of Cistertian Monks. The situation is remarkably fine. Beautiful hanging woods, soft meadows, a crystal stream,

That glorious ardour for the commonweal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart and bless'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cause of rebels hung.
Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a nun,
At Medenham lies, by backward monks undone;
A nation's reckoning, like an alehouse score,
Whilst Paul, the aged, chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up,
Dashwood shall pour, from a communion cup,
Libations to the goddess without eyes,
And hob or nob in cider and excise.

and a grove of venerable old elms near the house, with the retiredness of the mansion itself, made it as sweet a retreat as the most poetical imagination could create. Sir Francis Dashwood, Sir Thomas Stapleton, Paul Whitehead, Mr. Wilkes, and other gentlemen, to the number of twelve, rented the abbey, and often retired there in the summer. Among other amusements they had sometimes a mock celebration of the mysterious midnight orgies of Pagan worship, and occasionally of the rites of the foreign religious orders among the Roman Catholics; of the Franciscans in particular, for the gentlemen had taken that title from their founder, Sir, certainly not *Saint* Francis. Paul the aged was secretary and steward to the order. Wilkes had retired from the society some time previous to the publication of this poem, but it was not dissolved until some years afterwards.

"Over the grand entrance was the famous inscription on Rabelais' abbey of Theleme, *Fay ce que voudras.* At the end of the passage over the door was *Aude, hospes, contemnere opes.* At one end of the refectory was Harpocrates, the god of silence; at the other the goddess Angerona, that the same duty might be enjoined both sexes.

"Near the abbey was a small neat temple, erected to

From those deep shades, where vanity, unknown,
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone,
Cursed in herself, by her own thoughts undone,
Where she sees all, but can be seen by none;
Where she, no longer mistress of the schools,
Hears praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
Or hears it at a distance, in despair

Cloacina, with this inscription. *This chapel of ease was founded in the year* 1760. Facing the entrance in the inside.

Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè:
Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

"No profane eye dared to penetrate into the English Eleusinian mysteries of the chapter room, where the monks assembled on all solemn occasions, to perform the more secret rites, and pour libations in much pomp to the BONA DEA." Thus far have we been unwillingly compelled to borrow from a contemporary publication, as absolutely necessary to explain Churchill's allusion; any further extract we should think an insult to the reader. That brutes, and men little above them, should wallow in the lowest depths of sensuality, may be subject for pity but never of surprise; but that men of rank, station, and understanding should voluntarily degrade themselves by similar excesses to a level with wretches whom they must despise, should rouse the honest indignation of every man, who feels an interest in the sovereignty of reason, and in the dignity of human nature.

715 Dr. William King, L.L.D., Principal of St. Mary's Hall, died at an advanced age in 1764, at which time he was the oldest head of any house in the University of Oxford, having been appointed to that situation in 1719. The composition of his celebrated Radcliffe harangue afforded an ample field of controversy to the critics in language, and the

To join the crowd, and put in for a share
Twisting each thought a thousand different ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praise;
Where frugal sense so very fine is spun,
It serves twelve hours, though not enough for one,
King shall arise, and, bursting from the dead,
Shall hurl his piebald Latin at thy head.
Burton (whilst awkward affectation hung
In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,

tory principles it contained were minutely canvassed by the dabblers in politics, but it earned for him an elegant compliment from Warton in his Triumph of Isis. As his Latinity is questioned by our author, in order that the reader may have an opportunity of judging of the propriety of the imputation, we subjoin Dr. King's curious epitaph, written by himself, with a view to be engraved on a silver case, in which he directed his heart should be preserved in some convenient part of the house he had so long governed. A classical epitaph in the same style was also written by him on Beau Nash of Bath.

EPITAPHIUM
GULIELMI KING:
A seipso scriptum
Pridie nonas Junii
Die natali Georgii III.
MDCCLXII.
Fui
GULIELMUS KING, L.L.D.
Ab anno MDCCXIX, ad annum MDCC—
Hujus Aulæ Præfectus.
Literis humanioribus a puero deditus:
Eas usq; ad supremum vitæ diem colui.
Neque vitiis carui, neq; virtutibus;
Imprudens et improvidus, comis et benevolus;
Sæpe æquo iracundior,

Who 'gainst their will makes junior blockheads speak
Ignorant of both, new Latin and new Greek,
Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own;
Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a string,
They're praise and censure; nothing, every thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and style so full of trick,
They even make a Merry Andrew sick;
Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,

Haud unquam ut essem implacabilis.
A luxuria pariter ac avaritia
(Quam non tam vitium
(Quam mentis insanitatem esse duxi)
Prorsus abhorrens.
Cives, hospites, peregrinos
Omnino liberaliter accepi.
Ipse et cibi parcus, et vini parcissimus.
Cum magnis vixi, cum plebeis, cum omnibus,
Ut homines noscerem, ut me ipsum imprimis:
Neque, eheu, novi!
Permultos habui amicos,
At veros, stabiles, gratos,
(Quæ fortasse est gentis culpa)
Perpaucissimos
Plures habui inimicos,
Sed invidos, sed improbos, sed inhumanos.
Quorum nullis tamen injuriis
Perinde commotus fui
Quam deliquiis meis.
Summam, quam adeptus sum, senectutem
Neque optavi, neque accusavi.
Vitæ incommoda neque immoderate ferens,

They're verse, they're prose, they're neither, and
they're both)
Shall (though by nature ever loath to praise)
Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase;
Obscurely stiff, shall press poor sense to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath;
Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name,
Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it Style.
Hush'd be all nature as the land of death;
Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his
breath;
Be the bells muffled, nor one sound of care,

Neque commodis nimium contentus.
Mortem neque contempsi,
Neque metui.
Deus optime,
Qui hunc orbem et humanas res curas
Miserere animæ nostræ!

He was the author of The Toast, a political poem, afterwards republished with ornaments, and of which a few impressions only were taken; it has since become extremely rare: he also wrote a Latin address to the Parliaments of France, was the Editor of the five last volumes of Dr. South's Sermons, and otherwise very creditably distinguished himself in the literary world by several learned original works, and in a very spirited apology, satisfactorily vindicated himself from the aspersions of his political opponents.

There was another contemporary, Dr. William King, of the same University, equally a man of wit and humour, and a tory, whose works, chiefly in Latin, have been published in 3 vols. 8vo. He was noted as a bon vivant, and Pope said of him, he could write three hours after he could not speak.

Pressing for audience, wake the slumbering air;
Browne comes—behold how cautiously he creeps—
How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
He cannot wake, but he shall dream of thee.

Physic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound;
Physic, obtaining succour from the pen
Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden,
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe,

741 Dr. William Browne, Lord Litchfield's Vice Chancellor of the University of Oxford from 1759 to 1769, he was also Provost of Queen's College.

745 Dr. William Heberden, the celebrated physician; he died in 1801, in the 91st year of his age. His high and deserved professional reputation, and the amiable and unsullied tenor of his long life, have left too enduring a memorial of his learning and his virtues, to require our weak witness to his fame. He was the author and editor of several valuable publications, to which he found leisure to attend in the intervals of an extensive practice. On his skill in his profession it were needless to enlarge, or on the dignity and benevolence with which he exercised it. He was too well aware of the uncertainty of the art, not to pay due attention to the numerous improvements of which it was susceptible, and which a more enlightened age afforded. Attached to no system, he cautiously took experience for his guide, and equally rejected the authoritative maxims of ancient writers, and the not less authoritative theories of modern ones, until they were sanctioned by something better than a name. Nature was his goddess, and her alone he consulted in the prescriptions he wrote. Their simplicity could only be equalled by the liberality with which he attended to their effects; the patient

Shall, like a scholar, stop their rebel breath,
And in each recipe send classic death.
So deep in knowledge, that few lines can sound
And plumb the bottom of the vast profound,
Few grave ones with such gravity can think,
Or follow half so fast as he can sink;
With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
Obscure with meaning, and in words perplext,
With subtleties on subtleties refined,
Meant to divide and subdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,
The scowling Blackstone bears the train of law.

recovered at the expense of the apothecary. We dwell with pleasure on the character of such a man, who for so long a period of time, enjoyed the highest satisfaction a good man can covet, the diffusion of health and happiness round a wide circle of his grateful countrymen. The following passage occurs in one of Horace Walpole's letters, and gives greater antiquity and sanction than might have been expected for the present hydropathic operations at Malvern, under the conduct of Dr. James Wilson and Mr. Gulley.

"Dr. Heberden, as every physician, to make himself talked of, will set up some new hypothesis, pretends that a damp house, and even damp sheets, which have ever been reckoned fatal, are wholesome: to prove his faith, he went into his own new home, totally unaired, and survived it. At Malvern they certainly put patients into sheets just dipped in the spring."

762 Dr. Blackstone, Principal of New Inn Hall in the University of Oxford, and Vinerian Professor of Law, afterwards Sir William Blackstone, Solicitor-General, and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. His reputation as a sound lawyer and accomplished writer, is too well established to be affected by this random hit of the satirist. Blackstone's great work, his Commentaries on the Laws of England, being the

Divinity, enrobed in college fur,
In her right hand, A new Court Kalendar,
Bound like a book of prayer, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.
Loyalty, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,
A stranger long, but stranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies;
Shall, with much pleasure and more wonder, view
Men great at court, and great at Oxford too.
O sacred Loyalty! accursed be those

improved and enlarged substance of his Vinerian Lectures, instantly superseded the dry abridgments of Hale, Hawkins, and Wood; while the Commentaries retain their popularity and position, notwithstanding the great changes which have occurred since their publication, much greater than between his time and that of his predecessors. Successive editions by eminent lawyers, render "Blackstone's Commentaries" still the text-book of the profession in all its branches.

He, no doubt, incurred the censure of Churchill on account of the part he took, in the House of Commons, against Wilkes, on the subject of privilege; and for which he was also severely animadverted on by Junius and Sir William Meredith. He died in 1780, at the age of 56.

772 We have frequently had occasion to notice the Tory political principles of the University of Oxford. After the attainder of their then chancellor, the Duke of Ormond, the members of the University, by a great majority, elected his brother, the Earl of Arran, to be their Chancellor, to testify, as the Vice-Chancellor publicly declared, their obligations to the family of Butler, and to express their gratitude to his Grace. Both Universities have, however, at times, rendered themselves obnoxious to the charge of inculcating Tory principles. It is said of Locke, that on being asked by King

Who, seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes,
Who prostitute to kings thy honour'd name,
And sooth their passions to betray their fame;
Nor praised be those, to whose proud nature clings,
Contempt of government, and hate of kings,
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A strange intemperance of zeal avow,
And start at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger freedom never heard.
Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes
And to the state not wholesome, like the dreams
Children of night, of indigestion bred,
Which, reason clouded, seize and turn the head;
Loyalty without Freedom, is a chain
Which men of liberal notice can't sustain,
And Freedom without Loyalty, a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.
Thine be the art, my Sandwich, thine the toil,
In Oxford's stubborn and untoward soil
To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foster'd into strength,

William, how long he thought the revolution principles might last in England, the philosopher replied, "Till this generation shall have passed away, and our Universities shall have had time to breed a new one." Bishop Hoadley likewise entertained no exalted opinion of the literary labours of the Universities, and observed as an instance of their great progress in learning, that the one had published Shakspeare, and the other Hudibras.

Shooting aloft, all danger it defies,
And proudly lifts its branches to the skies;
Whilst, Wisdom's happy son, but not her slave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that shade, which thy own labours wrought,
And fashion'd into strength, shalt thou repose,
Secure of liberal praise, since Isis flows
True to her Tame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, lusts for Tweed,
And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dared twine
To grace a Stuart brow, she plants on thine.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

14 *Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes.*

WARBURTON in one of his letters to Garrick, Feb. 17, 1762, thus notices a slighting mention made of himself by Horace Walpole in the Anecdotes of Painting, and incidentally in another letter mentions Churchill's Rosciad in terms with him of unusual approval:

"I have my Fribbles as well as you. In the Anecdotes of Painting just published, the author by the most unprovoked malice has a fling at your friend obliquely, and puts him in company where you would not expect to find him, with Tom Hearne and Browne Willis. It is about Gothic edifices, for which I shall be *about his pate*, as Bentley said to Lord Halifax of Rowe. But I say it better, I mean the gallipots and washes of his toilet; I know he has a fribble tutor at his elbow as sicklied over with affectation as himself, but these half men are half wits, as Dryden says,

'They are so little and so light,
One should not know they lived but that they bite.'

I have seen the first edition of the poem you mention, the Rosciad, and I was surprised at the excellent things I found in it, but took Churchill to be a feigned name, so little do I know of what is going forward."

20 *In such a manner and at such a time*
To quit the stage.

Alluding to Garrick's continued absence abroad, during which period Mrs. Pritchard's retirement from the stage had taken place. She acted Lady Macbeth for the last time, April 25, 1763, and wept her acknowledgments to the public in an appropriate farewell epilogue, written by her constant friend and patron, Garrick. The first couplet of which was as deeply responded to by the audience as it was felt by the actress:—

"The curtain dropt, my mimic life is past,
That scene of SLEEP and TERROR was my last."

She died at Bath on the 20th of the following August, after an illness of only ten days.

We will now take leave of Garrick, adding only his inimitable epigram addressed to Sir John Hill on his having accused the actor of a false habit of pronunciation into which he occasionally fell, of substituting in some words the letter I for U:—

"If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better.
May the just rights of letters as well as of men
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen.
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *you*."

24 *Since thou hast left a Powell in thy place.*

Powell was also one of the managers of the new Theatre, Bristol, where he went to perform with his summer company. He had by his merits as an actor, and his conduct as a gentleman, greatly ingratiated himself with the principal inhabitants of that city, and was buried in the Collegiate church there with great funeral honours, attended by the Dean and whole choir, who sang an anthem on the mournful occasion.

The elder Colman wrote a prologue, of much merit, to a play acted for the benefit of Powell's widow; and also an epitaph for his monument at Bristol, the two last lines of which were peremptorily objected to by Dr. Elmer, a Prebendary of the church, as "nonsense or something worse;" and Colman resenting what he considered an unwarrantable misinterpretation of the lines in question, declined to omit them, and the epitaph consequently was not inscribed on the tablet. It is here inserted from the Posthumous Letters of Colman, edited by his son, 4to, 1720.

Bristol! to worth and genius ever just,
To thee our Powell's dear remains we trust:
Soft as the stream thy sacred springs impart,
The milk of human kindness warm'd his heart;
That heart which every tender feeling knew,
The soil where pity, love, and friendship grew.

O! let a faithful friend with grief sincere,
Inscribe his tomb, and drop the hearfelt tear.
Here rests his praise, here found his noblest fame,
—All else a bubble, and an empty name.

89 *Enough of patriots,*

Madame D'Arblay, in her very amusing and equally instructive Diary, which as graphically describes the frivolity and vexation of the domestic as that of Doddington does the political tracasseries of a court, incidentally records an admirable address of Dr. Johnson, when at Streatham, to Sir Philip Jennings Clark, Bart. M. P., a youthful dupe of the popular party:

"'Sir Philip,' said the Doctor, 'you are too liberal a man for the party to which you belong: I shall have much pride in the honour of converting you; for I really believe, if you were not spoiled by bad company, the spirit of faction would not have possessed you. Go, then, sir, to the House, but make not your motion; give up your Bill, and surprise the world by turning to the side of truth and reason. Rise, sir, when they least expect you, and address your fellow patriots to this purpose:

"'GENTLEMEN, I have for many a weary day been deceived and seduced by you. I have now opened my eyes. I see that you are all scoundrels; the subversion of all government and religion is your aim. Gentlemen, I will no longer herd among rascals, in whose infamy my name and character must be included; I therefore renounce you all, gentlemen, as you deserve to be renounced.'

"Then, shaking his hand heartily, he added 'Go, sir, go to bed; meditate upon this recantation; and rise in the morning a more honest man than you lay down.'"

Dr. Johnson, who called things and men by their right name, thus, with his Ithureal spear, or rather club of truth, laid bare the hypocritical pretensions to political purity of the bad men of that period, and we have witnessed and are witnessing an ample succession of similar pretenders, while unfortunately there has been no descent of the Johnsonian mantle to work their exposure.

To such political vermin, debauchees, gamblers, and swindlers, bankrupts alike in fortune as in fame, who damage whatever cause they for their own selfish purposes profess to support, the recommendation of Junius may be well applied, "that they should so regulate their conduct as to be able to set the most malicious inquiries at defiance: or, should that be a lost hope, that they would assume prudence enough not to attract the public attention to characters which will only pass without censure when they pass without observation."

We have seen with regret that Lord Brougham has, in his third volume of Historical Sketches of the Statesmen of the time of George the Third, underrated the merit as to style and composition, and impugned the motives of Junius in his celebrated political letters: Of the former it is enough to say, that Johnson considered no person except Burke equal to the writing of them — while the motives were sufficiently vindicated by the public service rendered to the country, if for no other cause, by the fact of his letters having had the effect, by exposing the profligacy of one Duke and the imbecility of another, to drive them both from the high official stations they so unworthily filled. For the rest, the unerring voice of posterity has, quite irrespective of politics and party, conferred on Junius an indefeasible estate of inheritance in one of the best cultivated fields of English literature. In conclusion, also, we are satisfied that the reader will rise from every pleased reperusal of Junius's Letters with the increased conviction that they could not have been written by Sir Philip Francis.

287 *Where like another Machiavel we saw*
Thy fingers twisting and untwisting law.

Mr. Macaulay, in his Essay on Machiavelli, has done the cause of letters and literary men good service, in dispelling the vulgar error which has attached to the name of this eminent Italian politician. His contemporaries knew and appreciated his value; and it was only in the succeeding generation or two that his character was maligned, and that his writings were anathematized, while in more recent and enlightened periods, the abuse lavished upon him has been adopted upon trust. His object appears to have been to ad-

vocate and advance the cause of peace and policy, as against war and physical force; and his arguments were those best adapted to the age in which he lived: and subject to those modifications of time and place, his writings, including even his "Prince," are still too applicable to the existing relations of society. He was a man, Mr. Macaulay proceeds to observe, whose public conduct was upright and honourable, whose views of morality, where they differed from those of the persons around him, seemed to have differed for the better; and whose only fault was, that having adopted some of the maxims then generally received, he arranged them more luminously, and expressed them more forcibly than any other writer; and we are acquainted with few writings which exhibit so much elevation of sentiment, so pure and warm a zeal for the public good, or so just a view of the duties and rights of citizens as those of Machiavelli.

344 *To coin new fangled wagers and to lay 'em;*
Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em.

One of Lord March's sources of distinction was following or setting the fashion of laying absurd and ludicrous wagers, such as on maggot races, cricket matches of twelve wooden legged against twelve one armed men; when staying at an Inn during rain, betting which of two apparently equally sized drops would first arrive at the bottom of the pane, and then claiming a reference on the event of the two drops deviating into one current before they reached the goal. The most celebrated of his exploits of this description was a bet of five hundred guineas with Mr. Pigot, which should die first, Sir William Codrington or Mr. Pigot's father; it so happened that old Mr. Pigot had died the same day, suddenly, of gout in the head, before either of the parties interested in the result of the wager could have been acquainted with the fact. On this, Lord March, who was the loser, resisted payment, and the cause came on for trial in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Mansfield, in 1771, when Lord March was accommodated with a seat upon the bench, while Lord Ossory and several other noblemen were examined, chiefly in support of the defence, which was attempted to be set up

by analogy with the case of a horse dying before the day on which it was to run, and which had been held to annul the bets. Lord Mansfield, however, was of a different opinion, and charged the jury accordingly, who returned a verdict for the plaintiff for the full sum of five hundred guineas with costs of suit.

346 *Without a rival stands, though March still lives.*

William Douglas, third Earl of March and fourth Duke of Queensberry, to which title he succeeded in 1778, was born in 1725. He acquired an unenviable notoriety, by the most unrestrained course of debauchery in all its forms. He was the intimate friend and associate of Sandwich; but did not, like him, suffer public affairs or employments to seduce him one moment from the continued course of vice, which he pursued with more of zeal and earnestness than is too frequently exerted by good men in the prosecution of objects the most laudable.

Sir N. Wraxall, who knew him intimately by almost daily intercourse during the last seven years of his life, observes of him that, like Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, he pursued pleasure in every shape, and with as much ardour at fourscore as he had done at twenty. After exhausting all the gratifications of human life, towards the close, he sat down at his residence near Hyde Park Corner, a spectator of the moving scene of life and dissipation at its fullest tide. His person had become a ruin — not so his mind. Seeing only with one eye, hearing very imperfectly, and that only with one ear, nearly toothless, and labouring under multiplied infirmities, he possessed his memory and all his other intellectual faculties in their full vigour.

During the later years of his life, he existed by artificial means, under the constant superintendence of a medical man, who was driven to bring an action, in which he succeeded to a very large amount, for remuneration for his services and the repulsive offices they involved.

He died in 1810, leaving an immense property, real as well as personal, in regard of which he left a will, which required the aid of chancery. In addition to sums and presents of great value to Mademoiselle Faginani, the reputed daughter of an

Italian Marquis of that name, afterwards Marchioness of Hertford, he settled on her the sum of £150,000; while George Selwyn bequeathed to her £32,000, each of them believing himself to be her father. The late Marquis of Hertford pursued a similar career, with even more unbounded means of indulging his habits of unbridled license; and for the honour of the British peerage, we hope that with him is extinct that series of noble voluptuaries, who render almost credible the excesses of the Romans as too graphically described by the pen of Petronius.

695 *At Med'nam lies.*

EXTRACT FROM GROSE'S ANTIQUITIES.

Here remain, still standing, the walls of the north aisle of the abbey church; it is in length sixteen yards, and in breadth four. It seems by this, to have been a neat stately building, well wrought with ashlar work; the windows high and spacious. It probably consisted of a body, and two aisles and chancel, and had a tower at the west end. The house that is now called the abbey-house, seems to have been patched up after the dissolution. Since Browne Willis wrote, most of the remains he mentions have fallen or been taken down; the adjacent grounds elegantly laid out and planted; and the abbey-house repaired, and made again conventual by a society of gentlemen who lived together in a kind of monastic state—their abbot was a noble. The rules observed by these monks have not been published; but, from some of them which have transpired, we may suppose they were not quite so rigid as those of their brethren of La Trappe. This was indicated by the motto over their door; which, carved in large letters, still stands thus:

"FAY CE QUE VOUDRAS."

700 *Dashwood shall pour, &c.*

There was for many years in the great room at the King's Arms Tavern, in Old Palace Yard, an original picture of Sir Francis Dashwood, presented by himself to the Dilettanti Club. He is in the habit of a Franciscan, kneeling before the Venus de Medicis, and a bumper in his hand, with the words "matri sanctorum" in capitals.

For some time the grossness of the picture excited consider

able indignation in the minds of the better portion of the public; but that feeling subsided with the recollection of the individual, and the picture still remained until lately among others belonging to the Club in their room at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street, and has become with the entire collection matter of history and art only, and a not unuseful record, and it may be hoped warning, of the more flagrant outrages upon decency of the men of that generation.

805 *And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dared twine.*

The minuteness with which the poet has entered into the characters of the Oxonian professors, may be ascribed to a visit which in the summer of 1763 he paid to the University of Oxford, in company with his friends Thornton and Colman, in order to be present at the Encænia, which that year derived additional lustre from the installation of the Earl of Lichfield; and on occasion of which Dr. King delivered the celebrated oration mentioned in a preceding note. Colman, during the excursion, published a few numbers of a paper which he called Terræ Filius, from the assumed name of the ancient Pasquin of the University, and in which he designated the Triumvirate, of which he constituted a part, by the following appellations, himself as Dapper the genius, from being the author of some essays so entitled and written by him for the St. James's Magazine; Thornton as Rattle, the fluent student, from his volatile and desultory habits of composition and conversation; and Churchill Tiddy Doll, on account of the unseemly exhibition he made of a gold-laced hat. The circumstance of this publication having been attributed to our author, was thus noticed in the second number of it. "The ministerial and anti-ministerial characters in the University, whose ideas of wit and humour are almost entirely absorbed in port and politics, will have it that I am one or other of the supposed authors of the North Briton; since it is generally reported that the *Reverend Gentleman*, having snapped the last cord of poor Hogarth's heart-strings, will come down in his laced hat, like *General* Churchill or Tiddy Doll, and being a member of the University of Cambridge, it is taken for granted that the convocation will take this public opportunity of admitting him *ad eundem*."

One of the best, if not the very best, of Wilkes's compositions was his observations on the reprimand addressed by Sir John Cust, as Speaker of the House of Commons, to the Mayor of the City of Oxford and some electors who had been convicted of bribery, in which, by way of aggravation of their conduct, the Speaker said, "you had at all times the example of one of the most honoured and respectable bodies in Europe before your eyes; their conduct in every instance, but especially in the choice of their representatives in parliament, being well worthy of your imitation."

Wilkes in these observations, after ironically recapitulating many incidents in the political history of the University as well worthy of imitation, thus concludes:

"When their Chancellor the Duke of Ormond was attainted of high treason, was it 'worthy of imitation' that the University chose for his successor a man equally disaffected, his own brother, the Earl of Arran? In the late reign, the conduct of the university, particularly of the Vice-Chancellor, in the affair of the students who had publicly drunk the Pretender's health on their knees, was so infamous that the government could not wink at it. Even so mild a prince as George II. was at last forced to a severity painful to his nature, but which the public good rendered necessary, against the most inveterate enemies of his person and family; was the conduct of Oxford then worthy of imitation?

"Methinks, I still hear the seditious shouts of applause given to the pestilent harangues of the late Dr. King, when he vilified our great deliverer, the Duke of Cumberland, and repeated with such energy the terrible redeat. Was the conduct of the University, at the opening of the Ratcliffe library, by their behaviour to the known enemies of the Brunswick line, and their approbation of every thing hateful to liberty and her friends, worthy of imitation? When I was told of all times, and every instance, in which Oxford has been exemplary in her conduct, I have been led to consider those two instruments of slavery,—the Oxford decree in the time of Charles II. and the recognition at the accession of James II. as being both, or either as far as in them lay, an absolute renunciation of Magna Charta."

THE FAREWELL.

The goodness of the intention must here atone for the deficiency in the versification, and strength of argument for flow of poetry. The question in discussion, between the poet and his friend, has been a standing topic of disputation for ages; we who have lived to see the wildest theories of the schools attempted to be reduced into practice, and have witnessed the cosmopolitical efforts of Anacharsis Cloots, the sublime orator of the human race, together with the termination of his career, are tolerably competent to decide upon the madness, if not the wickedness, of the attempt to counteract one of the most powerful and beneficial instincts implanted in our natures, the love of Father-land.

We make no apology for quoting from the poetry of the anti-Jacobin, a masterly exposure of that pretended universal philanthropy, which involves an entire neglect of the practical duties of the social and domestic affections.

After an invocation to the "nameless Bard," the many-languaged author of that powerful combination of much learning and sound criticism, with a considerable portion of prejudice and caprice, "The Pursuits of Literature," the author of the verses entitled New Morality, thus proceeds:

"If vice appal thee, if thou view with awe,
Insults that brave, and crimes that 'scape the law;—
Yet may the specious bastard brood, which claim
A spurious homage under virtue's name;
Sprung from that parent of ten thousand crimes,
The new Philosophy of modern times—
Yet, these may rouse thee!—With unsparing hand,
Oh, lash the vile impostors from the land!
First, stern philanthropy:—not she, who dries
The orphan's tears and wipes the widow's eyes;
Not she, who, sainted charity her guide,
Of British bounty pours the annual tide;—

But French philanthropy;—whose boundless mind
Glows with the general love of all mankind;
Philanthropy, beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.
Taught in her school to imbibe thy mawkish strain,
Condorcet filter'd through the dregs of Paine.
Each pert adept disowns a Briton's part,
And plucks the name of England from his heart.
What, shall a name, a word, a sound, control
The aspiring thought, and cramp the expansive soul?
Shall one half-peopled island's rocky round
A love, that glows for all creation, bound?
And social charities contract the plan
Framed for thy freedom, *universal* man?
No—through the extended globe his feelings run,
As broad and general as the unbounded sun!
No narrow bigot *he*;—*his* reason'd view
Thy interests, England, ranks with thine, Peru!
France, at our doors, *he* sees no danger nigh,
But heaves for Turkey's woes the impartial sigh;
A steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country—but his own."

THE FAREWELL.

P. Farewell to Europe, and at once, farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell;
To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
Richer alas! in everything, but rhyme,
The Muses steer their course; and, fond of change,
At large, in other worlds, desire to range,
Resolved, at least, since they the fool must play,
To do it in a different place, and way.

F. What whim is this, what error of the brain,
What madness worse than in the dog-star's reign?
Why into foreign countries would you roam,
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
If satire be thy object, and thy lays
As yet have shewn no talents fit for praise;
If satire be thy object, search all round,
Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found
Like England, where, to rampant vigour grown,
Vice chokes up every virtue; where, self-sown
The seeds of folly shoot forth rank and bold,
And every seed brings forth a hundred-fold.

P. No more of this—though (Truth, the more our shame,
The more our guilt,) though Truth perhaps may claim,
And justify her part in this, yet here,

For the first time, e'en Truth offends my ear,
Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,
I hear, and hate—be England what she will,
With all her faults, she is my country still.

F. Thy country? and what then? Is that mere word
Against the voice of Reason to be heard?
Are prejudices, deep imbibed in youth,
To counteract, and make thee hate the truth?
'Tis the sure symptom of a narrow soul
To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
And take up with a part; men, not confined
Within such paltry limits, men design'd
Their nature to exalt, where'er they go,
Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,
Where'er the blessed sun, placed in the sky
To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,
Are still the same, and prejudice outgrown,
Consider every country as their own,
At one grand view they take in nature's plan,
Not more at home in England than Japan.

P. My good, grave Sir of Theory, whose wit,
Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,
'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boast of apathy when out of pain,
And in each sentence, worthy of the schools,
Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules

Most fit for practice, but for one poor fault,
That into practice they can ne'er be brought.
At home, and sitting in your elbow-chair;
You praise Japan, though you was never there:
But was the ship this moment under sail,
Would not your mind be changed, your spirits fail?
Would you not cast one longing eye to shore,
And vow to deal in such wild schemes no more?
Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
Those passions which we cannot choose but feel,
There's a strange something, which, without a brain,
Fools feel, and which e'en wise men can't explain,
Planted in man to bind him to that earth,
In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.

66 Dear is the tie that links the anxious sire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire;
Dear is the love that prompts the generous youth
His sire's fond cares and drooping age to soothe;
Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife;
Dear all the charities of social life:
Nor wants firm friendship holy wreaths to bind
In mutual sympathy the faithful mind:
But not the endearing strings that fondly move
To filial duty or parental love,
Nor all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
Nor all in friendship's holy wreaths entwined,
Are half so dear, so potent to control
The generous workings of the patriot soul,
As is that holy voice, that cancels all
Those ties that bids him for his country fall.
At this high summons, with undaunted zeal,

If honour calls, where'er she points the way
The sons of honour follow, and obey;
If need compels, wherever we are sent
'Tis want of courage not to be content;
But, if we have the liberty of choice,
And all depends on our own single voice,
To deem of every country as the same
Is rank rebellion, 'gainst the lawful claim
Of Nature, and such dull indifference
May be philosophy, but can't be sense.

F. Weak and unjust distinction, strange design,
Most peevish, most perverse, to undermine
Philosophy, and throw her empire down [crown.
By means of sense, from whom she holds her
Divine Philosophy, to thee we owe
All that is worth possessing here below;
Virtue and wisdom consecrate thy reign,
Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.

When, like a garden, where, for want of toil
And wholesome discipline, the rich, rank soil
Teems with incumbrances; where all around,
Herbs, noxious in their nature, make the ground,
Like the good mother of a thankless son,
Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undone;

He bares his breast, invites the impending steel,
Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
Nor heaves one sigh, for all he leaves below.

On the Love of our Country, an Oxford Prize Poem, by the Rev. Dr. Christopher Butson, afterwards Dean of Waterford and Bishop of Clonfert.

Like such a garden, when the human soul,
Uncultured, wild, impatient of control,
Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race,
Which spread, and stifle every herb of grace.
Whilst Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of scorn,
Seems withering on the bed where she was born,
Philosophy steps in, with steady hand,
She brings her aid, she clears the encumber'd land;
Too virtuous to spare Vice one stroke, too wise
One moment to attend to Pity's cries—
See with what godlike, what relentless power
She roots up every weed!

P. And every flower.

Philosophy, a name of meek degree,
Embraced, in token of humility,
By the proud sage, who, whilst he strove to hide,
In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride;
Philosophy, whom Nature had design'd
To purge all errors from the human mind,
Herself misled by the philosopher,
At once her priest and master made us err:
Pride, pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,
Tainted her laws, and made e'en virtue sour.

106 Diogenes of Synope, 413, B.C., affected a brutish indifference not only to the luxuries, but to the comforts and decent necessities of life. Treading upon Plato's robe, he exclaimed, "Thus I trample under foot the pride of Plato;" "With greater pride on your part," was Plato's just retort. The cynic was also, of course, a Cosmopolite; being asked what countryman he was, he answered, "a citizen of the world."

Had she, content within her proper sphere,
Taught lessons suited to the human ear,
Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament, but real use,
The heart of man, unrivall'd, she had sway'd,
Praised by the good, and by the bad obey'd;
But when she, overturning Reason's throne,
Strove proudly in its place to plant her own;
When she with apathy the breast would steel,
And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel;
When she would wildly all her force employ,
Not to correct our passions, but destroy;
When, not content our nature to restore,
As made by God, she made it all new o'er;
When, with a strange and criminal excess,
To make us more than men she made us less;
The good her dwindled power with pity saw,
The bad with joy, and none but fools with awe.

Truth with a simple and unvarnish'd tale,
E'en from the mouth of Norton might prevail,
Could she get there; but Falsehood's sugar'd strain
Should pour her fatal blandishments in vain,
Nor make one convert, though the Siren hung,
Where she too often hangs, on Mansfield's tongue.
Should all the Sophs, whom in his course the sun
Hath seen, or past, or present, rise in one;
Should he, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
Like Plato, give us poetry in prose;

141 Plato, 420 B. C., the pupil of Socrates, and the prince

Should he, full orator, at once impart
The Athenian's genius with the Roman's art;
Genius and art should in this instance fail, [vail.
Nor Rome, though join'd with Athens, here pre-
'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man,
To make me find one fault in Nature's plan.
Placed low ourselves, we censure those above,
And wanting judgment, think that she wants love,
Blame, where we ought in reason to commend,
And think her most a foe, when most a friend.
Such be philosophers—their specious art, [heart,
Though Friendship pleads, shall never warp my
Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,
Which Nature, my best friend, hath planted there.
F. Forgiving as a friend, what, whilst I live,
As a philosopher I can't forgive,
In this one point at last I join with you,
To nature pay all that is Nature's due;
But let not clouded Reason sink so low,
To fancy debts she does not, cannot owe:

of philosophers; the beautiful style, melody, and harmony of whose language and writings, gave currency to a tradition, that a swarm of bees had settled on his lips, when an infant in his cradle. To the discredit of our universities, and of the literati of England, no good translation exists of his works, except of a portion only of them by Sydenham. One Thomas Taylor, a crazy professing believer in the Inhabitants of Tooke's Pantheon, did Plato into English, in six bulky quarto volumes, under the joint patronage of Charles, Duke of Norfolk, and of a wealthy pavior; but chiefly at the charge of the latter. Taylor always contrived to find persons still more crazy than himself to admire him; among others, one Valadi,

Bear, to full manhood grown, those shackles bear,
Which Nature meant us for a time to wear,
As we wear leading-strings, which, useless grown,
Are laid aside, when we can walk alone;
But on thyself by peevish humour sway'd,
Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid? [errs,
Wilt thou make faults, whilst Judgment weakly
And then defend, mistaking them for hers?
Darest thou to say, in our enlighten'd age,
That this grand master passion, this brave rage
Which flames out for thy country, was imprest
And fix'd by Nature in the human breast?
If you prefer the place where you was born,
And hold all others in contempt and scorn
On fair comparison; if on that land
With liberal, and a more than equal hand,
Her gifts, as in profusion, Plenty sends;
If Virtue meets with more and better friends;
If Science finds a patron 'mongst the great;
If Honesty is minister of state;
If Power, the guardian of our rights design'd,
Is to that great, that only end, confined;

an Italian enthusiast, and regicide member of the French National Convention, who came over to England expressly to do homage to the faith and virtue of the Platonist, as he was called, and lived with him at his house in Walworth for six weeks, during which period they devoutly prayed, burned incense, and poured libations to the Gods. This farce, however, had a tragic termination, as Valadi returned to Paris only just in time to be guillotined on the accusation of his leader, Robespierre, as *suspected* of entertaining *suspicious* intercourse with England.

If riches are employ'd to bless the poor;
If law is sacred, liberty secure;
Let but these facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reason declares thy love can't be too great,
And, in this light could he our country view,
A very Hottentot must love it too.

But if by Fate's decrees, you owe your birth
To some most barren and penurious earth,
Where, every comfort of this life denied,
Her real wants are scantily supplied;
Where power is reason, liberty a joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke;
To fix thy love on such a wretched spot,
Because, in lust's wild fever there begot;
Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee there,
Is folly, which admits not of defence;
It can't be nature, for it is not sense.
By the same argument which here you hold,
(When Falsehood's insolent, let Truth be bold)
If Propagation can in torments dwell,
A devil must, if born there, love his hell.

P. Had Fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,
And e'en in punishment confess a friend,
Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untried,
On purpose made to mortify my pride,
Where the sun never gave one glimpse of day,
Where science never yet could dart one ray,
Had I been born on some bleak, blasted plain
Of barren Scotland, in a Stuart's reign,

Or in some kingdom, where men, weak, or worse,
Turn'd Nature's every blessing to a curse;
Where crowns of freedom, by the fathers won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degenerate son,
In spite of all the wisdom you display,
All you have said, and yet may have to say,
My weakness here, if weakness, I confess,
I as my country, had not loved her less.
Whether strict reason bears me out in this,
Let those who, always seeking always miss,
The ways of reason, doubt with precious zeal;
Theirs be the praise to argue, mine to feel.
Wish we to trace this passion to the root,
We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit;
From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling;
Yet in the circle of revolving years
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence, then, and what you Reason call, adore;
This, if not reason, must be something more.
But (for I wish not others to confine,
Be their opinions unrestrain'd as mine)
Whether this love's of good, or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a spice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide;
If it is virtuous, soothe an honest pride
With liberal praise; if vicious, be content,
It is a vice I never can repent;
A vice, which, weigh'd in heaven, shall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other scale.

F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which, after all,
We, candour unimpeach'd, might madness call)
Is it a virtue? that you scarce pretend;
Or can it be a vice, like virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and dissolves the force
Of private ties, nay, stops us in our course
To that grand object of the human soul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,
This nook, which scarce deserves a frown or smile,
Weigh'd with Creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one.
The generous soul, by Nature taught to soar,
Her strength confirm'd in philosophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with ease,
And, seeing all mankind, loves all she sees.

P. Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reason's creed, though found in yours,
That these two services, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together; that, however loath,
We neither serve, attempting to serve both,
I could not doubt a moment which to choose,
And which in common reason to refuse.
Invented oft for purposes of art,
Born of the head, though father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world must be confest
A barren speculation at the best.

Not one man in a thousand, should he live
Beyond the usual term of life, could give,
So rare occasion comes, and to so few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd, or true.
  The love we bear our country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;
'Tis in the mind an everlasting spring
Of glorious actions, which become a king,
Nor less become a subject; 'tis a debt
Which bad men, tho' they pay not, can't forget;
A duty, which the good delight to pay,
And every man can practise every day.
  Nor, for my life (so very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument) can I descry
What you with faith assert, how that dear love,
Which binds me to my country, can remove,
And make me of necessity forego,
That general love which to the world I owe.
Those ties of private nature, small extent,
In which the mind of narrow cast is pent,
Are only steps on which the generous soul
Mounts, by degrees, till she includes the whole.
That spring of love, which, in the human mind,
Founded on self, flows narrow and confined,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The social charities of blood and friends,
Till smaller streams included, not o'erpast,
It rises to our country's love at last,

299 ——— the human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.

And he, with liberal and enlarged mind,
Who loves his country, cannot hate mankind.
F. Friend, as you would appear to common sense,
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your country?
P. Can the son
(Shame, shame on all such sons) with ruthless eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,
And by some ruffian, from all shame divorced!
All virtue, see his honour'd mother forced!
Then; no, by him that made me, not e'en then,
Could I with patience, by the worst of men,
Behold my country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost
Beyond redemption, all her glories crost,
E'en when occasion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while she awakes to shame.
F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved; a circle straight succeeds,
Another still and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast. POPE.

Her sinking state, than basely to decline
So great a cause, and in despair resign?
P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilst more able patriots doubt, she dies.
From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that peace our glorious hopes defeats:
'Tis not the voice of Faction in the streets;
'Tis not a gross attack on Freedom made;
'Tis not the arm of Privilege display'd
Against the subject, whilst she wears no sting
To disappoint the purpose of a king;
These are no ills, or trifles, if compared
With those, which are contrived, though not declared.
Tell me, Philosopher, is it a crime
To pry into the secret womb of Time,
Or, born in ignorance, must we despair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it so—still 'tis the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to cast,
And judge of what's to come, by what is past.
Should there be found, in some not distant year,
(O how I wish to be no prophet here)
Amongst our British Lords should there be found

325 Bute's inglorious peace, and Wilkes's prosecution by government, and expulsion from the House of Commons, and its annulling his subsequent returns for Middlesex, constituted the standing dish of grievances for the Patriots of 1763.

Some great in power, in principles unsound,
Who look on freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the springs of loyalty are dry;
Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings;
Who would divide the people and the throne,
To set up separate interests of their own;
Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
And only join with, to destroy them both;
Should there be found such men in after-times,
May Heaven, in mercy to our grievous crimes,
Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them,
And to their rage, this wretched land condemn.
Thou God above, on whom all states depend,
Who knowest from the first their rise, and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the book of Fate,
When ruin must involve our equal state;
When law, alas! must be no more, and we,
To freedom born, must be no longer free;
Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,
Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm;
Let not, whatever other ills assail,
A damned aristocracy prevail:
If, all too short, our course of freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleasure, we should be undone,
Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be slaves to one, and be that one a king.

370 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree

F. Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft substitute creations of the brain
For real substance, and, themselves deceived,
Would have the fiction by mankind believed.
Such is your case—but grant, to soothe your pride,
That you know more than all the world beside,
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Resolved, and like a man, at once speak out;
Shew us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to ensure our safety, make us wise.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools stray;
The proud will rather lose than ask their way:
To men of sense what needs it to unfold,
And tell a tale which they must know untold:
In the bad, interest warps the canker'd heart,
The good are hoodwink'd by the tricks of art;
And, whilst arch, subtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of discontent alive;
Whilst they, with arts to honest men unknown,
Breed doubts between the people and the throne,
Making us fear, where reason never yet

To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER, 1765.

Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,
And 'gainst our real danger seal our eyes.
F. Mark them, and let their names recorded stand,
On Shame's black roll, and stink through all the land.
P. That might some courage, but no prudence be;
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.
F. Leave out their names.
P. For that kind caution, thanks;
But may not judges sometimes fill up blanks?
F. Your country's laws in doubt then you reject.
P. The laws I love, the lawyers I suspect.
Amongst Twelve Judges may not one be found
(On bare, bare possibility I ground
This wholesome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,
Create, and uncreate, and from the bench,
With winks, smiles, nods, and such like paltry arts,
May work and worm into a jury's hearts?
Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of soul,
Cramp their high office, and their rights control;
Who may, though judge, turn advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making Interpretation all the way,
In spite of facts, his wicked will obey,
And, leaving law without the least defence,
May damn his conscience to approve his sense?
F. Whilst the true guardians of this charter'd land,

In full and perfect vigour, juries stand,
A judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex.
P. Suppose I should be tried in Middlesex?
F. To pack a jury they will never dare.
P. There's no occasion to pack juries there.
F. 'Gainst prejudice all arguments are weak;
Reason herself without effect must speak.
Fly then thy country, like a coward fly,
Renounce her interest, and her laws defy.
But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thine eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vast wrath suffice?
Cannot thy misbegotten Muse lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?
P. Thy counsel taken, what should Satire do?
Where could she find an object that is new?
Those travell'd youths, whom tender mothers wean,
And send abroad to see, and to be seen;
With whom, lest they should fornicate, or worse,
A tutor's sent by way of a dry nurse;
Each of whom just enough of spirit bears
To shew our follies, and to bring home theirs,

423 Most probably alluding to the then recent acquittal by the petty jury, of Mr. Philip Carteret Webb, solicitor to the Treasury, against whom an indictment had been found by the grand jury for Middlesex, for perjury, alleged to have been committed by him, in the evidence he had given upon the trial of the action brought by Wilkes against Mr. Wood, the Earl of Egremont's secretary. Lord Mansfield, in his charge to the jury, on this occasion, too pointedly delivered his sentiments in favour of the defendant. The verdict was however generally approved as a righteous termination of a frivolous and vexatious proceeding.

Have made all Europe's vices so well known,
They seem almost as natural as our own.
F. Will India for thy purpose better do?
P. In one respect at least—there's something new.
F. A harmless people, in whom Nature speaks
Free and untainted, 'mongst whom satire seeks,
But vainly seeks, so simply plain their hearts,
One bosom where to lodge her poison'd darts.
P. From knowledge speak you this, or doubt on doubt,
Weigh'd and resolved, hath Reason found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by reason taught,
You have faith every where, but where you ought.
India or Europe—what's there in a name?
Propensity to vice in both the same,
Nature alike in both works for man's good,
Alike in both by man himself withstood.
Nabobs, as well as those who hunt them down,
Deserve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debase
As any polish'd prince of Christian race.
F. Could you, a task more hard than you suppose,
Could you, in ridicule whilst Satire glows,
Make all their follies to the life appear,
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here;
Howe'er well drawn, the picture, after all,
Because we know not the original,
Would not find favour in the public eye.
P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try:

And if your observations sterling hold,
If the piece should be heavy, tame and cold,
To make it to the side of Nature lean,
And meaning nothing, something seem to mean:
To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us something that we know,
And from all honest men applause to win,
I'll group the Company and put them in.

F. Be that ungenerous thought by shame suppress'd,
Add not distress to those too much distress'd,
Have they not, by blind zeal misled, laid bare,
Those sores which never might endure the air?
Have they not brought their mysteries so low,
That what the wise suspected not, fools know?
From their first rise e'en to the present hour,
Have they not proved their own abuse of power,
Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dangerous power renew'd,
Whilst unseduced by ministers, the throne
Regards our interest, and knows its own?

P. Should every other subject chance to fail,
Those who have sail'd and those who wish'd to sail

475 The conduct of the Directors and the debates in the East India House excited at this time as much attention as those of Parliament, and involved more extensive and important interests.

480 In 1764, Lord Clive with a select committee of his own nomination, sailed for India, vested by the Directors with full powers for settling the differences with the native princes, and for regulating the abuses which the unbridled rapacity

In the last fleet, afford an ample field, 490
Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.

of the company's servants there, had introduced into every department of government. In the former object he was eminently successful, and an addition of nearly two millions stirling of annual revenue was the fruit of his policy and activity. The latter he failed to accomplish, for standing alone in a sincere wish to effect a reform, his plans were counteracted from every quarter; the system of corruption was too deeply rooted ever to be completely eradicated: he however palliated evils which he could not remove, and with wonderful resolution and address pursued his schemes, in spite of the temporary mutinies of the military, and the perpetual discontents of the civil servants of the Company.

Lord Clive returned to England in 1767, and in 1773 a motion being made in the House of Commons, of which he was a member, purporting "that he had abused the powers with which he was intrusted," he concluded an eloquent and spirited vindication of his conduct, (in which he insisted that the Jaghire had been the only reward of his services,) with the following pathetic appeal. "If the resolution proposed should receive the assent of the house, I shall have nothing left that I can call my own, except my paternal fortune of £500 a year, and which has been in my family for ages past. But upon this I am content to live, and perhaps I shall find more real content of mind and happiness, than in the trembling affluence of an unsettled fortune. But to be called, after sixteen years have elapsed, to account for my conduct in this manner; and after an uninterrupted enjoyment of my property, to be questioned and considered as obtaining it improperly, is hard indeed! and a treatment of which I should not think the British senate capable. Yet if this should be the case, I have a conscious innocence within me, that tells me my conduct is irreproachable.—*Frangas non flectes.* They may take from me what I have; they may, as they think, make me poor, but I will be happy. Before I sit down I have one request to make to the house, that when they come to decide upon my honour, they will not forget their own."

F. On such vile food Satire can never thrive.
P. She cannot starve, if there was only Clive.

The House of Commons rejected the motion, and resolved "that Lord Clive had rendered great and meritorious services to his country."

Such was the issue of this disgraceful persecution. If, indeed, the minister had made his attack upon those men, whose names are recorded only in the register of a people's sufferings; upon those men who, under the pretence of customary presents, extorted from wretches, who had nothing but their subsistence to give, two thousand a year for their footman, two thousand a year for their toilet, two thousand five hundred a year for the expenses of their table;* upon men who, under the pretence of keeping the banks of rivers in repair, harassed the people by exactions, that had neither rule or limit; upon men who, under pretence of a traffic in salt, seized the necessaries of life, and established a trade the currents of which were stained with blood; upon men, who aggravated the horrors even of pestilence and famine; and when half the inhabitants were swept away, insisted that the living should pay the taxes of the dead, he would then have acted as the guardian of his country's honour, and as the friend of human kind.

Lord Clive's charities were extensive; and the present he made of £70,000 as a provision for the invalids in the company's service, was one of the noblest donations ever made by a private individual. He stood high in the esteem of the great Earl of Chatham, who used to say, that he looked upon him as a heaven-born general, as one who, though not bred a soldier, was glowing with a noble ardour for the glory of his country, and inspired with a genius superior to imaginary dangers, who had dared to defy all opposition, and had triumphed over an enemy, the standards of whose hosts outnumbered his whole army.

---

* Examinations at the bar of the House of Commons, and Reports of the Committee of Secrecy, 1772, 1773.

THE TIMES.

If the times were really as depraved when the poet wrote as he represents them to have been, we should have cause to rejoice in the ameliorated condition of our countrymen at this period. But we are persuaded that Englishmen never merited the general execration, so nervously bestowed upon them in this poem. A depraved few have occasionally imported from abroad, crimes, at the mention of which, every good man must shudder; but neither rank nor fortune have been able to shield them from the indignation and abhorrence of all ranks of people, and shunned even by common villains they sink into the grave, martyrs to tortures more severe than the offended laws of their country could inflict.

As some such wretches, however, still exist, and unfortunately in the higher classes of society, we could not think ourselves justified in omitting, as we at one time intended to have done, the whole of this poem, the effect of which is weakened by the general nature of the charge. To stigmatize a whole nation for the crimes of a few individuals, is an attempt as unjust as it is futile, and the satirist defeats his own aim, by the indiscriminate extension of his rage.

Upon such a subject we have however thought proper to abstain from illustrating the obscurities that occur in this poem; the circulation of unauthenticated rumours, however well founded, could not authorize our further mention of them, and we should deem ourselves inexcusable were we, in an attempt to gratify the curiosity of our readers, to fix an indelible stain upon the memory of persons, who have either been the innocent victims of the most injurious calumny, or if guilty, have appeared before that tribunal, the just judgments of which, neither wealth nor influence can evade.

In the course of our author's other poems, we have not scrupled the elucidation of such passages as relate to transactions of publicity either in the political or literary world; on these

subjects most readers have already formed their own opinions, and must indulge us in the expression of ours; they are fair subjects of investigation, and unconscious of a wilful perversion of facts, we have not hesitated in corroborating or correcting our author's statements respecting public characters and events; if we are guilty of incorrectness or misrepresentation, every reader is competent to our correction, and by our credulity we shall incur only our own condemnation and disgrace. In private life it is otherwise; there we may circulate slanders which most will be willing to believe, and few can contradict; under these circumstances, we have abstained, as much as possible, from entering into the detail of the scandalous chronicle of the day with reference to the atrocities adverted to in this poem, applying our elucidations only to the ordinary subjects of it.

The second and eighth satires of Juvenal particularly breathe the boldest language of invective and indignation against the atrocious profligacy of the times in which he lived. The supposed degeneracy of modern ages may afford a fruitful source of pathetic declamation; but the pages of civilized European history will confirm the assertion that at no period has mankind been so deeply immersed in all the disgusting varieties of the most avowed sensuality, as from the bright era of the Augustan age, down to the general diffusion of Christianity early in the fourth century.

O pater urbis!
Unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus? unde
Hæc tetigit, Gradive tuos urtica nepotes?
Traditur ecce viro clarus genere; atque opibus vir:
Nec galeam quassas, nec terram cuspide pulsas,
Nec quæreris patri? Vade ergo, et cede severi
Jugeribus campi, quem negligis.

JUVENAL.

THE TIMES.

The time hath been, a boyish, blushing time,
When modesty was scarcely held a crime;
When the most wicked had some touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face:
When those, who, in the cause of Sin grown grey,
Had served her without grudging, day by day,
Were yet so weak an awkward shame to feel,
And strove that glorious service to conceal:
We, better bred, and than our sires more wise,
Such paltry narrowness of soul despise:
To virtue every mean pretence disclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our shame.

Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm,
Ere Luxury sat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's space
Reserved for business, or allow'd for grace;
Ere vanity had so far conquer'd sense
To make us all wild rivals in expense,
To make one fool strive to outvie another,
And every coxcomb dress against his brother;
Ere banish'd industry had left our shores,
And labour was by pride kick'd out of doors;
Ere idleness prevail'd sole queen in courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for sports;
Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And dissipation held the place of thought;

Ere gambling lords in vice so far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the sun look on;
Ere a great nation, not less just than free,
Was made a beggar by economy;
Ere rugged honesty was out of vogue;
Ere fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogue;
Time was, that men had conscience that they made
Scruples to owe what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,
Who dared abuse and falsify his trust,
Who, being great, yet dared to be unjust,
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,
He walk'd the crowded streets in solitude,
Nor could his rank, and station in the land
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O, might such revive
To keep expiring honesty alive)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame denied,
Not just through principle, be just through pride.
Our times, more polish'd, wear a different face,

30 As the cant word of the Pelham administration had been candour, so that of Lord Bute's was economy. At the opening of the first session after the peace, his majesty in his speech strenuously advised his Parliament "to lay the foundation of that economy, which we owe to ourselves and our posterity, and which can alone relieve this nation from the heavy burdens brought upon it by the necessities of this long and expensive war." How little this intimation was attended to the progressive increase of the national debt sufficiently attests.

Debts are an honour, payment a disgrace.
Men of weak minds, high-placed on folly's list,
May gravely tell us trade cannot subsist,
Nor all those thousands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once destroy'd.
Why—be it so—we in that point accord;
But what are trade and tradesmen to a lord?
Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,
Of tradesmen by his villany betray'd,
And vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made.
What is't to Faber? lordly, as before,
He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more:
Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own;
Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,
Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? he continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state.

75 The assumption of the disgraceful privilege of delaying an honest creditor in the payment of a just debt; and of the mean one of injuring the revenue by an exemption from contributing to one of the fairest sources of it, are circumstances which certainly reflect no credit on the legislature. The former renders it frequently more expedient for a tradesman to relinquish his demand than risk a further loss in the prosecution of a tedious and expensive process, in case his debtor should thus have taken sanctuary:

> And growing great from his revenue spent,
> Have flown from bailiffs into parliament.

The latter before the restrictions imposed upon it within

The helpless widow wrung with deep despair,
In bitterness of soul pours forth her prayer,
Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies.
What is't to Faber! he stands safe and clear,
Heaven can commence no legal action here;
And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
The name of privilege, 'gainst vulgar awe;
He feels no conscience, and he fears no law.
Nor think, acquainted with small knaves alone,
Who have not shame outlived, and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on such men, to whom contempt is due,
Contempt shall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded stand through all the land of shame.

these few years, was by some speculators considered as more than an adequate reimbursement for certain expenses they had incurred, and we have in consequence, seen franks sold in the gambling houses in the precincts of St. James's, and scattered with unlimited profusion on the counters of Lombard Street. The late acts respecting franking, have very materially corrected these flagrant abuses, though the privilege in its present restricted condition forms a considerable deduction from the revenue, and the deficiency must of course be levied upon those who are much less able to afford it. An exemption from so equitable and convenient a tax, should be confined to the public offices on *public* business, and to the sailors and soldiers in our fleets and armies. (1804.)

The two privileges of parliament above alluded to have been both removed, the one by the act for abolishing im

No—to his porch, like Persians to the sun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All sworn to keep his crimes in countenance:
Nor wonder at it—they partake the charge,
As small their conscience, and their debts as large.
Propp'd by such clients, and without control
From all that's honest in the human soul;

prisonment for debt, and the other by the cheap postage system. With respect to the latter, had the country been in that palmy condition of prosperity which might have been anticipated from a longer period of peace than has ever been experienced in this country, such a sacrifice of revenue might have been desirable; but under the circumstances of an increasing debt and expenditure, and a corresponding decrease in the revenue, the luxury of universal epistolary scribbling has been ill exchanged for the infliction of an income tax. As a source of revenue the Post Office is now a total failure, and the chief, if not only gainers, by the reduction in charge are the wealthy merchants and manufacturers, while the poor are altogether indifferent to it, having neither time nor inclination nor appliances, or means to boot, to indulge in correspondence; the soldiers and sailors already possessed the immunity, and rarely availed themselves of it; while the middling classes are too usefully occupied to indulge in gratuitous epistolary intercourse. The great mass of letters still continue to be those on matters of business, most of which must of necessity have been written, while the fancy portion of the contents of the postman's bag are for most part the effusions of boarding-school misses and their emancipated companions. The great error into which the advocates of the measure fell, and on which they founded their expectation of an increased revenue, was the supposition that among the educated classes letter-writing was a luxury which would be largely and almost indefinitely indulged in, whereas it is almost always a task.

In grandeur mean, with insolence unjust,
Whilst none but knaves can praise, and fools will trust,
Caress'd and courted, Faber seems to stand
A mighty pillar in a guilty land.
And (a sad truth, to which succeeding times
Will scarce give credit, when 'tis told in rhymes)
Did not strict honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the throne, did not true piety
(Who, link'd with honour for the noblest ends,
Ranks none but honest men amongst her friends)
Forbid us to be crush'd with such a weight,
He might in time be minister of state.
But why enlarge I on such petty crimes?
They might have shock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as nothing—we begin
Where our sires ended, and improve in sin;
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our sons to do.
Nor deem this censure hard; there's not a place
Most consecrate to purposes of grace,
Which vice hath not polluted; none so high,
But with bold pinion she hath dared to fly,
And build there for her pleasure; none so low
But she hath crept into it, made it know [reigns,
And feel her power; in courts, in camps, she
O'er sober citizens, and simple swains;
E'en in our temples she hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars placed her own.
More to increase the horror of our state,
To make her empire lasting as 'tis great;

To make us, in full grown perfection feel
Curses which neither art nor time can heal;
All shame discarded, all remains of pride,
Meanness sits crown'd, and triumphs by her side:
Meanness, who gleans out of the human mind
Those few good seeds which vice had left behind,
Those seeds which might in time to virtue tend,
And leaves the soul without a power to mend;
Meanness, at sight of whom, with brave disdain,
The breast of manhood swells, but swells in vain;
Before whom honour makes a forced retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her seat;
Meanness, which, like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,
God, in his great and all-subduing rage,
Ordains the standing mark of this vile age.

The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The patriot's virtue for a place is sold;
The statesman bargains for his country's shame,
And for preferment priests their God disclaim;
Worn out with lust, her day of lech'ry o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which she bore
In her own paths; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to some old lecher for a wife,
And makes her an adulteress for life,
Or in the papers bids his name appear,
And advertises for a L——:
Husband and wife, (whom avarice must applaud)
Agree to save the charge of pimp and bawd;
These parts they play themselves, a frugal pair,

And share the infamy, the gain to share,
Well pleased to find, when they the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue so well. [spark
Nor are these things (which might imply a
Of shame still left) transacted in the dark:
No—to the public they are open laid,
And carried on like any other trade,
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkness in a cloud.
In fullest vigour vice maintains her sway;
Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.
Meanness, now wed to impudence, no more
In darkness skulks, and trembles, as of yore,
When the light breaks upon her coward eye;
Boldly she stalks on earth, and to the sky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,
And turn her husband's love to canker'd hate,
Since fate, to make them more sincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their son;
A son so like his dam, so like his sire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image so express in every part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had they fifty children, he alone
Would stand as heir apparent to the throne.
With our own island vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the Continent;
Dance Europe round, and visit every court,
To ape their follies and their crimes import:

To different lands for different sins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,
Nobly industrious to make vice appear
In her full state, and perfect only here.
To Holland, where politeness ever reigns,
Where primitive sincerity remains,
And makes a stand; where Freedom in her course
Hath left her name, though she hath lost her force
In that as other lands; where simple trade
Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd;
Where avarice never dared to shew his head;
Where, like a smiling cherub, mercy, led
By reason, blesses the sweet-blooded race,
And cruelty could never find a place;
To Holland for that charity we roam,
Which happily begins and ends at home.
France, in return for peace and power restored,

185 These characteristic sketches of the principal European states evince a thorough knowledge of their prominent features; and our Author, though differing from Goldsmith in style, does not yield to him either in accuracy of delineation or in the true spirit of poetry.

197 That the terms of the treaty of peace of 1763, by which the rights of fishery and some West India Islands and other colonial possessions were restored to France and Spain, were inadequate to our successes, and so far resembled that of Utrecht, is pretty generally admitted; but whatever might have been done then, that we could have procured a better either by prolonging the war, or employing different negotiators, is at best problematical, and might, for aught we know, very reasonably be thought too hazardous an experiment. For, notwithstanding the validity of some few exceptions, and the violence with which the tide of popularity ran at first

For all those countries, which the hero's sword
Unprofitably purchased, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;
France hath afforded large and rich supplies
Of vanities full-trimm'd; of polish'd lies,
Of soothing flatteries, which through the ears
Steal to, and melt the heart; of slavish fears
Which break the spirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas! we need not send abroad.
Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the Earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth—
Gives us that jealousy, which, born of fear
And mean distrust, grows not by Nature here—

both against the peace and the peace-makers, the more considerate part of the people fell into the notion, that on the whole it was no disadvantageous peace. Subsequent occurrences reminded ministers of the truth of the assertion, that this is

A discontented nation, and by far
Harder to rule in times of peace than war;
Easily set together by the ears,
And full of causeless jealousies and fears,
Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
And never are contented when they're well.
De Foe's True-born Englishman.

206 De Foe in the same admirable satire, has thus designated the French:

"Ungovern'd passion settled first in France,
Where mankind lives in haste, and thrives by chance;
A dancing nation, fickle and untrue,
Have oft themselves undone and others too:
Prompt the infernal dictates to obey,
And in hell's favour none more great than they."

Gives us that superstition, which pretends
By the worst means to serve the best of ends—
That cruelty, which, stranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward and the slave;
That cruelty, which led her Christian bands
With more than savage rage o'er savage lands,
Bade her, without remorse, whole countries thin,
And hold of nought, but mercy, as a sin.
Italia, nurse of every softer art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart;
Who lays the realms of Sense and Virtue waste;
Who mars while she pretends to mend our taste;
Italia, to complete and crown our shame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The farce of greatness without being great,
Pride without power, titles without estate,
Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cause, revenge without remorse,
Dark, mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealousy without love, sound without sense,
Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reason, Gospel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart;
Half-men, who, dry and pithless, are debarr'd
From man's best joys—no sooner made than marr'd—
Half-men, whom many a rich and noble dame,
To serve her lust, and yet secure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,

To glut our appetites at last decreed;
Women, who dance in postures so obscene,
They might awaken shame in Aretine;
Who, when retired from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the mysteries of Night,
Might make the Muses, in a corner placed
To view their monstrous lusts, deem Sappho chaste:
These, and a thousand follies rank as these,
A thousand faults, ten thousand fools, who please
Our pall'd and sickly taste, ten thousand knaves,
Who serve our foes as spies, and us as slaves,
Who, by degrees, and unperceived, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expense
Of fame, of virtue, taste, and common sense.

Nor stop we here—the soft luxurious East,
Where man, his soul degraded, from the beast
In nothing different but in shape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
Attracts our eye, and flowing from that source,
Sins of the blackest character, sins worse
Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold,
Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,
And strike all manhood dead, which but to name,
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame:
Sins, if such sins can be, which shut out grace;
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place,
E'en in God's mercy; sins 'gainst Nature's plan
Possess the land at large, and man for man
Burns in those fires, which hell alone could raise

To make him more than damn'd; which, in the days
Of punishment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures she can scarce repay.
Be grace shut out, be mercy deaf, let God
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
Which speaks them lost, and sentenced to despair;
Distending wide her jaws, let hell prepare,
For those who thus offend amongst mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refined:
On earth, which groans beneath their monstrous weight,
On earth, alas! they meet a different fate:
And whilst the laws, false grace, false mercy, shown,
Are taught to wear a softness not their own,
Men, whom the beasts would spurn, should they appear
Amongst the honest herd, find refuge here.
No longer by vain fear, or shame controll'd,
From long, too long, security grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our streets:
And Lumley e'en at noon his mistress meets:
So public in their crimes, so daring grown,
They almost take a pride to have them known,
And each unnatural villain scarce endures
To make a secret of his vile amours.
Go where we will, at every time and place,
Sodom confronts, and stares us in the face;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honest whores.

Those who are mean high paramours secure,
And the rich guilty screen the guilty poor;
The sin too proud to feel from reason awe,
And those, who practise it, too great for law.

Woman, the pride and happiness of man,
Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,
With softest arts, and sure, though hidden skill,
To humanize, and mould us to her will; [here,
Woman, with more than common grace form'd
With the persuasive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our isle,
Or win us to her purpose with a smile;
Woman, by fate the quickest spur decreed,
The fairest, best reward of every deed
Which bears the stamp of honour, at whose name
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dared beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcases of princes slain,
Confusion proudly strode, whilst Horror blew
The fatal trump, and Death stalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by,
As having lost its use: no more the eye,
With female beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranced, and could for ever gaze;
No more the heart, that seat where Love resides,
Each breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tides
Life posting through the veins, each pulse on fire,
And the whole body tingling with desire,

Pants for those charms, which Virtue might engage,
To break his vow, and thaw the frost of Age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle strain,
And giving pleasure which is almost pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleasure we must have a Ganymede,
A fine, fresh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To serve our purposes of beastly joy.
Fairest of nymphs, where every nymph is fair,
Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom Art improved,
And both declared most worthy to be loved,
——— neglected wanders, whilst a crowd
Pursue and consecrate the steps of ———
She, hapless maid, born in a wretched hour,
Wastes life's gay prime in vain, like some fair flower,

349 There were three Apicii, at Rome, celebrated for their gluttony. The first was contemporary with Sylla, the second with Augustus, and the third lived in the reign of Trajan. The second was the most famous; he is introduced in Lord Lyttelton's dialogues of the dead; and of him, among other extraordinary anecdotes, it is related, that having spent more than half a million of pounds sterling upon his table, and finding, on examining the state of his affairs, that he had but £50,000 left, he poisoned himself lest he should be starved upon so small a sum.

Dederas, Apici, bis tricenties ventri,
Sed adhuc supererat centies tibi laxum.

Sweet in its scent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the stalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncropp'd; whilst he admired, caress'd,
Beloved, and every where a welcome guest,
With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,
For this unnatural lust a common sewer.
Dine with Apicius—at his sumptuous board
Find all, the world of dainties can afford—
And yet (so much distemper'd spirits pall
The sickly appetite) amidst them all
Apicius finds no joy, but whilst he carves
For every guest, the landlord sits and starves.
The forest haunch, fine, fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, smokes before his eye,
But smokes in vain; his heedless eye runs o'er
And loathes what he had deified before:
The turtle, of a great and glorious size,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize,

> Hoc tu gravatus, ne famem et sitim ferres,
> Summa venenum potione duxisti.
> Nil est, Apici, tibi gulosius factum.
>
> MARTIAL.

The same Apicius is also celebrated by Juvenal and Lampridius; his favourite dish was one of nightingales' tongues, in his partiality for which he was rivalled by the Emperor Heliogabalus. His sailing to Alexandria, and to the coast of Lybia, in search of a particular kind of lobster, the disappointment he experienced, and his return without landing at either place, are mentioned in the dialogues of the dead. By the modern Apicius of our poet we know not who was meant; but the more odious vices imputed to him are recorded by Tacitus and Dio Cassius, as having also met in the Apicii of antiquity.

For which a man of taste all risks would run,
Itself a feast, and every dish in one;
The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepared, and dress'd by Quin;
In vain it comes, in vain lays full in view; 365
As Quin hath dress'd it, he may eat it too;
Apicius cannot. When the glass goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roofs with mirth resound,
Sober he sits—and silent—all alone
Though in a crowd; and to himself scarce known:
On grief he feeds; nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suspend his cares, and make him cease to pine.

866 Quin was an honest voluptuary who indulged in the dear delights of high seasoned venison, delicious turtle, and excellent claret. In providing scarce and choice dishes for dinner, and high-flavoured wines, he was esteemed to be without a peer. Though fond to gluttony of fish, he was no lover of angling, he would even call it a barbarous diversion. "Suppose," said he, "that any being that was as much my superior as I am to these poor fish was to say, *this is a fine evening, I'll go a Quinning;* if he were to bait with a haunch of venison I should gorge, and how should I like to be dragged from Richmond to Kingston floundering and flouncing with a hook in my gullet?" To such discourse as this, which was very usual with him, we owe the following epigram:

Says epicure Quin, should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bait with venison; I love it so well,
By God, I am sure I should bite.

Dr. Smollett has given, in Humphrey Clinker, a pleasing portrait of his friend Quin; and Garrick in the following good-

Why mourns Apicius thus? why runs his eye,
Heedless, o'er delicates, which from the sky
Might call down Jove? Where now his generous wish
That, to invent a new and better dish,
The world might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roast a phœnix at the fire?
Why swims that eye in tears, which, through a race
Of sixty years, ne'er shew'd one sign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only lived to eat, his stomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of sorrow? hath Fate call'd
His father from the grave to second life?

humoured *jeu d'esprit* has celebrated the favourite propensity of his once dreaded rival.

A Soliloquy by Mr. Quin, Upon surveying the Body of Duke Humphry, in the Abbey Church of St. Albans.

I.

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say;
Embalm the dead! on senseless clay
Rich wines and spices waste!
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I
Bound in a precious pickle, lie,
Which I can never taste?

II.

Let me embalm this flesh of mine
With turtle fat, and Bourdeaux wine,
And spoil the Egyptian trade.
Than good Duke Humphry happier I
Embalm'd alive, old Quin shall die
A mummy ready made.

Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife?
Or hath the law, by strictest justice taught,
Compell'd him to restore the dower she brought?
Hath some bold creditor, against his will,
Brought in, and forced him to discharge, a bill,
Where eating had no share? hath some vain wench
Run out his wealth, and forced him to retrench?
Hath any rival glutton got the start,
And beat him in his own luxurious art?
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or dress'd old dainties in a newer way?
Hath his cook, worthy to be flain with rods,
Spoiled a dish, fit to entertain the gods?
Or hath some varlet, cross'd by cruel fate,
Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?
None, none of these—his servants all are tried:
So sure, they walk on ice, and never slide;
His cook, an acquisition made in France,
Might put a Chloe out of countenance;
Nor, though old Holles still maintains his stand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land.

404 M. St. Clouet, or Chloe, as he was more familiarly called, was the predecessor to the still more celebrated le Stue, as chef de Cuisine to Holles, Duke of Newcastle. M. Clouet's faculty in converting an old slipper, or any other as nauseous and indigestible an article into several indescribable dishes, was celebrated in the following epigram:

"For this your cook, Chloe, his genius to shew you,
Would take of a hog or a piece of a dog,
And so change it and dress it, your Grace would not guess it,
Yet still it was hog or a piece of a dog."

Women are all the objects of his hate;
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his state
In full security and triumph held,
Unless for once a knave should be expell'd:
His wife is still a whore, and in his power,
The woman gone, he still retains the dower;
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mix'd the draught, and kindly sent him there)
His father sleeps, and till the last trump shake
The corners of the earth, shall not awake. [chair,
Whence flows this sorrow, then? Behind his
Did'st thou not see, deck'd with a solitaire,
Which on his bare breast glittering play'd, and graced
With nicest ornaments, a stripling placed,
A smooth, smug, stripling, in life's fairest prime?
Didst thou not mind, too, how from time to time,
The monstrous lecher, tempted to despise
All other dainties, thither turned his eyes?
How he seem'd inly to reproach us all,
Who strove his fix'd attention to recall,
And how he wish'd, e'en at the time of grace,
Like Janus, to have had a double face?
His cause of grief behold in that fair boy?
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy.

Vain and unthinking stripling! when the glass
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you pass,
Flattering, presents in smiles thy image there,
Why dost thou bless the gods, who made thee fair?

Blame their large bounties, and with reason blame;
Curse, curse thy beauty, for it leads to shame;
When thy hot lord, to work thee to his end,
Bids showers of gold into thy breast descend,
Suspect his gifts, nor the vile giver trust;
They're baits for virtue, and smell strong of lust.
On those gay, gaudy trappings, which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with scorn;
View them with horror; they pollution mean
And deepest ruin: thou hast often seen
From 'mongst the herd, the fairest and the best
Carefully singled out, and richly drest,
With grandeur mock'd, for sacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at last to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger shun,
To stay a moment is to be undone.
What though, temptation proof, thy virtue shine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine?
All other methods failing, one resource
Is still behind, and thou must yield to force.
Paint to thyself the horrors of a rape,
Most strongly paint, and, while thou canst, escape:
Mind not his promises—they're made in sport—
Made to be broke—was he not bred at court?
Trust not his honour, he's a man of birth:
Attend not to his oaths—they're made on earth,
Not register'd in heaven—he mocks at grace,
And in his creed God never found a place—
Look not for Conscience—for he knows her not,
So long a stranger, she is quite forgot—

Nor think thyself in law secure and firm,
Thy master is a lord, and thou a worm,
A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well supplied with meat and drink,
And suffer'd just to crawl from place to place,
Must serve his lusts, and think he does thee grace.
Fly, then, whilst yet 'tis in thy power to fly;
But whither canst thou go? on whom rely
For wish'd protection? Virtue's sure to meet
An armed host of foes in every street.
What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone?
Or why take refuge in the house of prayer
If sure to meet with an Apicius there?
Trust not old age, which will thy faith betray;
Saint Socrates is still a goat, though grey: [down,
Trust not green youth; Florio will scarce go
And, at eighteen, hath surfeited the town:
Trust not to rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
They take up raking only as a fence
'Gainst common fame—place H———in thy view,
He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two:
Trust not to marriage—T——— took a wife,
Who chaste as Dian might have pass'd her life,
Had she not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,

487 This initial applies to the nobleman so severely stigmatized under the name of Apicius. His excesses of all kinds rendering it inconvenient if not unsafe to continue to reside in this country, he exchanged the neighbourhood of Epping for the more congenial air of Italy.

And save expiring titles) taken care,
Without his knowledge, to provide an heir:
Trust not to marriage, in mankind unread;
S——'s a married man, and S——— new wed.
Wouldst thou be safe? society forswear,
Fly to the desart, and seek shelter there;
Herd with the brutes—they follow Nature's plan—
There's not one brute so dangerous as man.
In Afric's wilds—'mongst them that refuge find
Which lust denies thee here among mankind:
Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on manhood: on all four
Walk, as you see those honest creatures do,
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.
But, if the thought of solitude alarm,
And social life hath one remaining charm;
If still thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongst the monsters of Augusta's breed,
Lay by thy sex, thy safety to procure,
Put off the man, from men to live secure;
Go forth a woman to the public view,

513 Achilles, after having been educated by his tutor Chiron the centaur, was left by his mother Thetis at the court of Lycomedes, King of Scyros, dressed in female attire, with the daughters of that monarch: but the aid of Achilles being pronounced by the oracle essential for success against Troy, the wily Ulysses, having some intimation of the concealment, identified the youth by his eager selection of arms and warlike weapons from among the lighter wares and ornaments, which Ulysses exhibited in the palace of Lycomedes, in his assumed character of an itinerant merchant.

Gay converted this story into a comic English opera; but

And with their garb assume their manners too.
Had the light-footed Greek of Chiron's school
Been wise enough to keep this single rule,
The maudlin hero, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his plaything, on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And placed his minion in his mistress' room;
Be not in this than catamites more nice,
Do that for virtue, which they do for vice;
Thus shalt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus stand uncourted in the drawing-room;
At midnight thus, untempted, walk the street,
And run no danger but of being beat.

Where is the mother, whose officious zeal,
Discreetly judging what her daughters feel
By what she felt herself in days of yore,
Against that lecher man makes fast the door?
Who not permits, e'en for the sake of prayer,
A priest, uncastrated, to enter there,
Nor (could her wishes, and her care prevail)
Would suffer in the house a fly that's male?

notwithstanding some lively songs, Corelli's admirable music, and Quin's excellent personification of Lycomedes, the public were not pleased, and the piece languished during its first and only season of 1733. It was printed (with as little success,) the following mottoes being on the title page:

Naturam expellas furcâ licet usque recurret.

HORACE.

——— *deceperat omnes*
(In quibus Ajacem) sumptæ fallacia vestis.

OVID MET.

Let her discharge her cares, throw wide her
doors,
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.
Though they more fresh, more lively than the
morn,
And brighter than the noon-day sun, adorn
The works of Nature; though the mother's grace
Revives improved, in every daughter's face,
Undisciplined in dull Discretion's rules,
Untaught and undebauch'd by boarding-schools,
Free and unguarded, let them range the town,
Go forth at random, and run pleasure down,
Start where she will; discard all taint of fear;
Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.
Watch not their steps—they're safe without thy
care:
Unless, like Jennets, they conceive by air,
And every one of them may die a nun,
Unless they breed, like carrion, in the sun.
Men, dead to pleasure, as they're dead to grace,
Against the law of Nature set their face,

540 The fleetness of the Gennet, a Spanish horse, originating from the old Arabian stock, gave rise to the vulgar error, or rather oriental hyperbole, that the mares were impregnated by the wind; and which our countryman Ray very gravely mentions in his refutation of as extraordinary a fiction about showers of frogs, thus, "It is no more likely that Frogs should be engendered in the clouds than Spanish Gennets be begotten by the wind."

The grand primeval law, and seem combined
To stop the propagation of mankind;
Vile pathics read the Marriage Act with pride,
And fancy that the law is on their side.

Broke down, and strength a stranger to his bed,
Old Ligonier, though yet alive, is dead;
T—— lives no more, or lives not to our isle;
No longer bless'd with a Czarina's smile;
T—— is at Petersburg disgraced,
And M—— grown grey, perforce grows chaste;
Nor to the credit of our modest race,
Rises one stallion to supply their place.

555 The marriage act was passed in 1753, with a view to prevent the clandestine and irregular marriages of minors and others. By it are prescribed the forms now used, and the salutary views of the legislature were completely answered by the immediate end put to the celebration of surreptitious marriages by the chaplain of the Fleet prison, and by a class of trading parsons throughout England. By the last clause of the act, Scotland is expressly excepted from the provisions contained in it, which may therefore be evaded by a trip to Gretna Green. The expense of this journey confines the breach of the law principally to the higher classes in society, and many of the fond couples have for their lives bitterly experienced that though the law might with apparent impunity be evaded, yet a severer punishment than parliament could inflict was the consequence of their imprudence.

Horace Walpole thus reports one of the last debates on this measure, "The marriage bill was read for the last time. Charles Townshend again opposed it with as much argument as before with wit. Mr. Fox, with still more wit, ridiculed it for an hour and a half. Notwithstanding the Chancellor's obstinacy in maintaining it, and the care he had bestowed

A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December, the rank fly would blow [heat
Though closely kept, now, when the Dog-star's
Inflames the marrow, in the very street
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by those
Who daintily pass by, and hold their nose,
Poor, plain Concupiscence is in disgrace,
And simple Lechery dares not shew her face,
Lest she be sent to bridewell; bankrupts made,
To save their fortunes, bawds leave off their trade,
Which first had left off them; to Wellclose square
Fine, fresh, young strumpets (for Dodd preaches
there)

upon it, it was still so incorrect and so rigorous, that its very body guards had been forced to make or to submit to many amendments; these were inserted in Mr. Fox's copy in red ink: the solicitor-general, who sat near him as he was speaking, said, "how bloody it looks!" Fox took this up with spirit, and said, "yes, but you cannot say I did it; look what a rent the envious Casca made, (this alluded to the attorney) through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed! (Mr. Pelham) — however, he finished with earnest declarations of not having designed to abuse the chancellor, though still affirming that it was scandalous to pass the bill—but it was passed by 125 votes to 56." This act was amended in no very important particulars by 4 Geo. IV. c. 76, and lastly, by 6 and 7 William IV. c. 85, which was passed in ease of the tender consciences of such *pious* individuals as considered the interposition of a *religious* sanction to give validity to the ceremony as a grievance, and who were therefore indulged by the legislature with the distinction and privilege of being married before the overseer of the poor, or the relieving officer of the district.

559 See Supplemental Note.

Throng for subsistence: pimps no longer thrive,
And pensions only keep L—— alive.
Where is the mother, who thinks all her pain,
And all her jeopardy of travail, gain
When a man-child is born, thinks every prayer
Paid to the full, and answer'd in an heir?
Short-sighted Woman! little doth she know

576 The Rev. Dr. William Dodd, the unfortunate divine alluded to, was the eldest son of the Rev. William Dodd, many years vicar of Bourne, in Lincolnshire; he was born in May, 1729, educated at Cambridge as a sizar of Clare Hall, where he took his degree of B. A. with great honour, and on leaving the university, married very imprudently in 1751; after which, he took orders, and became a popular preacher. His first preferment was the lectureship of West Ham, he was then chosen lecturer of St. Olave, Hart Street, after which Bishop Squire gave him a prebendal stall in Brecon, and he was appointed one of the chaplains in ordinary to the King; and became tutor to Mr. Stanhope, afterwards Earl of Chesterfield. Dr. Dodd was one of the founders of the Magdalen Hospital, and its first chaplain on its original establishment in Wellclose Square, to the chapel of which he attracted overflowing and productive congregations by his florid and declamatory eloquence. Horace Walpole gives the following amusing account of a visit of a party of aristocracy to hear the popular young preacher:

January 28, 1760.

"A party was made to go to the Magdalen House. We met at Northumberland House at five, and set out in four coaches. Prince Edward, Colonel Brudenel, his groom; Lady Northumberland, Lady M. Coke, Lady Carlisle, Miss Pelham, Lady Hertford, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Huntingdon, old Bowman and I. This new convent is beyond Goodman's Fields, and I assure you, would content any Catholic alive. We were received by—oh! first, a vast mob, for princes are not so common at that end of the town as at this. Lord

What streams of sorrow from that source may
flow;
Little suspect, while she surveys her boy,
Her young Narcissus, with an eye of joy
Too full for continence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curse; that she may live,
Ere sixteen winters their short course have run,
In agonies of soul, to curse that son.
Pray then for daughters, ye wise Mothers, pray;
They shall reward your love, nor make ye grey
Before your time with sorrow; they shall give

Hertford at the head of the governors with their white staves, met us at the door, and led the prince directly into the chapel, where, before the altar, was an arm-chair for him, with a blue damask cushion, a *prie dieu*, and a footstool of black cloth, with gold nails. We sat on forms near him. There were Lord and Lady Denbigh, in the odour of devotion, and many city ladies. The chapel is small and low, but neat, hung with gothic paper and tablets of benefactions. At the west end were inclosed the sisterhood, above one hundred and thirty, all in grayish brown stuffs, broad handkerchiefs, and flat straw hats, with a blue riband, pulled over their faces. As soon as we entered the chapel, the organ played, and the Magdalens sung a hymn in parts; you cannot imagine how well. The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle. Prayers then began, psalms and a sermon: the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd, who contributed to the Popish idea one had imbibed, by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly. He apostrophized the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls. The confessor then turned to the audience, and addressed himself to his R. H. whom he called, most illustrious prince, beseeching his protection. In short, it was a very pleasing performance, and I got the most illustrious to desire it might be printed." See Supplemental Note, for the reverse of this picture.

Ages of peace, and comfort: whilst ye live
Make life most truly worth your care, and save,
In spite of death, your memories from the grave.
That sense with more than manly vigour fraught,
That fortitude of soul, that stretch of thought,
That genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted most, that purity of taste,
Which critics mention by the name of chaste;
Adorn'd with elegance, that easy flow
Of ready wit, which never made a foe;
That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
Those powers of pleasing, with that will to please,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
E'en from the currish Pope extorted praise,

607 Mary, daughter of Brigadier-General Le Pell, married in 1720, to John Lord Hervey (eldest son of the Earl of Bristol) who was called up to the House of Lords in his father's life-time. Lord Hervey died in 1743, and his eldest son succeeded to the earldom in 1751; at which time his Majesty by warrant granted to his Lordship's sisters the same precedency as daughters of an Earl of Great Britain, as if their father had lived to enjoy that dignity. Lady Hervey died in 1768, leaving issue surviving her, the late Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, Colonel Hervey, and three daughters, of whom Lady Caroline, mentioned by our author, was one. The high reputation Lady Hervey enjoyed is confirmed as well by the testimony of Pope as of the Earl of Chesterfield, who thus speaks of her in his Letters to his Son:—Lady Hervey has been bred all her life at courts; of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have, and more than any woman need have;

We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.
  Is a son born into this world of woe?
In never-ceasing streams let sorrow flow;
Be from that hour the house with sables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
E'en from the moment that he first began
To wail and whine, let him not see a man:
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye:
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought: B——, though rich, was sold,
And gave his body up to shame for gold.
  Let it be bruited all about the town,
That he is coarse, indelicate, and brown,
An antidote to lust; his face deep scarr'd
With the small-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd;
Ate up with the king's evil, and his blood
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running sore,

for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it; no woman ever had more than she has *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manieres engageantes, et le je ne scais quoi qui plait.*"

610 Lady Caroline Hervey was the youngest daughter of John Lord Hervey, by the witty and celebrated Mary Lepel, whose beauty and accomplishments Lady Caroline appears to have inherited in an eminent degree. She died unmarried. She was the sister of George-William, Augustus-John, and Frederic-Augustus, successively Second, Third, and Fourth Earls of Bristol.

624 This cruel scourge of beauty and of life, has been

Shouldst thou report him, as by nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praise betray'd:
Give him out fair, lechers, in number more, [door
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the
Of Lot in Sodom, shall to thine repair,
And force a passage, though a god is there.
Let him not have one servant that is male;
Where lords are baffled, servants oft prevail.
Some vices they propose, to all agree;
H—— was guilty, but was M—— free?
Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than trust his morals to a monk—
Monks we all know—we, who have lived at home,
From fair report, and travellers, who roam,
More feelingly;—nor trust him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For base designs: ourselves have lived to see
More than one parson in the pillory.

subdued by a kind of homœopathic process, the application or rather substitution of a milder and uninfectious disease of the same character, if not the same disease re-transmitted through the cow. But in our gratitude for the salutary effect of the cow-pox, let us not forget that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, by the introduction of inoculation for the smallpox, conferred upon this and surrounding nations, one of the greatest benefactions upon record; less fortunate than Dr. Jenner, received no bounty from parliament, no assistance from individuals in the diffusion of her remedy, but as interest prompted them to adopt it, and no reward but the pleasing consciousness of having been the means of rescuing thousands and tens of thousands, nay, millions, of her fellow-creatures from pain, deformity, and death. See note in Supplement.

Should he have brothers, (image to thy view
A scene, which, though not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t'other known,
Nor let his father sit with him alone.
Be all his servants female, young and fair,
And if the pride of Nature spur thy heir
To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get some score of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime
Which, more at this than any other time,
Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongst such a race,
To have a bastard is some sign of grace.
Born in such times, should I sit tamely down,
Suppress my rage, and saunter through the town
As one who knew not, or who shared these crimes?
Should I at lesser evils point my rhymes,
And let this giant sin, in the full eye
Of observation, pass unwounded by?
Though our meek wives, passive obedience taught,
Patiently bear those wrongs, for which they ought,
With the brave spirit of their dams possess'd,
To plant a dagger in each husband's breast,
To cut off male increase from this fair isle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Though, on his Sunday, the smug pulpiteer,
Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here,
And thinks himself absolved, in the pretence
Of decency, which, meant for the defence
Of real virtue, and to raise her price,
Becomes an agent for the cause of vice;

Though the law sleeps, and through the care they take
To drug her well, may never more awake;
Born in such times, nor with that patience curst
Which saints may boast of, I must speak or burst.
But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice, and chaster ear;
If, all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,
And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, ye fair—my real motives view,
And to forgiveness add your praises too.
For you I write—nor wish a better plan,
The cause of woman is most worthy man—
For you I still will write, nor hold my hand
Whilst there's one slave of Sodom in the land.
Let them fly far, and skulk from place to place,
Not daring to meet manhood face to face,
Their steps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads, or rest their feet,
Till God, in wrath, shall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile, this town expire,
Her towers in dust, her Thames a lake of fire,
Or they (most worth our wish) convinced though late
Of their past crimes and dangerous estate,
Pardon of women with repentance buy,
And learn to honour them as much as I.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

559 *T—— no longer bless'd with a Czarina's smile.*

THIS initial no doubt applies to one of the many paramours, foreign and domestic, of the Empress Elizabeth; it would not, however, repay the trouble of raking into the scandalous chronicle of St. Petersburg of that period, to ascertain the name of the individual intended. Elizabeth, who was a daughter of Peter the Great, died in January, 1762. Catherine II. ascended the imperial throne in the following June; she also had her paramours, but they had not become sufficiently notorious to have fallen under the cognizance of an English satirist.

576 —— *For Dodd preaches there.*

The melancholy story of the disgraceful and criminal career of this wretched man, and of its fatal termination, is soon told. The lavish expenditure of himself, and his equally unprincipled wife, far exceeded his otherwise ample income; his vanity and ambition knew no bounds, and he conceived projects to gratify both, at the expense of his integrity; his wife, at his instigation, wrote a letter to the Lady of Lord Chancellor Apsley, offering a douceur of 3000 guineas if Dr. Dodd should be appointed to the vacant rectory of St. George, Hanover Square; this letter was instantly communicated by the Chancellor to the King, who immediately struck him out of his list of chaplains. A strong feeling of disgust was expressed by the public, and Foote exposed the transaction in his farce of the Cozeners. No longer able to remain in England, he went abroad, met his old pupil, the Earl of Chesterfield, at Geneva, who was kind enough to give him the rectory of Winge, in Buckinghamshire, of which he returned to take possession, and where, by a course of quiet good conduct, he might have redeemed his former misdeeds; but influenced by his inveterate love of dissipation, he went in 1776 to France, and among other levities, at the races on the plains of Sablon, exhibited himself dressed in scarlet and gold, with all the other fopperies of that period, seated with

his wife and some demi-rips in a splendid equipage. Early in 1777 he returned to England, and all other resources failing, forged and negotiated a bond from Lord Chesterfield to himself for £4200, which sum he actually received. He was detected, tried, and sentenced to death on the 25th of May, and executed at Tyburn on the 27th of June 1777.

The trial and its result excited the most intense interest, innumerable petitions for mercy, or commutation of sentence, were presented to the throne; among others, one from the city of London, in its corporate capacity, and another from the clergy, gentry, and tradesmen of the metropolis, comprising twenty-four thousand names; but the king, under the advice of Lord Mansfield, was inflexible, and vindicated the then rigid and severe claims of justice and the law; those claims have, by the more humane spirit of this age, been reduced, but with no certain rule or gradation of punishment attached, other than a latitudinarian discretion in the judges, and crime in all its divisions has consequently increased.

No blame can be justly attached to Lord Chesterfield as prosecutor, who, we have every reason to believe, was very desirous that Dr. Dodd might escape or evade the consequence, and whether intentionally or not, it consists with our own knowledge to relate that an opportunity to that effect was actually afforded him. The late Mr. Serjeant Manley, then a youth in the office of his brother, Mr. John Manley, the Soliciter to Lord Chesterfield, previous to any proceeding whatever, was sent to Dr. Dodd's house with the forged bond to produce it to the doctor, and obtain his opinion on the signature; the youth was shown into a back parlour, the doctor entertaining a large dinner party in the dining-room, he came into the back room where there was a fire, and young Manley alone, who put the bond into the doctor's hands, who returned it, observing that in his opinion the signature was genuine. Had he put it into the fire, no prosecution could have taken place. This incident we had from the serjeant himself.

In the sixth volume of Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson will be found a full account of the endeavor made by the doctor to obtain mercy for the culprit, in whose name he addressed a letter to the king, visited the unhappy man, with

whom his acquaintance had been very slight, having been only once in his company, and, in short, exerted every fair effort on his behalf. To that volume we refer our readers for some very interesting particulars relating to this melancholy event, contenting ourselves with giving the following short extract from one of Dr. Johnson's letters to Boswell:

"Poor Dodd was put to death yesterday, in opposition to the recommendation of the jury, the petition of the city of London, and a subsequent petition signed by twenty-three thousand hands. Surely the voice of the public when it calls so loudly, and calls only for mercy, ought to be heard.

"The saying that was given me in the papers I never spoke; but I wrote many of his petitions, and some of his letters. He applied to me very often. He was, I am afraid, long flattered with hopes of life, but I had no part in the dreadful delusion; for as soon as the king had signed his sentence, I obtained from Mr. Chamier an account of the disposition of the court towards him, with the declaration that there was no hope even of a respite. This letter immediately was laid before Dodd; but he believed those whom he wished to be right, as it is thought, till within three days of his end. He died with pious composure and resolution; I have just seen the Ordinary that attended him. His address to his fellow-convicts offended the Methodists; but he had a Moravian with him much of his time. His moral character was very bad: I hope all is not true that is charged upon him."

Dodd had been a voluminous writer, and possessed considerable literary ability and facility of composition. He was the author, among other works, of the Visitor, containing letters and essays on the most important and interesting subjects of religion and morality, two volumes; also Comfort for the Afflicted under Distress, with suitable devotions. An accurate list of his writings is prefixed to his Thoughts in Prison, Ed. 1781, a work, all circumstances considered, of real merit.

We subjoin, from the Selwyn correspondence, a letter from Mr. Anthony Morris Storer, giving to Mr. Selwyn, at the instance of Lord March, a detailed account of the execution, of which he had been an eye-witness:

"I should be very inclinable to obey your commands which

Lord March delivered me respecting the fate of the unfortunate divine, but, though an eye-witness of his execution, as I never was at one before, I hardly know what to say of his behaviour. Another was executed at the same time, who seemed hardly to engage one's attention sufficiently to make one draw any comparison between him and Dodd. Upon the whole the piece was not very full of events. The doctor, to all appearance, was rendered perfectly stupid from despair. His hat was flapped all round, and pulled over his eyes, which were never directed to any object around, nor even raised, except now and then in the course of his prayers. He came in a coach, and a very heavy shower of rain fell just upon his entering the cart, and another just at his putting on his night-cap.

"He was a considerable time praying, which some people seemed rather tired with; they rather wished for some more interesting part of the tragedy. The wind, which was high, blew off his hat, which rather embarrassed him, and discovered to us his countenance, which we could hardly see before. His hat, however, was soon restored to him, and he went on with his prayers. Two clergymen attended him, one of whom seemed very much affected. The other, I suppose, was the Ordinary of Newgate, as he was perfectly indifferent and unfeeling. The executioner took both the hat and wig off at the same time. Why he put on his wig again I do not know, but he did, and the doctor took off his wig a second time, and then tried a night-cap which did not fit him; but whether he stretched that, or took another, I could not perceive. He then put on the night-cap himself, and upon his taking it, he certainly had a smile on his countenance, and very soon afterwards there was an end of all his hopes and fears on this side the grave. He never moved from the place he first took in the cart; seemed absorbed in despair, and utterly dejected, without any signs of animation but in praying. I know the same thing strikes people in many ways; but thus he seemed to me, and I was very near. A vast number of people were collected, as you may imagine. I stayed till he was cut down and put into the hearse. I am afraid my account cannot be very satisfactory to you, but I really do not conceive an execution with so few incidents."

624 *With the smallpox, his body maim'd and marr'd.*

Having in the note on this line adverted to the claim of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu on the gratitude of her country, we cannot refrain from noticing another female far more illustrious in rank, and hardly less distinguished by talent, who, with a magnanimity equal to her high station, and a self-devotion superior to it, spread the blessings of inoculation throughout the length and breadth of all the Russias.

Catherine II., having by her medical board (the smallpox then raging throughout her empire) been convinced of the salutary character of the process of inoculation, and equally convinced that nothing but her own example would overcome the prejudice and superstition of her subjects, determined on submitting to the operation, thus gratuitously incurring a risk which in her position she had abundant means for guarding against.

Application was immediately made to Mr. Sutton, the original practitioner in England, to send over a skilful medical man conversant with the process; Dr. Thomas Dimsdale, of Hertford, was recommended by Sutton for the purpose, and he arrived with his son in St. Petersburg on July 28, 1769.

The next day the two Dimsdales were presented to the Empress, her first minister, Count Panin and Baron Cherkaskoff, who spoke English perfectly, being the only attendants. Catherine shewed great perspicacity in the questions she put concerning the practice and success of inoculation. Dr. Dimsdale was invited to dine with her the same day, and wrote home the following account of his entertainment:

"The Empress sat singly at the upper end of the table, at which about twelve of her nobility were guests; the banquet consisted of a variety of excellent dishes, served up after the French manner, and was concluded by a desert of the finest fruits and sweatmeats, such as I little expected to find in that northern climate; most of these luxuries were, however, the produce of the Empress's own dominions.

"But what enlivened the whole entertainment was the most unaffected ease and affability of the Empress herself. Each of her guests had a share of her attention and politeness; the conversation was kept up with a freedom and

cheerfulness to be expected rather from persons of the same rank, than among subjects admitted to the honour of their sovereign's company."

On the following day another conversation with the Empress ensued, in which Dr. Dimsdale requested the assistance of the court physicians, to whom he desired to communicate every proposed regulation and medicine; but the Empress would by no means consent to any such consultation, and gave her reasons as follows:

"You come well recommended to me; the conversation I have had with you has been satisfactory; and my confidence in you is increased. I have not the least doubt of your knowledge and abilities in this practice; it is impossible that my physicians can have much skill in this operation; they want experience; their interposition may tend to embarrass you, without the probability of any assistance. My life is my own: and I shall with the utmost cheerfulness and confidence rely on your care alone. With regard to my constitution you could receive no information from them. I have had, I thank God, so good a share of health, that their advice has never been required; and you shall from myself receive every information that can be necessary. I have also to acquaint you that it is my determination to be inoculated prior to the grand duke, and as soon as you judge it convenient. At the same time I desire that this may remain secret: and that you let it be supposed that, for the present, all thoughts of my own inoculation are laid aside. The preparation for this great experiment on the grand duke will countenance your visits to the palace; and I desire to see you as often as it may seem necessary, that you may become better acquainted with my constitution, and also to adjust the time and circumstances of my own inoculation.

He promised obedience to her majesty's commands; and only proposed that some experiments might first be made by inoculating some of her own sex and age, and as near as could be of similar habit. The Empress replied, "that if the practice had been novel, or the least doubt of the general success remained, that precaution might be necessary; but as she was well satisfied in both particulars, there was no occasion to delay on any account."

The Empress, on being inoculated privately, went the next morning to Tzarsko-selo. At first no other persons were there but the necessary attendants, it being given out that her majesty's journey was only to give directions about some alterations, and that her stay would be short. But several of the nobility soon followed, and the Empress observing among them some whom she suspected not to have had the small-pox, said to Dr. Dimsdale: "I must rely on you to give me notice when it is possible for me to communicate the disease: for, though I could wish to keep my inoculation a secret, yet far be it from me to conceal it a moment, when it may become hazardous to others." The Empress, during this interval, took part in every amusement with her usual affability, without shewing the least token of uneasiness or concern; constantly dined at the same table with the nobility, and enlivened the whole court with those peculiar graces of conversation, for which she was ever distinguished. The grand duke shortly after submitted to the operation, and on his recovery, Catherine rewarded the services of Dr. Dimsdale, by creating him a baron of the Russian Empire, with remainder to his heirs, and appointing him actual counsellor of state and physician to her imperial majesty, with a pension of £500 per annum, to be paid him in England, to be continued to his son, besides £10,000 which he immediately received, and also presented him with a miniature picture of herself, and another of the grand duke. Her majesty was likewise pleased to express her approbation of the conduct of his son, by ordering him to be presented with a superb gold snuff-box richly set with diamonds.—Life of Catherine II. by the Rev. W. Tooke, Vol. I. 5th Edition.

Yet this is the great sovereign, the greatest that has been known in Europe since Louis XIV. and her own predecessor Peter the Great, whom it has been the fashion among the great vulgar, and the small in English literature, to load with every opprobrious epithet. That she had foibles amounting to vices we know, but they attached to the woman rather than to the monarch. She was the second founder of Petersburg, imparting to that city the Corinthian capital of literature, science, and the arts, of all of which she was the patron and of some an accomplished mistress; her code of criminal

law was as wise as her administration of it was humane, very few capital punishments having taken place during her long reign; she was well acquainted with most of the European languages, her correspondence with Voltaire has been published, and she wrote two or three comedies in French, which were acted at her private theatre of the Hermitage before her select *coterie*, comprising some of the most talented and accomplished men in Europe, Segur, Cobenzel, Fitzherbert, Prince de Ligne, and a few others who constituted her almost daily society, in the elegant and piquant conversation of which she mingled on a footing of perfect equality. At these petit soupers no attendants were present, but a dumb waiter on castors, assisted by a mechanical contrivance for a change of dishes and of plates through trap apertures in the table, to which bells were attached, supplied the deficiency of waiters.

We regret to observe that the noble and learned author of Historical Sketches of Characters during the time of George III. has marred that of Catherine II. of Russia by a very exaggerated report of her private vices, and a totally unfounded one of her public character and conduct, most inappropriately using epithets* imputing severity and cruelty to a disposition and manners singularly mild, amiable, and feminine. Fortunately the beautifully engraved portrait prefixed to the sketch, and for the likeness of which portrait to the original we can of our own knowledge vouch, sufficiently negatives the charges brought against her of cruelty and ferocity, and which, therefore, in the absence of any one authority adduced in their support, must be taken rather as flights of fancy and of eloquence than as the sober dictates of historic truth.

---

* Of which quoting indiscriminately, we find the following specimens: "unrelenting *fierceness* of disposition, unscrupulous proneness to fraud, unrestrained indulgence of the passions, *all* the weakness and *all* the wickedness which can debase the worst of the human race," "constant practice of debauchery, and occasional commission of convenient murder," "Messalina," "imperial Jezebel," "tigress," "cruel, dauntless, reckless, heartless, bold, masculine," "flinty bosom," "childish vanity," "atrocious crimes," "mighty transgressions," &c.

INDEPENDENCE.

This poem was published in the last week of September. 1764, and is the latest of his productions that appeared in the author's lifetime. He soon afterwards went to France, where he was attacked by that disorder which prematurely swept him to the grave.

The composition of the poem is slovenly, the subject hackneyed, and the thoughts commonplace; some scattered passages, however, display the vigour of the author, and the comparison between the bard and the lord is managed with considerable humour.

In extenuation of the faults we have noticed, it must be observed, that Churchill did not live to publish a second edition of this poem, in which he might have rendered the vein of good sense which pervades it more conspicuous, by bestowing upon it some of those manly graces of poetry, in which, when he took pains, he was so eminently successful.

Adverting to the title, we may observe, that at this time Churchill had so far acquired the independence which he loved, as to be altogether out of debt, and had he lived, he might, what with the profits arising by the sale of his former still popular poems, and a fair prospect from his future effusions, have realized a sufficient competence for life.

Mr. Macaulay, in one of his essays, places Churchill in a very creditable list of authors, who, instead of paying homage to booksellers, could command their respect: Burke, Robertson, the Whartons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir W. Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill, were, as he observes, "the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty: almost all had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependents of Curll and Osborne."

INDEPENDENCE.

Happy the bard (though few such bards we find)
Who, 'bove controlment, dares to speak his mind;
Dares, unabash'd, in every place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear:
Him fashion cannot tempt, him abject need
Cannot compel, him pride cannot mislead
To be the slave of greatness, to strike sail
When, sweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality in full plumage passes by;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due state,
And is above conversing with the great.

Perish those slaves, those minions of the quill,
Who have conspired to seize that sacred hill

12 A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heaven kept sacred from the proud and great.

Whatever admiration Pope may express for the exemption enjoyed by Elijah Fenton, he took no pains to secure it for himself; he and his friend Swift passed their whole lives in an anxious uncertain intimacy with the aristocracy of the day, and the Dean's maxim, "When a great man makes me keep my distance, my comfort is that he keeps his at the same time," while it assumes a tone of philosophical indifference, was the bitter fruit of wounded pride and disappointed ambition.

Where the nine sisters pour a genuine strain,
And sunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean, private views, and servile art,
No spark of virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd apostates; have debased
Their dignity of office: have disgraced,
Like Eli's sons, the altars where they stand;
And caused their name to stink through all the land;
Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen
For the support of great, but guilty men;
Have made the bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a lord.

What is a lord? Doth that plain simple word
Contain some magic spell? As soon as heard,
Like an alarum bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Through reason's court doth it unquestion'd go
E'en on the mention, and of course transmit
Notions of something excellent, of wit [chaste,
Pleasing, though keen, of humour free, though
Of sterling genius, with sound judgment graced,
Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour, which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas nature's first intent,
Before their rank became their punishment,
They should have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to prize
The blessings she bestow'd—she gave them eyes,

And they could see—she gave them ears—they heard—
The instruments of stirring, and they stirr'd—
Like us they were design'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (every now and then) to think;
Till they, by pride corrupted, for the sake
Of singularity, disclaim'd that make;
Till they, disdaining nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and struck into another road,
More fitting Quality, and to our view
Came forth a species altogether new,
Something we had not known, and, could not know,
Like nothing of God's making here below;
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—Lords are things
Which, never made by me, were made by kings.
A lord, (nor let the honest and the brave,
The true old noble, with the fool and knave
Here mix his fame; cursed be that thought of mine,
Which with a Bute and Fox should Grafton join)

60 The late Duke of Grafton was then just at the outset of his political career, which was commenced under the banners of the Earl of Chatham. On the dismissal of the Duke of Bedford's ministry in 1765, the Duke of Grafton took the office of secretary of state, with an engagement to support the Marquis of Rockingham's administration. He resigned however in a short time, under the pretence that he could not act without Lord Chatham, nor bear to see his friend Mr. Wilkes abandoned; but that under Lord Chatham he would act in any capacity, not only as general officer, but as a pioneer, and would take up the spade and the mattock. This

A lord, (nor here let censure rashly call
My just contempt of some, abuse of all,
And, as of late, when Sodom was my theme,
Slander my purpose, and my muse blaspheme,
Because she stops not, rapid in her song,
To make exceptions as she goes along,
Though well she hopes to find, another year,
A whole minority exceptions here)
A mere, mere lord, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame,
Lives on another man, himself a blank,
Thankless he lives, or must some grandsire thank
For smuggled honours, and ill-gotten pelf;
A bard owes all to nature, and himself.

was the signal of Lord Rockingham's dismission. When Lord Chatham came in, the duke got possession of the treasury, soon after which Lord Chatham complained of a gradual deviation on the part of the noble duke from every thing that had been settled and solemnly agreed to between them, both as to measures and to men, till at last there were not left two planks together of the ship which had been originally launched. This being the case, Lord Chatham resigned in 1767, when the Duke of Grafton became the sole efficient minister and grand promoter of the measures against Wilkes, until 1770, when he took the privy seal, and Lord North the treasury. His grace continued in office until 1777, when he resigned in consequence of a difference in opinion, as to the conduct expedient to be adopted by the British government towards the revolted Americans.

The praise by way of contrast applied to the Duke of Grafton merely on the score of the pious friendship then subsisting between his grace and Mr. Wilkes, affords a singular instance of the extent to which a blind partiality may mislead a sound

Gods, how my soul is burnt up with disdain,
When I see men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lackey the heels of those
Whom genius ranks among her greatest foes!
And what's the cause? why, these same sons of scorn,
No thanks to them, were to a title born,
And could not help it; by chance hither sent,
And only deities by accident.
Had fortune on our getting chanced to shine,
Their birthright honours had been yours or mine.
'Twas a mere random stroke, and should the throne
Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, though a bard, might'st be their fellow yet:
But Felix never can be made a wit.

understanding, as at this day the contrast, so far as it relates to Lord Bute, (the morality of whose private character stands unimpeached,) would be completely reversed. Junius has exhibited a moral and political character of this "brave true old noble," in his peculiar strain of eloquent invective, which, unfortunately for the duke's reputation, will probably survive the remembrance of his grace's *virtues*.

64 Churchill's preceding poem, the Times, had been severely censured for the general satire and the unjust imputation it conveyed, of the prevalence in this country of a crime, the very allusions to which were condemned as offensive to delicacy. It was insisted that a more salutary horror is instilled by the awful and appropriate punishment practised in Holland, of sewing the offenders in a bag, and throwing them into the sea in the still silence of the night, than by the coarse epithets and unbridled indignation of the satirist, which could have no possible effect in reclaiming the depraved objects of it, and which might suggest to others, ideas that perhaps might never otherwise have occurred to them.

No, in good faith—that's one of those few things
Which fate hath placed beyond the reach of kings:
Bards may be lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn lords into bards.
A bard—a lord—why, let them, hand in hand,
Go forth as friends, and travel through the land,
Observe which word the people can digest
Most readily, which goes to market best,
Which gets most credit, whether men will trust
A bard, because they think he may be just,
Or on a lord will choose to risk their gains,
Though privilege in that point still remains.
A bard—a lord—Let Reason take her scales,
And fairly weigh those words, see which prevails,
Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,
And which, by sinking, we the victor deem.
'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a synod in the sacred grove,
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on high,
And sit in state, the senate of the sky,

92 One, however, has been since so turned, and Byron's peerage is subordinate in rank and lustre to his patent of precedence on the Parnassian hill. He stands front rank in the first class of English poets, claiming no adventitious aid from birth or fortune. The claim of the whole lot of other noble poets, from Lord Surrey downwards, the Buckinghams, the Roscommons, the Halifaxes, the Granvilles, the Lytteltons of the last age, and the still minor class of Thurlows, Herberts, and others of the present generation, have been tolerated as poets, only because they were peers.

Whilst, in a kind of parliament below,
Men stare at those above, and want to know
What they're transacting: Reason takes her stand
Just in the midst, a balance in her hand,
Which o'er and o'er she tries, and finds it true:
From either side, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth, of figure strange and queer;
We now and then see something like them here.

The first was meagre, flimsy, void of strength,
But nature kindly had made up in length
What she in breadth denied: erect and proud,
A head and shoulders taller than the crowd,
He deem'd them pigmies all: loose hung his skin
O'er his bare bones: his face so very thin,
So very narrow, and so much beat out,
That physiognomists have made a doubt,
Proportion lost, expression quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not:
At end of it, howe'er, unbless'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd:
With legs, which we might well conceive that fate
Meant only to support a spider's weight,
Firmly he strove to tread, and with a stride,
Which shew'd at once his weakness and his pride,
Shaking himself to pieces, seem'd to cry,
Observe, good people, how I shake the sky.

In his right hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Distinct, and plain for those who run to see,
Saint Archibald had wrote L,O,R,D.

This, with an air of scorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into Reason's scales, and on that bar,
Which from his soul he hated, yet admired,
Quick turn'd his back, and, as he came, retired.
The judge to all around his name declared:
Each goddess titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove stared,
And the whole people cried, with one accord,
Good Heaven bless us all, is that a lord?

138 This allusion to Archibald Bower, particularly fixes the portrait of the lord upon the amiable historian of Henry the Second. The description of his person, though highly caricatured, conveys some points of resemblance; his slender uncompacted frame and meagre face, had also been ludicrously described in a political print levelled against Sir Robert Walpole:

"But who be dat so lank, so lean, so bony?
O dat be de great orator, Lytteltony."

Nothing could be more injudicious in other respects, than the selection of Lord Lyttelton as a depreciating representative of the peerage, his character as a statesman was marked with the strictest integrity and patriotism; and his productions as a poet, historian, and miscellaneous writer, though not in the first style of composition, are still read with pleasure and improvement. What a high opinion must we entertain of the House of Lords of the year 1764, if we are to consider Lord Lyttelton as one of its least praiseworthy members. Lord Lyttelton incurred some ridicule by the patronage he extended to one Bower, the author of a History of the Popes, from St. Peter to Lambertini, who then enjoyed the pontificate; Bower with it, in 1755, published his reasons for forsaking the Roman Catholic, and embracing the Protestant religion. The account of the persecutions he endured from the Inquisition, after his conversion, abounded so much in the mar-

Such was the first—the second was a man
Whom nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;
A bear, whom, from the moment he was born,
His dam despised, and left unlick'd in scorn:
A Babel, which, the power of art outdone,
She could not finish when she had begun:
An utter Chaos, out of which no might
But that of God, could strike one spark of light.

vellous, as to render its authenticity exceedingly suspicious. At length Dr. Douglas wrote a critical examination of that work, and thoroughly detected the imposture. Lord Lyttelton, notwithstanding this palpable detection, still persisted in supporting him with his countenance and protection. His lordship addressed to Bower a short account of a journey into Wales, written with a more than usual portion of that affectation which is discoverable in all his publications.

Bower died in 1766, at the age of 80, and his widow publicly announced his having in his dying moments acknowledged his sincere conviction of the efficacy of the protestant communion.

147.—190 In these lines the author gives a ludicrous description of his own person, and likewise of his mode of dressing, after he had laid aside the clerical profession. The following portrait of him is exhibited by a less friendly pencil:

"Next him uprose and of as bad intent,
On wings, ah pity, by the muses lent;
A blackbird, erst in sober livery drest,
Now party-colour'd plumage stains his breast.
Passion had changed his old appearance meek,
Had arm'd his talons and hook'd down his beak;
His pinion strong, if dirt depress'd it not,
And sweet his throat, would it cry aught but Scot.
Neglected soon we let the parrot roar,
Whose dictionary knows but rogue and whore."

Patriotism, a mock Heroic Poem.

Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to blade,
A H—— might at full length have laid:
Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong;
His face was short, but broader than 'twas long;
His features, though by nature they were large,
Contentment had contrived to overcharge,
And bury meaning, save that we might spy
Sense lowering on the penthouse of his eye;
His arms were two twin oaks; his legs so stout
That they might bear a Mansion-house about;
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Design'd by fate a much less weight to bear.
O'er a brown cassock, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A sight most strange, and awkward to behold,
He threw a covering of blue and gold,
Just at that time of life, when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,

178 How little did Churchill imagine, while he affected to consider his antagonist as already dead, that the power of pleasing was so soon to cease in both? Hogarth died within four weeks after the publication of Independence, and Churchill survived him but nine days:

——————Scarce had the friendly tear
For Hogarth shed, escaped the generous eye
Of feeling pity, when again it flow'd
For Churchill's fate. Ill can we bear the loss
Of fancy's twin-born offspring, close allied
In energy of thought, though different paths
They sought for fame! Though jarring passions sway'd

He started up a fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another Hercules, turn'd beau,
A subject met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (Envy must allow)
E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now.
With such accoutrements, with such a form,
Much like a porpoise just before a storm,
Onward he roll'd: a laugh prevail'd around;
E'en Jove was seen to simper; at the sound
(Nor was the cause unknown, for from his youth
Himself he studied by the glass of truth)
He join'd their mirth; nor shall the gods condemn
If, whilst they laugh at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd through his soul, and quite forgot his face,
And, from his hand received, with fair regard
Placed in her other scale, the name of Bard.

The living artists, let the funeral wreath
Unite their memory."

Nichol's Life of Hogarth.

The following epitaph on Hogarth by Garrick was sent by the latter to Dr. Johnson for correction, who in return suggested the lines given in vol. i. p. 216.

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

If genius fire thee, reader, stay,
If nature move thee, drop a tear,
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Then, (for she did as judges ought to do,
She nothing of the case beforehand knew,
Nor wish'd to know; she never stretch'd the laws,
Nor, basely to anticipate a cause,
Compell'd solicitors, no longer free,
To show those briefs she had no right to see)
Then she with equal hand her scales held out,
Nor did the cause one moment hang in doubt;
She held her scales out fair to public view,
The Lord, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew,

192 When the prosecution against Wilkes for the North Briton stood for trial, and a very short time before it was to come on, Mr. Barlow, of the crown office, received directions from Mr. Wallace or Mr. Webb, to apply to a judge to get the information against Mr. Wilkes, and also the record amended, by striking out the word "purport," and inserting the word "tenor" in its stead. Upon which Mr. Barlow applied to Lord Mansfield, and obtained a summons to shew cause why it should not be so amended; and Mr. Philips, Mr. Wilkes's solicitor, attended Lord Mansfield at his house in Bloomsbury Square, on the 20th of February, 1764, (which was the day before Mr. Wilkes's trial) in consequence of that summons. Lord Mansfield asked Philips what objection he had to such an amendment? he answered, that he could not consent: upon which Lord Mansfield said, he did not ask his consent, but wanted to know what were his objections: and asked, if it were not usual to amend informations, or to that effect. Then having read some precedents out of a book which his lordship had in his hand, he made a written order to amend the information and record in the manner applied for. Possibly if this error had not been discovered and corrected, Mr. Wilkes's counsel, in case of his having been found guilty, would, and did probably intend to have moved in arrest of judgment. The following is Wilkes's own account of the transaction as contained in a letter to his friend Cotes.

More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The Bard, preponderating, kept his state;
Reason approved, and with a voice, whose sound
Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground
Pronouncing for the Bards a full decree, [me;
Cried—"Those must honour them, who honour
They from this present day, where'er I reign,
In their own right, precedence shall obtain;
Merit rules here; be it enough that birth
Intoxicates, and sways the fools of earth."

"The alteration of the Records was an alarming circumstance. A summons is served, returnable before Lord Mansfield, the very day before the trials: I consult counsel, who advise me to attend, I oppose the amendment with all my might, my remonstrances are despised, the amendment is made, counsel stare, yet think it advisable to attend the trials. The crown office people produce a magazine of precedents in support of the practice."

The controversy as to the words *purport* and *tenor* gave rise to the following epigram:

To contradict Wilkes, now Mansfield replies,
'Twixt Tenor and Purport no difference lies,
They both in one meaning appear to entwine,
Like tendrils that twist round the stem of a vine,
Though the one suits your purpose, the other suits mine.

To Mansfield cries Wilkes, I pray you, my Lord,
Give its own honest meaning to each proper word;
Suppose you should make a proposal to Bute,
To bring in his Charles (though we hope he can't do't)
The Purport means only his kinsman to bring
Through Scotland to England, and here make him king,
But the Tenor implies, and with very good reason,
The unmaking another, and that's, you know, treason.

Nor think that here, in hatred to a lord
I've forg'd a tale, or *alter'd a record;*
Search when you will, (I am not now in sport)
You'll find it register'd in Reason's court.
Nor think that envy here hath strung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I most admire,
And look on titles with an eye of scorn,
Because I was not to a title born.
By Him that made me, I am much more proud.
More inly satisfied, to have a crowd
Point at me as I pass, and cry—"that's he—
A poor but honest bard, who dares be free
Amidst corruption," than to have a train
Of flickering levee slaves, to make me vain
Of things I ought to blush for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am less than man, my faults t'adore,
And make me think that I am something more.
Recall past times, bring back the days of old,
When the great noble bore his honours bold,

221 This thirst after distinction was not unknown to the Roman satirists. Horace thus expresses his gratitude to his Muse, for the celebrity she conferred upon him:

Totum muneris hoc tui est
Quod monstror digito preteræuntium,
Romanæ fidicen Lyræ
Quod spiro, et placeo (si placeo,) tuum est.

And the stern moralist, Persius, required some tribute beyond the mere consciousness of superior genius.

Scire tuum, nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter;
At pulchrum est, digito monstrari ei dicier hic est.

And in the face of peril, when he dared
Things which his legal bastard, if declared,
Might well discredit; faithful to his trust,
In the extremest points of justice, just,
Well knowing all, and loved by all he knew,
True to his king, and to his country true;
Honest at court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dress, and in his manners plain;
Moderate in wealth, generous, but not profuse,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their use;
Possessing much, and yet deserving more,
Deserving those high honours which he wore
With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame
Which all men paid, because he did not claim.
When the grim war was placed in dread array,
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,
Or lioness of royal whelps foredone,
In peace, as mild as the departing sun,
A general blessing wheresoe'er he turned,
Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd;
Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all;
Recall such times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart shall bend, or crack,
My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And every Muse conspire to swell his fame,
Till Envy shall to him that praise allow
Which she cannot deny to Temple now.

This justice claims, nor shall the bard forget,
Delighted with the task, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a man, and in his lays,

Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise.
But let not pride and prejudice misdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme;
Titles, with me, are vain, and nothing worth;
I reverence virtue, but I laugh at birth.
Give me a lord that's honest, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his slave;
Though none, indeed, but blockheads would pretend
To make a slave, where they may make a friend.
I love his virtues, and will make them known,
Confess his rank, but can't forget my own,
Give me a lord, who, to a title born,
Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.
What, shall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way, if such a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee
To such a shadow of nobility,
A shred, a remnant? he might rot unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note
Had he not worn, by chance, his father's coat.
To think a Melcombe worth my least regards
Is treason to the majesty of bards.
By nature form'd (when, for her honour's sake
She something more than common strove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour she imprest
Her stamp most strongly on the favour'd breast)

The bard, (nor think too lightly that I mean
Those little, piddling witlings, who o'erween
Of their small parts, the Murphys of the stage,
The Masons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
And drawl out measured prose, which they call verse)
The real bard, whom native genius fires,
Whom every maid of Castaly inspires,
Let him consider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but answer nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himself with other men,
Would ne'er debase the glories of his pen,
Would in full state, like a true monarch, live,
Nor bate one inch of his prerogative.

Methinks I see old Wingate frowning here,
(Wingate may in the season be a peer,
Though now, against his will, of figures sick,
He's forced to diet on arithmetic,
E'en whilst he envies every Jew he meets,
Who cries old clothes to sell about the streets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His Tyburn bob turn'd to a dress'd bag wig)

305 The purse-proud upstarts of the day, whose palaces rise like exhalations, and whose equipages gleam like meteors, are here designated by the generic name of Wingate, an eminent arithmetician, who lived early in the seventeenth century. His treatise was first published in 1629, and has gone through as many editions as that of Cocker. Wingate's work was revised and edited in 1700, by Shelley, and again, in 1753, with great improvements, by Mr. Dodson, the celebrated mathematician.

I hear him cry—"What doth this jargon mean?
Was ever such a damn'd dull blockhead seen?
Majesty—Bard—Prerogative;—disdain
Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain:
To Bethlem with him—give him whips and straw—
I'm very sensible he's mad in law.
A saucy groom, who trades in reason, thus
To set himself upon a par with us;
If this *here's* suffered, and if that *there* fool,
May when he pleases send us all to school,
Why, then our only business is outright
To take our caps, and bid the world good night.
I've kept a bard myself this twenty years,
But nothing of this kind in him appears;
He, like a thorough true-bred spaniel, licks
The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks;
He fetches and he carries, blacks my shoes,
Nor thinks it a discredit to his muse;
A creature of the right chameleon hue,
He wears my colours, yellow or true blue,
Just as I wear them: 'tis all one to him [whim.
Whether I change through conscience, or through
Now this is something like; on such a plan
A bard may find a friend in a great man; [all
But this proud coxcomb—Zounds, I thought that
Of this queer tribe had been like my old Paul."
Injurious thought! accursed be the tongue
On which the vile insinuation hung.
The heart where 'twas engender'd, curst be those,

Those bards, who not themselves alone expose,
But me, but all, and make the very name
By which they're call'd a standing mark of shame.
Talk not of custom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but passes not with me;
An old stale trick, which guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpower the better side.
Why tell me then that from the birth of rhyme,
No matter when, down to the present time,
As by the original decree of fate,
Bards have protection sought amongst the great;
Conscious of weakness, have applied to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their stem,
Flourish'd on high; to gain this wish'd support
E'en Virgil to Mecænas paid his court.
As to the custom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a foolish diffidence, not need,
From which it rose; had bards but truly known
That strength, which is most properly their own,
Without a lord, unpropp'd they might have stood,
And overtopp'd those giants of the wood.
But why, when present times my care engage,
Must I go back to the Augustan age?

[338] Paul Whitehead, the servile and subservient satellite of Lords Melcombe and Le Despencer, the steward and registrar of the orgies and atrocities of the Medmenham Club. His Poems, with a Memoir of his Life, were published in 1777, in one vol. 4to, by Captain Edward Thompson, and they were afterwards included, with little claim to the distinction, in the last edition of Johnson's Poets. See note in vol. ii. p. 297.

Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the mansions of the ancient dead;
Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,
And must I seek Mecænas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mecænas quote?
Under his colours lords are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mecænas was a knight:
They mention him, as if to use his name
Was, in some measure, to partake his fame,
Though Virgil, was he living, in the street,
Might rot for them, or perish in the Fleet.

880 The imprudent conduct of this unfortunate man, and the steady attachment our author on all occasions evinced towards him, have been noticed in a former volume. Lloyd entertained golden hopes of the success of the St. James's Magazine, a publication almost entirely of his own composition, and which he commenced on his quitting Westminster school; it, however, proceeded no farther than two volumes, and never having had a sale adequate to his expectations and consequent mode of living, poor Lloyd was immured by his creditors in the Fleet prison, where his confinement was the more irksome, owing to the circumstance of his bosom friend and prime seducer from the paths of prudence, Bonnel Thornton, refusing to become his security for the liberty of the rules: this giving rise to some ill-natured altercation, farther irritated Thornton, who became an inveterate enemy, in the quality of his most inexorable creditor (1804).

Dr. Southey, in his Life of Cowper, has controverted the statement contained in the above passage, so far as regards the supposition that Lloyd had been seduced into his evil courses by Thornton, and states by way of reason, that the latter being nine years his senior, they could not have been at school or at the University together, adding triumphantly,

See how they redden, and the charge disclaim—
Virgil, and in the Fleet—forbid it, Shame!
Hence, ye vain boasters, to the Fleet repair,
And ask, with blushes ask, if Lloyd is there.

Patrons in days of yore were men of sense,
Were men of taste, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters—some of them were heard
To read off-hand, and never spell a word;
Some of them, too, to such a monstrous height
Was learning risen, for themselves could write,
And kept their secretaries, as the great
Do many other foolish things, for state.

"therefore that charge against Thornton is disposed of, and that it should have been made with so little reflection affords reason for hoping that the remaining charges may have as little foundation;" now as we never asserted that they had been either at college or at school together, the supposed refutation does not apply, while the difference of age, the one twenty, and the other nearly thirty, with the natural tendency to friendship and intimacy consequent upon their having been both at Westminster school, is exactly that at which the influence and example of dissipated habits and society is most dangerous, and that this was the fact, is confirmed by repeated allusions to it in the published correspondence of Garrick, and of the elder Colman. The remaining charges have never been disputed.

On his being committed to prison an effort was made to raise a sufficient sum for his support by a subscription among his friends, but it was so coldly entertained that the expedient was not resorted to, and he was principally supported by the bounty of Churchill; he also received some trifling sums from the booksellers, for a translation of Marmontel's Tales, and some other hasty and slovenly translations and original pieces, which did not contribute to increase his reputation.

Our patrons are of quite a different strain,
With neither sense nor taste: against the grain
They patronize for fashion's sake—no more—
And keep a bard, just as they keep a whore.

The news of Churchill's death being announced somewhat abruptly to him while sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, the forerunner of a bilious fever, and saying, "I shall follow poor Charles," took to his bed, from which he never rose again, and literally did within a month follow poor Charles. They had run a short but splendid career together, indissolubly united by a friendship which had never experienced a momentary interruption.

Peace to thy ashes, Lloyd, ill-treated bard,
Thy song so sweet, a prison the reward;
Hard was thy lot, sweet bard, in this rude age
That coop'd thee up to whistle in a cage;
But thou couldst even freedom's self survive,
And blithely sing while Churchill was alive;
But when your mate was snatch'd you droop'd and died;
Blest was the trial, for your truth was tried.
For ages hence your chaplet shall be green,
And, ages past, no withering leaf be seen;
Softly repose upon the Muses' breast,
And Phœbus 'self shall lull you to your rest.

In his sickness he was attended by Miss Patty Churchill, the sister of his deceased friend, and who possessed a considerable portion of the sense, spirit, and genius of her brother. This young lady is reported to have been betrothed to Lloyd, and that so mournful was the effect, which the melancholy catastrophe of her lover and brother had on her susceptible mind, that the grief for their loss preyed upon her spirits, and did not permit her long to survive them.

396 Benefit of clergy was an exemption from capital punishment, which in the early ages was exclusively claimed by the Popish priests; and, as in those unenlightened times they were in fact almost the only persons in the kingdom who

Melcombe (on such occasions I am loath
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
Nor could deserve their clergy by their creed;
Others can write, but such a Pagan hand,
A Willes should always at our elbow stand:

possessed even so much learning as to read, the exemption was on this account, and not, as some writers have fancifully imagined, for the encouragement of learning, extended to all persons who could read, and were for that reason denominated Clerks. Until the reign of Queen Anne, the condition of reading was absolutely necessary before the prisoner could claim the exemption annexed to that ceremony, and which was usually performed by reading any one word in the prayer book; or if the culprit really could not read, he was prompted in the pronunciation of one by the gaoler. Since that time the benefit of clergy has by various statutes been restrained, and is generally commuted for transportation; "thus," says Blackstone, "has the wisdom of the English legislature in the course of a long and laborious process, extracted by a noble alchemy rich medicines out of poisonous ingredients, and gradually converted what was at first an unreasonable exemption of Popish Ecclesiastics into a merciful mitigation of the general law with regard to capital punishments." (1804) By successive enactments, and so far improvements of the criminal law, this absurd subterfuge has been altogether abolished.

398 Dr. Edward Willes, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and joint decipherer (with his son Edward Willes, afterwards chief justice of the common pleas) to the king. Dr. Willes was first employed in that capacity upon the proceedings against Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, for a treasonable correspondence; a considerable pension was settled on him for his services. He died in 1773, in the 81st year of his age. Churchill was ordained a deacon by Bishop Willes on the curacy of Cadbury, Somerset.

Many, if begg'd, a chancellor, of right,
Would order into keeping at first sight. [400]
Those who stand fairest to the public view
Take to themselves the praise to others due,
They rob the very 'Spital, and make free
With those, alas, who've least to spare—we see
——— hath not had a word to say, [405]
Since winds and waves bore Singlespeech away.
Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the bard should make his bow
At coming in, and every now and then

[400] The Lord High Chancellor, by especial authority from the crown, is intrusted with the custody of all idiots and lunatics, and upon petition or information will grant a commission to inquire into the party's state of mind, and if he be found non compos, the care of his person with a suitable allowance for his maintenance, is committed to some friend or relation, who is then called the committee.

[406] The gentleman distinguished by this name, was the Right Honourable William Gerrard Hamilton, who was so called from the circumstance of his having, as his maiden speech in the Irish House of Commons, delivered a very forcible and eloquent harangue, which, despairing of ever being able to surpass, he determined never again to gratify the house with any farther specimens of his oratory. In 1761, he went to Ireland, in the capacity of principal secretary of state to the then Lord-Lieutenant, the Earl of Halifax, and in 1763, we find him Chancellor of the Exchequer for that kingdom. Having secured a pension of £2000 a year on the Irish establishment, he returned to England, and died in 1796, in the 69th year of his age. He was suspected of having been the author of Junius's Letters, a suspicion which he endeavoured to strengthen by an affected mystery whenever the subject was introduced; what store of

Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the present day,
They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
Virgil loved rural ease, and, far from harm,
Mecænas fix'd him in a neat, snug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.
Horace loved wine, and through his friend at court
Could buy it off the quay in every port:
Horace loved mirth, Mecænas loved it too;
They met, they laugh'd as Goy and I may do.
Nor in those moments paid the least regard

literary merit he possessed to countenance such a rumour, we are unacquainted with, for, excepting his celebrated speech, the composition of which was by many attributed to Burke, we are unacquainted with any anecdote favourable to his talents, either as an author or a politician. He derived all his notoriety from his nick-name of Singlespeech, of which he was reminded by Mr. Bruce, the Egyptian traveller, when on an insinuation of Mr. Hamilton's, that it was highly improbable any man should make such fine drawings as Mr. Bruce exhibited for his own, without ever having been known to excel in design, Mr. Bruce said, "Pray, Sir, did you not once make a famous speech in the House of Commons!" "Yes, I did." "And pray, Sir, did you ever make another?" "No, I did not."

420 M. Pierre Goy, a French gentleman of brilliant accomplishments, but dissipated morals, was introduced by Wilkes to Churchill, who, in his last letter to his friend, thus expresses his gratitude to him for the introduction—"I am now to thank you for the acquaintance of Goy, which I deem one of the greatest obligations you have conferred on me."

Dr. Armstrong has likewise celebrated the same gentleman:

"There, lively, genial, friendly Goy and I," &c.

To which was minister, and which was bard.
Not so our patrons—grave as grave can be,
They know themselves, they keep up dignity;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit:
Wit, if familiar made, will find her strength—
'Tis best to keep her weak, and at arm's length.
'Tis well enough for bards, if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live.
Such is their language and their practice such;
They promise little, and they give not much.
Let the weak bard, with prostituted strain,
Praise that proud Scot whom all good men disdain;
What's his reward? why his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rhyme;
Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)
May at the second table get a place,
With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
And ply at crambo o'er his gill of wine.
And are there bards, who, on creation's file,
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair isle

457 Ralph Griffiths was a bookseller in a very humble line, when, having engaged the assistance of some characters of eminence in the literary world, he, in 1749, published the first number of the Monthly Review. The novelty of the design, and the ability with which it was executed, secured the patronage of the public, which it retained for a long series of years. The profit attached to the publication induced Mr. Griffiths to relinquish his shop, and dignify his name as editor with the honourable addition of LL.D. by

The air of freedom, with so little gall,
So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall
Before these idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone?
Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The sight of men, and in some cave, secure
From all the outrages of Pride, to feast
On Nature's salads, and be free at least.
Better (though that, to say the truth, is worse
Than almost any other modern curse)
Discard all sense, divorce the thankless Muse,
Critics commence, and write in the Reviews;
Write without tremor, Griffiths cannot read;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can succeed.
But (not to make a brave and honest pride,
Try those means first, she must disdain when tried)
There are a thousand ways, a thousand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts
May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
Let those, who pine for more, live, and be slaves.
Our real wants in a small compass lie,
But lawless appetite, with eager eye,
Kept in a constant fever, more requires,
And we are burnt up with our own desires.

diploma obtained from a Scottish university. He is said to have cleared nearly £2000 a year by the Review, though he had occasionally some powerful competitors to contend with. This literary veteran died in 1803, in the 83d year of his age.

458 Dr. Langhorne succeeded Smollett as editor of the Critical Review, which was also ably conducted, and was for many years the only competitor of the Monthly Review. See ante, p. 129.

Hence our dependence, hence our slavery springs;
Bards, if contented, are as great as kings.
Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;
We may be independent, if we will.
The man who suits his spirit to his state
Stands on an equal footing with the great;
Moguls themselves are not more rich, and he
Who rules the English nation, not more free.
Chains were not forged more durable and strong
For bards than others, but they've worn them long,
And therefore wear them still; they've quite forgot
What freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
Could they, though in their sleep, could they but know
The blessings which from Independence flow;
Could they but have a short and transient gleam
Of liberty, though 'twas but in a dream,
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But, once made freemen, would be always free.
The Muse, if she one moment freedom gains,
Can never more submit to sing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his song;
But, if some playful child sets wide the door,
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
With love of liberty begins to burn,
And rather starves than to his cage return.
Hail Independence—by true reason taught,
How few have known, and prized thee as they ought!

Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,
Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys;
Ambition some, some avarice, misleads,
And in both cases Independence bleeds.
Abroad, in quest of thee, how many roam,
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home;
Some, though about their paths, their beds about,
Have never had the sense to find thee out:
Others, who know of what they are possest,
Like fearful misers, lock thee in a chest,
Nor have the resolution to produce,
In these bad times, and bring thee forth for use.
Hail, Independence—though thy name's scarce known,
Though thou, alas! art out of fashion grown,
Though all despise thee, I will not despise,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy presence, and enjoy: by angry fate
Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, thou camest, though late,
Thou camest upon me, like a second birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail, Independence—never may my cot,
Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot:
Thither, O thither, oftentimes repair; [there!
Cotes, whom thou lovest too, shall meet thee

520 Humphry Cotes, a wine merchant in St. Martin's Lane, and a strenuous advocate for Wilkes in all his political struggles. He was an honest well-meaning tool of Wilkes, whose business he transacted to the injury of his own: he

All thoughts but what arise from joy give o'er,
Peace dwells within, and Law shall guard the door.
O'erweening Bard! Law guard thy door, what law?
The law of England.—To control and awe
Those saucy hopes, to strike that spirit dumb,
Behold, in state, Administration come.
Why, let her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to suffer all she dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her strength, but will not change my side.
This melting mass of flesh she may control
With iron ribs, she cannot chain my soul.
No—to the last resolved her worst to bear
I'm still at large, and independent there.
Where is this minister? where is the band
Of ready slaves, who at his elbow stand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will?

became bankrupt in 1767, and was treated in his difficulties with the most mortifying indifference and neglect by Mr. Wilkes. They were however reconciled, and poor Cotes again became the drudge of the great patriot, the renewal of whose pretended friendship he thought a sufficient recompense for the slights he had endured from him in his misfortunes. The Rev. Mr. Horne was first introduced to Wilkes by the intervention of their common friend and disciple, Cotes, but in the unfortunate schism which took place between these friends of liberty, Cotes sided with the city dignitary, and though many appeals were made to him in the disgraceful correspondence which was published on the occasion, his recollection extended to nothing that was favourable to the cause of Mr. Horne.

Why, for the first time, are they slow to ill?
When some grand act 'gainst law is to be done,
Doth —— sleep; doth blood-hound —— run
To L——, and worry those small deer,
When he might do more precious mischief here?
Doth Webb turn tail? doth he refuse to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?
Doth ——, at Guilford kick'd from Guilford run,
With that cold lump of unbaked dough, his son,
And, his more honest rival Ketch to cheat,
Purchase a burial-place where three ways meet?
Believe it not; —— is —— still,
And never sleeps, when he should wake to ill:
—— doth lesser mischiefs by the by,
The great ones till the term in petto lie:
——— lives, and, to the strictest justice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.

O my poor Country—weak, and overpower'd
By thine own sons—ate to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I see,
And, for myself not feeling, feel for thee.
I grieve, but can't despair—for, lo, at hand
Freedom presents a choice, but faithful band
Of loyal patriots; men who greatly dare
In such a noble cause; men fit to bear [Sense,
The weight of empire; Fortune, Rank, and
Virtue and Knowledge, leagued with Eloquence,
March in their ranks; Freedom from file to file

Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile
Approves her honest sons, whilst down her cheek.
As 'twere by stealth, (her heart too full to speak)
One tear in silence creeps, one honest tear,
And seems to say, why is not Granby here?
O ye brave few, in whom we still may find
A love of virtue, freedom, and mankind,*
Go forth—in majesty of woe array'd,
See at your feet your country kneels for aid,
And (many of her children traitors grown)
Kneels to those sons she still can call her own;
Seeming to breathe her last in every breath,
She kneels for freedom, or she begs for death—

572 The Marquis of Granby, in 1763, accepted the office of Master-General of the Ordnance, and was in 1766, appointed Commander-in-Chief of all his Majesty's land forces in Great Britain. He was accused by Junius of an improper partiality to his own family and connections in the exercise of his patronage. Sir William Draper undertook his defence until it was signified to him, at the request, it is said, of Lord Granby himself, that it was his Lordship's wish that he should desist from the subject. Junius admits that Sir William Draper's injudicious conduct drew from him more censure on the character of Lord Granby than he originally intended, and concludes the controversy with the following tribute to his memory:—"In private life he was unquestionably that good man, who for the interest of his country, ought to have been a great one. *Bonum virum facile dixeris:—magnum libenter.* I speak of him now without partiality:—I never spoke of him with resentment. His mistakes in public conduct did not arise either from want of sentiment or want of judgment, but, in general, from the difficulty of saying NO to the bad people who surrounded him." See also vol. ii. p. 310.

Fly, then, each duteous son, each English chief,
And to your drooping parent bring relief.
Go forth—nor let the Siren voice of ease
Tempt ye to sleep, whilst tempests swell the seas;
Go forth—nor let Hypocrisy, whose tongue
With many a fair, false, fatal art is hung,
Like Bethel's fawning prophet, cross your way,
When your great errand brooks not of delay;
Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all she meets,
Trembling and pale—a lion in the streets—
Damp your free spirits; let not threats affright,
Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight;
Be as one man—concord success ensures—
There's not an English heart but what is yours.
Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your sight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the champions of your native land.

597 A contemporary poet gives a very different interpretation of the conduct of opposition, whom he represents as thus at once inspired and addressed by the Goddess of Faction:

"To raise the mob, by master-strokes of art,
Inflame the passions, and mislead the heart,
Make happy subjects surfeit on their ease,
Repine at blessings, and grow sick of peace,
To pour the multitude which way we list,
And ere they're injured, set them to resist,
Halloo them on, to roar with frantic zeal,
Against oppressions which no soul can feel,
Till they desire to spill their desperate lives,
For Printers' 'Prentices prerogatives.
To bid a little river flow along
The sole criterion to know right from wrong.

And may the battle prosper in your hand—
It may, it must—ye cannot be withstood—
Be your hearts honest, as your cause is good.

With every lash of infamy impel
The farther side, because it won't rebel,—
On all who dare imply we do amiss,
Point ready obloquy's insulting hiss;
To teach the people this indulgent reign
With every charge of tyranny to stain,
Uncheck'd to swallow contradictions down,
In Antonine's mild look, fear Nero's frown,
Wrest his intention, and distort each fact,
And lend them treason till they long to act;
The Prince against his counsellors to move,
And while we only seem to beg, reprove,
In terms of duty wrap each boisterous deed,
Kneel while we stab, and libel while we plead."

PATRIOTISM.

We are far from giving credit to Wilkes for any one honourable motive in the contest he had with government, it began as it ended, in interest; but the ludicrous combination in the tenth line of the quotation must not lead us to undervalue the important privilege, wrested by his instrumentality, out of the hands of government. The illegality of general warrants, which were by no means without precedent, having been occasionally issued in the best as well as the worst of times, although one of the earliest instances on record is of one issued by the infamous Judge Jefferies, is now established, and our persons and properties secure from any wanton exertions of power in a secretary of state or his subordinate officers. For this exemption we are principally indebted to Earl Temple, who zealously persevered in supporting Wilkes in his legal struggle with government, though he highly disapproved the libellous and factious conduct adopted by that gentleman and his friends. Ministers might probably with effect have defeated the efforts of such men as Wilkes and his dissolute associates; but when the cause was sanctioned by the sup-

port of a powerful nobleman, whose independence and integrity, not even the malevolence of party could assail, the better part of the public were proud of enlisting under his banners, and formed a phalanx in support of this great constitutional question, which administration felt itself unequal to resist.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to what member of the House of Lords, during the early part of the reign of George III. was the most distinguished for talents or eloquence, all parties ultimately agreed in awarding to Earl Temple the more honourable meed of praise for unsullied private worth, combined with the most disinterested and consistent public conduct, distinguished alike for constitutional integrity of purpose, and of equal loyalty to the crown and to the people. His powerful vindication of the liberty of the press, and of the subject, was visited by his dismissal from the Lord Lieutenancy of the county of Bucks, at the same time that Wilkes was removed from the command of the militia of that county.

The public, already sufficiently displeased with this marked censure of the crown on Earl Temple, were equally disgusted at seeing that virtuous and high-minded nobleman supplanted, under the influence of Lord Bute, by Lord Le Despencer, his former chancellor of the exchequer, the man to whom a sum of five figures was an impenetrable secret, and to make the contrast still more complete, who had been the leader of the Medmenham revels.

The following lines on occasion of Earl Temple's removal, were said to have been written and presented to him by his amiable countess.

To honour virtue in the Lord of Stowe,
The power of courtiers can no farther go;
Forbid him court, from council blot his name:
E'en these *distinctions* cannot *raze* his fame.
Friend to the liberties of England's state,
'Tis not to courts he looks to make him great;
He to his much loved country trusts his cause,
And dares assert the honour of her laws.

THE JOURNEY.*

Some of my friends, (for friends I must suppose
All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good will, and, not more full of spite
Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
Some of my friends, (so lavishly I print)
As more in sorrow than in anger, hint
(Though that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
That I shall run my stock of genius out,
My no great stock, and, publishing so fast,
Must needs become a bankrupt at the last.

"The husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,
Which, rich in disposition, pays his toil
More than a hundredfold, which swells his store

* This short piece was published soon after the author's death, and was the only complete poem, if such it may be considered, which he left behind him in manuscript. There are no symptoms of any decay of genius perceptible in it; the advice of his friends, and his answers are well managed, and the satire although occasionally misdirected, and throughout unreasonably severe, is conveyed with appropriate energy of diction.

10 When Congreve brought out the Old Bachelor, his first comedy, it is reported, that Dryden, on being asked his opinion of it said, it was the finest comedy in the language, and that he pitied the young author greatly, as he had laid out as much wit in that one piece as would have served half a dozen, and that if he went on at that rate, he must soon become a bankrupt.

E'en to his wish, and makes his barns run o'er,
By long experience taught, who teaches best,
Foregoes his hopes a while, and gives it rest:
The land, allow'd its losses to repair,
Refresh'd, and full in strength, delights to wear
A second youth, and to the farmer's eyes
Bids richer crops, and double harvests rise.

Nor think this practice to the earth confined,
It reaches to the culture of the mind.
The mind of man craves rest, and cannot bear,
Though next in power to God's, continual care.
Genius himself (nor here let Genius frown)
Must, to ensure his vigour, be laid down,
And follow'd well: had Churchill known but this,
Which the most slight observer scarce could miss,
He might have flourish'd twenty years, or more,
Though now, alas! poor man! worn out in four."

Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
I feel, alas! this melancholy truth,
Thanks to each cordial, each advising friend,
And am, if not too late, resolved to mend,
Resolved to give some respite to my pen,
Apply myself once more to books and men,

30 Our author did not live to complete even his fourth poetic year; the Rosciad having been published in March 1761, and Independence in September, 1764. It is a melancholy reflection, and sufficiently mortifying to men of parts and genius, that most of his brilliant companions fell, with himself, victims, in the prime of life, to the want of that discretion in their own conduct which they had as wittily ridiculed in some as they had imprudently despised in others of their less gifted contemporaries.

View what is present, what is past review,
And, my old stock exhausted, lay in new.
For twice six moons, (let winds, turn'd porters, bear
This oath to heaven) for twice six moons, I swear,
No Muse shall tempt me with her Siren lay,
Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way.
Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that friend,
Who, in my hearing, shall a rhyme commend.
It cannot be—whether I will, or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow.
Convinced, determined, I in prose begin,
But ere I write one sentence, verse creeps in,
And taints me through and through, by this good light

46 Two of the most harmonious poets that any age or country has produced, lament the inveteracy of a similar early propensity to poetry in themselves.

Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas
Mæonides nullus ipse reliquit opes.
Motus eram dictis totoque Helicone relicto
Scribere conabar verba soluta modis
Sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos
Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat. OVID. TRIST.

As yet a child nor yet a fool to fame
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came. POPE.

This involuntary tendency to poetry was productive, in the instances before us, of the most happy fruits, calculated amply to repay us for the reams of poetry discharged upon the town by persons labouring under the cacoethes scribendi. In the former case the poet is the only complainant, in the latter the reader is the victim.

In verse I talk by day, I dream by night!
If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rhyme.
E'en now I err, in spite of common sense,
And my confession doubles my offence.
Rest then, my friends;—spare, spare your precious breath,
And be your slumbers not less sound than death;
Perturbed spirits rest, nor thus appear,
To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear;
On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
Nor e'en in verse become economist.
Rest then, my friends, nor hateful to my eyes,
Let Envy, in the shape of Pity, rise
To blast me ere my time; with patience wait,
('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
Shall glut your pride, and every son of phlegm
Find ample room to censure and condemn.
Read some three hundred lines, (no easy task,
But probably the last that I shall ask)
And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
Nay not so much, revenge is in your power,
And yet may cry, ere Time hath turn'd his glass,
Lo! what we prophesied is come to pass.
Let those, who poetry in poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame;
Let those who are by fiction's charms enslaved,
Return me thanks for half-a-crown well saved;
Let those who love a little gall in rhyme
Postpone their purchase now, and call next time;

Let those who, void of nature, look for art,
Take up their money, and in peace depart;
Let those who, energy of diction prize,
For Billingsgate quit Flexney, and be wise:
Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force,
Mean are the words, and such as come of course;
The subject not less simple than the lay;
A plain, unlabour'd Journey of a Day.

Far from me now be every tuneful maid,
I neither ask nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the Sisters of the hill
Behold their bard in such a dishabille.
Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let them caress some dearer son of rhyme;
Let them, as far as decency permits,
Without suspicion, play the fool with wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are safe things; there's danger in a fool.

82 The publisher of his poems. Mr. Flexney died Jan. 7, 1808, aged 77, having handed over to the present editor, in 1803, the very few manuscripts he had preserved of, or relating to Churchill, and from which but little information could be collected; he was at the same time confident that none others existed, and which the lapse of time has confirmed. Few instances in the literary world occur of a man who had filled so eminent a position in it as Churchill leaving so few memorials of himself behind; the fact is, he destroyed most, if not all his manuscripts, and his dissipated associates were too much occupied in their own irregular pursuits, to care to collect the disjecta membra of their friend.

Let them, though modest, Gray more modest woo; [99]
Let them with Mason bleat, and bray, and coo;

[99] The prominent feature in the character of Gray was a fastidious apprehension of being taken for a mere man of letters; without birth, fortune, or station, he wished to be considered as a private gentleman, who read and wrote only for his amusement. He indulged in all the modish niceties of dress, and on his return from his travels wore a muff, to the great amusement of the young men of the University, where he was commonly called by the name of Miss Gray. If he went to a coffee-house he would tell the waiter in a tone the most affected to give him "that silly paper book," meaning a magazine, or review. Timorous as effeminate, and fearful of accidents, he had a ladder to let down from his window in case of fire. Some young men of his college wantonly set up a false alarm in order to draw him upon his ladder; and this, together with the intentional disturbances of some gay men of fortune on his staircase, occasioned his removing himself from St. Peter's College to Pembroke Hall; he had complained to the governing part of the society, and not thinking that his remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, "he left his lodgings," as he himself expresses it, "because his rooms were noisy, and the people of the house uncivil." Mr. Macaulay, adverting to Dr. Johnson's unjust and illiberal, if not inconsistent views of some of our greatest poets, and their greatest works, and which even his authority has failed in establishing on the public mind, observes — "Gray was in his dialect a barren rascal; Churchill was a blockhead. The contempt which he felt for the trash of Macpherson was indeed just, but it was, we suspect, just by chance. He despised the Fingal for the very reason which led many men of genius to admire it. He despised it, not because it was essentially commonplace, but because it had a superficial of originality."

[100] What cause of offence Mason had given to our author

Let them with Francklin, proud of some small Greek, [101]
Make Sophocles, disguised in English speak;

we are unacquainted with, but some there must have existed, to have occasioned such frequent acrimonious mention of a poet who, if he never rose to the sublimity of his friend Gray, never sunk to the simplicity of Whitehead, and whose dramas, and elegy on the death of the Countess of Coventry, will endure the test of the decies repetita of Horace.

[101] Dr. Francklin's translation of Sophocles did not deserve this censure. It is a bold and happy transfusion into the English language of the terrible simplicity of the Greek tragedian; when the difficulty of the task is taken into consideration, few translations will be found to have greater merit, or possess more independent claims to approbation than Dr. Francklin's Sophocles, which may be read with pleasure by the most fastidious critic in taste and language.

[103] Mr. Glover, in his tragedy of Medea, attempted to improve upon Euripides and Seneca; the unities are preserved throughout, and the diction is, in general, harmonious and picturesque. The thoughts are, however, sometimes spun too fine, the expletives *well* and *nay* too frequently occur, and a languid coldness pervades the piece. Some of the epithets are stiff, and the blank verse odes, introduced by way of chorus, are disagreeable to ears accustomed to rhyme. Mrs. Yates usually selected this play for her benefit. Glover might find compensation for this contemptuous allusion to his tragedy, in the high compliment paid to him by Burke, when adverting to evidence given by him at the bar of the House of Commons: "The commerce of our colonies is out of all proportion beyond the numbers of the people. This ground of their commerce, indeed, has been trod some days ago, and with great ability, by a distinguished person at your bar. This gentleman, after thirty-five years—it is so long since he first appeared at the same place to plead for the commerce of Great Britain—has come again before you to plead the same cause, without any other effect of time than that, to the

Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Dodsley wail Cleone's woes,
Whilst he, fine feeling creature, all in tears,

ire of imagination and extent of erudition which even then marked him as one of the first literary characters of the age, he has added a consummate knowledge of the commercial interests of his country, formed by a long course of enlightened and discriminating experience.

104 Cleone, a tragedy by Robert Dodsley, having been rejected by Garrick, was first acted at Covent Garden, in 1758. It is founded upon the old legend of St. Genevieve, written originally in French, and translated into English by Sir William Lower about two hundred years ago. Pope began a tragedy on the same subject, but, not liking it, destroyed the manuscript. It is one of those strange tales devised by romance writers when that species of composition was in its infancy, and had not yet assumed the garb of probability. Mr. Langton, when a young man, read Dodsley's Cleone to Dr. Johnson, not aware of his extreme impatience at being read to. As it went on, the Dr. turned his face to the back of the chair, and put himself into various attitudes which marked his uneasiness. At the end of an act, however, he said — "Come let's have some more; let's go into the slaughter-house again, Lanky, but I am afraid there is more blood than brains." The play was acted a few seasons with some success, but has now lain dormant for many years; the production of a fashionable bookseller of extensive patronage and trade was hailed by his authors and noble customers as a wonderful effort of genius; he is thus made to speak for himself, by Cuthbert Shaw, a contemporary satirist:

"———, a bookseller and bard
May sure with justice claim the first regard.
A double merit's surely his, that's wont
To make the fiddle, and then play upon't
But more, to prove beyond a doubt my claim,
Behold the work on which I build my fame!

Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with simple Whitehead taught to creep

Search every tragic scene of Greece and Rome,
From ancient Sophocles to modern Home,
Examine well the conduct, diction, plan,
And match, then match Cleone, if you can." RACE.

The first work of Dodsley, who had been a servant to Miss Lowther, was a thin 8vo volume of poems, written by himself, and published by subscription, entitled the Muse in Livery; he was much patronized by Pope and Spence, which occasioned the following lines in one of Curll's malignant epistles to the former:

"'Tis kind, indeed a *livery man* to aid,
Who scribbles farces to augment his trade:
Where you and Spence and Glover drive the nail,
The deuce is in it if the plot should fail."

Dodsley originated the suggestion of a stamp upon receipts for money, and the government testified their gratitude to him for it, by granting him a pension of £300 per annum, charged on the stamp revenue.

Though Dodsley was unequal to receive the sublime inspiration of Melpomene, his lighter pieces, particularly the Miller of Mansfield, and the Toy Shop in verse, and the Economy of Human Life in prose, are no unfavourable specimens of his genius. There is an easy chaste familiarity in his lighter pieces, whether prose or verse, which will always render them popular and pleasing. That he should even acquire the reputation he deservedly attained is matter of astonishment when we consider that he was originally a livery servant; while it is highly creditable to his memory that he never forgot his origin, and was always unaffectedly grateful to his benefactors. His integrity in trade was unsullied, and his conduct to authors was liberal in the extreme. That valuable publication, the Annual Register, originated with him in 1758, at the suggestion of Burke, who was the principal contributor to it. Dodsley died in September, 1764,

Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep;
Let them with Brown contrive, no vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living sick; 110

while at Durham on a visit to Spence, leaving Garrick to regret that he had treated with affected contempt, one of so amiable and meek a spirit. Garrick had interested Warburton in his own favour, as appears by a letter to him from the bishop, beginning, "Dodsley is a wretched fellow; and no man ever met with a worse return than you have done for your endeavours to serve him," and ending, "As to Master Robert Dodsley, I rate him at his worth, and he being worth nothing, we shall hardly come to a bargain."

The cause of controversy between Garrick and Dodsley was some alleged caprice, if not insincerity on the part of the former and his ultimately declining to bring out the unfortunate Cleone at his theatre. In his correspondence with Dodsley, during the breach, he addressed him as *Master* Robert Dodsley, thus, according to the fashion of the time, degrading him below that rank of a gentleman, which Dodsley had most honestly earned. Dr. Johnson, whose opinion of the tragedy we have just collected, yet generously exerted himself in its support, as appears in one of his letters to Langton.

"The two Wartons just looked into the town and were taken to see Cleone, where David says they were starved for want of company to keep them warm. David and Doddy have had a new quarrel, and, I think, cannot conveniently quarrel any more. Cleone was well acted by all the characters. I went to the first night and supported it as well as I might, for Doddy you know is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage side, and cried at the distress of poor Cleone."

Dodsley was the publisher of the very pleasing and popular collection of miscellaneous poetry called by his name, and which has had many successors but no equals.

107 In the early part of this volume we had occasion to notice Whitehead's affected dedication of his "School for

Let them, in charity to Murphy, give
Some old French piece, that he may steal and live;

Lovers" to the memory of Fontenelle. This play, which can neither be called tragedy nor comedy, was the first of that class of soft-sensationy dramas, which, for twenty years, deluged the theatre with the tears of elegant distress; in the succeeding twenty years, our modern makers of plays, or rather of tricks, enriched themselves, and amused the town with the contrasted scenes of a low buffoonry that would have disgraced Bartholomew fair; and of a maudlin sensibility of German growth, excited by circumstances of vulgar interest, of which a good substantial English meal, by removing the cause, would, for at least four-and-twenty hours, have destroyed the effect. [1804.]

109 The Cure of Saul, a sacred ode by Dr. Brown, was set to music and performed as an oratorio, in 1763; the author in it attempted to express the various powers of that music, whereby the Israelitish shepherd charmed his unhappy prince. If this sacred ode does not rise to the poetry and harmony of Dryden's "St. Cecilia," it has, nevertheless, with a few exceptions, no small degree of beauty and merit, and ranks with the most distinguished lyric compositions. In the stanza beginning, "By sleepless terror Saul possessed," the dreadful images of terror and distraction are well sustained, and the measure of the verse happily corresponds with the subject. The harmony and imagery of the following passages are equally beautiful throughout:

Lead the soothing verse along:
He feels, he feels the power of song.
Ocean hastens to his bed:
The labouring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head;
Down his steep and shaggy side
The torrent rolls his thundering tide;
Then smooth and clear, along the fertile plain
Winds his majestic waters to the distant main.
Flocks and herds the hills adorn,

Let them with antic Foote subscriptions get,
And advertise a summer-house of wit.
Thus, or in any better way they please,

The lark high-soaring hails the morn;
And while along yon crimson-clouded steep
The slow sun steals into the golden deep,
Hark! the solemn nightingale
Warbles to the woodland dale;
See descending angels shower
Heaven's own bliss on Eden's bower;
Peace on nature's lap reposes,
Pleasure strews her guiltless roses;
Joys divine in circles move,
Link'd with innocence and love.
Hail, happy love, with innocence combined;
All hail, ye sinless parents of mankind.

The passage that follows this, and, for the instruction of the monarch, represents the miseries of our first parents as the consequence of their guilt, has likewise many beauties. The unhappy king could not but apply this part of the song to himself:

—With pride and shame and anguish torn,
Shot fury from his eyes and scorn.
The glowing youth,
Bold in truth,
(So still should virtue guilty power engage,)
With brow undaunted met his rage,
See, his cheek kindles into generous fire;
Stern he bends him o'er his lyre;
And, while the doom of guilt he sings,
Shakes horror from the tortured strings.

Nothing can be more happily expressive than the last line; we almost tremble while we read it. Some exceptionable passages might be pointed out, but they are excusable, ubi plura nitent.—*Dr. Anderson's Life of Dr. Brown.*

Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, observes, that

With these great men, or with great men like
these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.
If fashionable grown, and fond of power,
With *humorous* Scots let them disport their
hour,

the music to the Cure of Saul was partly selected by Brown, from such favourite movements in the works of the most celebrated composers, as would best express the sense of the words. He took, in particular, for a solo air, the sarabaud in the eighth sonata of Purcel's second opera; and for the chorus, that most admirable movement in Purcel's "O give thanks," "Remember me, O Lord," with such success, that any stranger would have thought that the music had been originally composed for the ode.

111 For Murphy and his plagiarisms, see vol. i. p. 17, 131.

113 For Foote and his Summer Theatre, see vol. i. p. 11.

122 The strong bias in favour of the Stuarts, discernible in Hume's history, rendered him, at the time, extremely obnoxious to the whigs, and to those who considered the fundamental rights of the people of this country, as having their root in the Saxon constitution, and not as so many encroachments upon regal prerogative. Party spirit ran very high at the period of its publication, and Hume was loaded with imputations, which he did not deserve to the extent to which they were carried by the virulence of faction. Public opinion has now set its seal on Hume's England as the best historical work in the language; for though it possesses not the glow of Gibbon, nor the sustained correctness of Robertson; it excels them both in the lucid style of its composition, combining great depth of observation with the most comprehensive views of his subject, thus opening a wide field for meditation to the reader, and for which we look in vain in most other historians. A mere grammarian, like Wakefield, might, in the exercise of his hypercritical talents, discover some Gallic blemishes

Let them dance, fairy like, round Ossian's tomb;
Let them forge lies and histories for Hume;
Let them with Home, the very prince of verse,
Make something like a tragedy in Erse; 124

and verbal misconstructions, while the spirit and essence of the historian would escape his jaundiced eye. Making due allowance for the prejudices of Hume in behalf of his favourite political system, we must pronounce his to be the only History of England which can be read as such with mingled profit and delight. In a search for information as to the detail and accuracy of facts, Rapin may be depended upon; and respecting particular epochs, Clarendon and Burnet will prove our safest guides, but taken as a whole, it remains, and will probably long remain, unequalled. Attempts to supersede him have repeatedly been made, but from partial Smollett down to crabbed Coote, not one narrator of English history has stood the test of competition with David Hume (1804). We need scarcely add, that Mr. Hallam's Constitutional History of England had not then been published.

The most brilliant period of Hume's existence was during his residence at Paris, as secretary to the British Embassy, where he wallowed to the fullest extent in the convivial and literary luxuries of that gay city at its most brilliant and at the same time most licentious period.

Mason, in his heroic epistle, thus well describes him:

Let David Hume from the remotest north,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth,
David who there supinely deigns to lye
The fattest hog of Epicurus' stye,
Though drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
David shall bless old England's halcyon days.

123 Home was induced, by the merited success of Douglas, to prosecute his dramatic career. That his subsequent attempts should have merely proved abortive, is not so much matter of wonder, as that he could be capable of writing such

Under dark allegory's flimsy veil
Let them with Ogilvie spin out a tale
Of rueful length; let them plain things obscure,
Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor
Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth;
With every pert prim prettiness of youth,
Born of false taste, with Fancy (like a child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated style, by affectation taught,
With much false colouring, and little thought,

trash as Agis, and the Siege of Aquileia. As the latter was the last of his productions which appeared in the lifetime of our author, we conceive this allusion as immediately applicable to it. It is a curious fact that this tragedy really represents the siege of Berwick, and not that of Aquileia, to which it bears no other than a nominal affinity; but Home being apprehensive of offending an English audience by representing Edward III. as a brutal tyrant, changed the scene of action to one that had some little analogy to it.

126 John Ogilvie, A. M., was the author of Providence, an allegorical poem, published in 1764, in which it is attempted to follow the example of Prodicus and Cebes, and by blending the agreeable with the useful, to arrange all the most cogent arguments in favour of the divine providence, which are to be met with in the best writers on the subject; and to enliven and adorn them with pleasing allegorical imagery and harmonious numbers. The author divides his poem into three parts, in which he distinctly treats of the attributes and power of the Supreme Being, the revelation of his will, and of the conduct of his providence with regard to human life. He enlarges upon these several heads with considerable perspicuity and strength of argument; but they involve subjects so serious and abstruse, that few readers can follow the chain of the discussion with that ease which can alone render poetry pleasing. He evidently imitates Akenside without attaining

With phrases strange, and dialect decreed
By reason never to have pass'd the Tweed,
With words, which nature meant each other's foe,
Forced to compound whether they will or no;
With such materials, let them, if they will,
To prove at once their pleasantry and skill,
Build up a bard to war 'gainst common sense,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,

his harmony of style, and the intolerable length of the poem will for ever preclude its revival, if it can ever have been said to live. Subjects of this nature do not easily accord with poetry less sublime than that of Milton or of Young. The principal charm of Lucretius is in his digressions, while the authors of Paradise Lost and the Night Thoughts exclusively possess the power of interesting the heart at the same time that they captivate the understanding with arguments, which, if not always philosophically correct, are urged with a poetic fervour of inspiration, which almost supplies the place of demonstration.

The following lines are so much in the style and manner of Dr. Akenside as to evince a near approach to the standard of that powerful writer.

"Know then, whate'er in nature's ample field
The scanty ken of thy revolving eye
Hath mark'd as evil; in the general plan
Is just, is beauteous: the conjoining parts,
Though each, when separate, like a single limb
In some proportion'd shape appears deform'd,
As view'd apart; yet when exactly wrought
In the full work, an heighten'd grace assumes,
And aids the perfect symmetry of all."

143 Dr John Armstrong, who has in that beautiful poem, the Art of Preserving Health, convinced us by his own example, that we ought not to blame antiquity for acknowledg-

Read musty lectures on Benevolence,
Or con the pages of his gaping Day,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,

ing one power of physic melody, and song, was, until the publication of the North Briton, on the most intimate footing of friendship with Wilkes and Churchill. He could not however but feel hurt at the constant attacks made upon his countrymen the Scotch; and in politics he by no means approved of the system adopted by his friends. In 1761, while physician to the English army in Germany, he wrote a careless epistle to Wilkes, called Day, which was published (as a prefatory advertisement confesses) "without the knowledge or consent of the author, or of the gentleman to whom it was addressed." In this poem he wantonly hazarded a reflection, which drew on him the unrelenting vengeance of our satirist. The lines at which Churchill took offence, though the application is by no means obvious, were these:

What news to day?—I ask you not what rogue,
What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue;
What forward blundering fool was last preferr'd,
By mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd;
With what new cheat the gaping town is smit;
What *crazy scribbler* reigns the present wit;
What stuff for winter the two booths have mixt,
What bouncing mimic grows a *Roscius* next.

Armstrong, it may be acknowledged, had thus given the first cause of offence, but the retaliation was unjustifiably severe; he was incapable of the crime with which he is charged, and the imputation of ingratitude, originating in some pecuniary obligations he had formerly been under to Wilkes, does not apply to the character of Armstrong, who always acknowledged the obligation, and sincerely lamented the first interruption and consequent dissolution of their friendship, as solely attributable to the malign influence they were both under of the demon of party. An allusion is also made by Churchill to a poem of the doctor's, entitled "Benevolence, an Epistle to Eumenes," which, though too satirical for such a

Where all, but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,

subject, is written with much spirited conciseness, and contains a lively representation of character, couched in language of much sprightliness and wit.

He also wrote "Taste, a Poem," and "Sketches or Essays on various subjects, in two parts," under the name of Lancelot Temple, Esq. in which it was generally understood that he had been assisted by Mr. Wilkes.

As Day is not to be found among the collection of Armstrong's poems in general circulation, we will, for the amusement of the reader, extract from it the following dissuasive against the use of port, a liquor then first coming into general use as the staple after-dinner beverage:

——————— Amid your careless glee
You'll swallow port one time for cote rotie:
But you, aware of the Lethean flood,
Will scarce repeat the dose; forbid you should!
'Tis such a deadly foe to all that's bright,
'Twould soon encumber e'en your fancy's flight;
And if 'tis true, what some wise preacher says,
That we our generous ancestors disgrace,
The fault from this pernicious fountain flows,
Hence half our follies, half our crimes and woes;
And ere our maudlin genius mounts again,
'Twill cause a sea of claret and champagne
Of this retarding glue to rinse the nation's brain.
The mud-fed carp refines among the springs,
And time and Burgundy might do great things,
But health and pleasure we for trade despise,
For Portugal's grudged gold our genius dies.
O hapless race! O land to be bewail'd!
With murders, treasons, horrid deaths, appall'd,
Where dark-red skies with livid thunders frown
While earth convulsive shakes her cities down;

But not one hour of darkness: when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when memory wakes,
When for our past misdoings, conscience takes
A deep revenge, when, by reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
Let every muse be gone; in vain he turns,
And tries to pray for sleep; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna, in his coward breast,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest:

> Where hell in heaven's name holds her impious court,
> And the grape bleeds out that black poison, port:
> Sad poison to themselves, to us still worse,
> Brew'd and rebrew'd, a double, treble curse.

Howell says, "Portugal affords no wines worth transporting;" the first importation of port wine into England took place about the year 1703, the date of the Methuen treaty, it being then deemed impolitic to encourage the vintage of France.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1792, is inserted a curious paper, purporting to be the substance of a conversation which took place in April, 1773, between Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Wilkes, on the subject of some personally abusive papers against the doctor, which appeared in the Public Advertiser, and were generally attributed to the pen of the latter. At this interview, the parties reproach each other with considerable asperity for their political rancour and national prejudices, and conclude the dialogue with mutual dissatisfaction. Dr. Armstrong died in Sept. 1779.

The Art of preserving Health, though included with Dr. Armstrong's minor poems in several collections of the British poets, has not acquired that degree of public favour which, in our opinion, it merits. Dr. Wharton, in his edition of Virgil, observes, that "to describe so difficult a thing gracefully and poetically as the effects of distemper on the human body was reserved for Dr. Armstrong, who has nobly executed it." Among other admirable passages, the description of the

Though soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring;
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.
Thus, or in any better way they please,
With these great men, or with great men like these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my journey all alone proceed. 166

ravages of the sweating sickness, A. D. 1485, is fraught with truth and feeling, of which, in confirmation, we might quote some pathetic lines on the effects of the disease, but we will confine ourselves to such only as describe it:

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung,
With rash combustion thence the quivering spark
Shot to the heart and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fire.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats, but naught assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear; they burn'd and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent; thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge labourings heaved.
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head;
A wild delirium came, their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown: a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses. So they slept and died.

FRAGMENT OF A

DEDICATION TO DR. W. WARBURTON,

BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

THE manuscript of this unfinished poem was found among the few papers Churchill left behind him at his death, and appears to have been intended by him as the dedication of a volume of sermons to the learned prelate, against whom he on all occasions aimed the most malignant shafts of satire. While we sincerely lament that deplorable infatuation which induced our author thus to sully his own fame, by endeavouring, at the instigation of his profligate friend, to wound the character of one of the brightest ornaments of English literature, we cannot refuse our admiration to this imperfect poem, as the most highly wrought of all the author's works: the grave Cervantes' mask of humour never once falls off, and had Churchill lived to complete these lines, it is impossible to say how far the happy vein of irony which pervades them might not have been carried.

In a former volume will be found a full account of Dr. Warburton, which will assist in explaining the allusions in this poem, relative to the bishop's original destination, and his fortunate connection with Mr. Allen of Prior Park.

Warburton and Johnson, both objects of Churchill's impotent attacks, still remain the Gog and Magog of English prose literature, unapproached and unapproachable in their universal range of erudition, and as profound and original thinkers, speakers, and writers; Dr. Parr affected to imitate both, but fell immeasurably short of either.

Coleridge, in one of his essays in the Friend, the earliest and best of his prose works, has well characterized the impetuous and vindictive tone of Warburton's writings; of whose Divine Legation, and the pamphlets he published in support of it, he says, "He always seems to write as if he

deemed it a duty of decorum to publish his fancies on the Mosaic law, as the law itself was delivered, that is in 'thunders and lightnings,' or as if he had applied to his own book instead of the sacred mount: There shall not a hand touch it, but he shall surely be stoned or shot through."

As to the authenticity of Churchill's Sermons, some observations will be found in a note upon the poem, and we subjoin a letter addressed to George Colman, the elder, by the late Rev. R. Shepherd, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, and one of the early academical associates of Churchill, Thornton, and Colman. He was afterwards archdeacon of Bedford, and was a learned, pious, and exemplary clergyman.

DEAR SIR, *Brighton, Sept.* 27, 1765.

YOUR favour was sent to me to this place, having first laid some time in Duke Street, or you would have received an earlier answer to your inquiries concerning the genuineness of Churchill's sermons. He used laughingly to say they were none of his: whose they were, the public, if they could, might find out. I always suspected them to have been compilations, and compilations of his father's: for he himself, I am persuaded, would not have submitted to that kind of drudgery: they would either have been his own, or transcripts had they been entirely from his own desk, and accordingly some of them have been said to be transcripts from a Dr. Stephenson; but I have never given myself the trouble to inquire minutely into the truth of such a report. If I should in future have an opportunity of looking into such an author, your inquiry will induce me not to pass it by. Yours truly,

R. SHEPHERD.

The greater portion of the few comments written by Wilkes on Churchill's poems were notes on this Dedication to Warburton, and not notes on Warburton, as Lord Brougham erroneously calls them in his hasty and consequently imperfect sketch of the character of Wilkes.

DEDICATION.

HEALTH to great Glo'ster—from a man unknown,
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own,
Accept this greeting—nor let modest fear
Call up one maiden blush—I mean not here
To wound with flattery, 'tis a villain's art,
And suits not with the frankness of my heart.
Truth best becomes an orthodox divine,
And, spite of hell, that character is mine:
To speak e'en bitter truths I cannot fear;
But truth, my Lord, is panegyric here.
Health to great Glo'ster—nor, through love of ease,
Which all priests love, let this address displease.
I ask no favour, not one *note* I crave,
And when this busy brain rests in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have rest)
I will not trouble you with one request.
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a son,

[13] The readers of Pope and Shakspeare can best appreciate the forbearance of our author, in declining the benefit of the Doctor's notes. Churchill had already expressed his sense of any such intended obligation:

"Nor soul-gall'd Bishop damn me with a *note*."

CANDIDATE.

In that dread hour executor I'll leave,
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give, but little.—To great Glo'ster health;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a false alarm—in purse though poor,
In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free:
I, though a dedicator, scorn a fee.
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.

[25] The reverend emissary who waited on Churchill, on the behalf of a noble lord, soon after the advertisement of his intended poem of Ayliffe's Ghost, could alone properly explain this passage. The untimely death of the poet deprived us of that elegy, but his lordship was convinced at last, that every man has not his price. See Vol. ii. p. 43.

[28] The active benevolence of Mr. Allen is celebrated by Pope in these lines:

> "Let low-born Allen, with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

In the subsequent editions of his works, Pope substituted the epithet of humble for that of low-born, and in a letter to Mr. Allen mentions the alteration as having taken place, merely because he sincerely thought it more appropriate, and that it was his wish that the public should be satisfied that it was not made at the suggestion of Mr. Allen or of any of his friends. Warburton, in his notes upon nearly every word of the above quotation, takes the opportunity of exalting the character of his patron, whom he represents Pope as considering to be "in fact all and much more than he had feigned in the imaginary virtues of the Man of Ross. One, who, whether he be considered in his civil, social, domestic, or religious capacity, is an ornament to human nature." In a

Think not, a thought unworthy thy great soul,
Which pomps of this world never could control,
Which never offer'd up at Power's vain shrine,
Think not that pomp and power can work on mine.
'Tis not thy name, though that indeed is great,
'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state,
'Tis not thy title, Doctor though thou art,
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce; names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by mistaken kings,
Titles are oft' misplaced; mitres, which shine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unless set off by virtue; who deceives
Under the sacred sanction of lawn sleeves
Enhances guilt, commits a double sin;
So fair without, and yet so foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien,
Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty cupids, as in ambush, lie,

note in a former volume, we mentioned the noble fortune he justly earned by his suggestion of cross-posts, and which is thus adverted to in an official report on the Post-office revenue, previous to the recent revolution in that department: "The year 1720 was distinguished by a new reform in the Post-office arrangement; this was the improvement of the cross-posts by Mr. Allen, who farmed them at a certain sum, with the understanding that whatever new profits might be realized by his plans, should be his own during his lifetime. It is stated, that he was so successful in his schemes, as to make an average profit of nearly £12,000 a year, during forty-two years."

Which can from sixty to sixteen impart
The force of Love, and point his blunted dart;
'Tis not thy face, though that by nature's made
An index to thy soul; though there display'd
We see thy mind at large, and through thy skin
Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within;
'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories shine——
But what is birth,—when to delight mankind,
Heralds can make those arms they cannot find,
When thou art to thyself, thy sire unknown,
A whole Welsh genealogy alone?
No; 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right just estimation here on earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholesome source, thy mind,
Thy known contempt of persecution's rod,
Thy charity for man, thy love of God,
Thy faith in Christ, so well approved 'mongst men,
Which now give life and utterance to my pen.
Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
'Tis not the Bishop, but the Saint, I praise:
Raised by that theme, I soar on wings more strong,
And burst forth into praise withheld too long.

Much did I wish, e'en whilst I kept those sheep
Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep,
Ordain'd, alas! to keep through need, not choice,

[75] Churchill succeeded his father in the curacy and lectureship of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster; his con-

Those sheep which never heard their shepherd's
voice,
Which did not know, yet would not learn their
way,
Which stray'd themselves, yet grieved that I should
stray;
Those sheep which my good father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
Kept well, yet starved himself, e'en at that time

duct there was for some time exemplary, but latterly, the complete dereliction of his duty justly incurred the displeasure of his parishioners, who complained to his diocesan of his excesses, upon which Churchill, in January, 1763, resigned his situation, and with it the dress, the last remaining badge of his clerical function.

77, 78 In the author's first manuscript these lines stood thus:

Which, accents of rebuke could never bear,
Nor would have heeded Christ, had Christ been there.

83 Churchill's sermons, which form the fourth volume of the edition of his works, published by Flexney in 1774, afford specimens amply sufficient to establish the truth of the assertion contained in this line, and leave us no room to question the soporific tendency of our author's sacred oratory. Dr. Kippis, in the Biographia Britannica, though completely misinformed as to the fact of their publication, and probably unfounded in his doubts of Churchill being their author, is critically correct in the judgment he pronounces upon them, "with respect to the sermons, which are ten in number, two upon the nature of prayer in general, and eight upon our Lord's prayer, there certainly could be no other reason for publishing them, than to obtain the benefit of a large subscription. The present Biographer, that he might be able to form an exact judgment, hath, with exemplary patience, read them

Whilst I was pure and innocent of rhyme,
Whilst, sacred dullness ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,
Much did I wish, though little could I hope,
A friend in him who was the friend of Pope.

His hand, said I, my youthful steps shall guide,
And lead me safe where thousands fall beside;
His temper, his experience, shall control,
And hush to peace the tempest of my soul;

all; and he is obliged to pronounce concerning them, that they are written with an uniform mediocrity, and if he were to add dullness, he would not be far from the truth. There is no animation in the discourses; nor could a single passage be selected from them, which displays the fire of genius, or the force of imagination. The sentiments are practical and not usually to be found fault with; but there is not a thought that is new, or which indicates any peculiar strength of conception. The style is perspicuous without the least pretensions to elegance. There is a dull formality in it, and we often meet with the words, *thereto*, *therefrom*, *herefrom*, *whereof*, *hereunto*, and others of a like kind. The sermons have all the air as if they had been composed by some plain clergyman in the beginning of the century. On the whole, we have no idea that Mr. Churchill was the author of them; for surely whatever came from his pen must have manifested some traces of the natural vigour and acuteness of his mind. He probably found them in his father's closet." Judging from internal evidence, we might conclude with Dr. Kippis against the probability of our satirist having been the author of these sermons, had we not the authority of his brother for asserting them to be his composition. They were written before the appearance of the Rosciad, but were not published until after that, and other poems, had established the author's reputation. Churchill sold them to Messrs. Flexney and Kearsley for £250; Dr. Kippis, in consequence of following

His judgment teach me, from the critic school,
How not to err, and how to err by rule;
Instruct me, mingle profit with delight,
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakspeare was not right;
Where they are justly praised, and where through whim
How little's due to them, how much to him.

our author's anonymous biographers, has erroneously stated that they were published by subscription, and has committed many other mistakes; he took the materials as they lay before him, and which he had a right to suppose authentic, as they had never, in a series of twenty years, been publicly contradicted.

In a contemporary journal we find the following verses, rather than poetry, on reading the sermons of Mr. C. Churchill:

When death, the terror of the brave and fair,
Bade wanton Wilmot for his end prepare,
He sought his god by penitence and prayer,
To minds infected brought a timely aid,
And suck'd the poison from those wounds he made.
Churchill contrived to leave a volume fraught
With antidotes to all his life had taught.
Within the tomb his sad remains abide,
Enquire not how he lived, or how he died;
Since earth from him has claim'd, and had her due,
Be all his sins and follies buried too.
These are the works which now he'd gladly own.
By these now wishes only to be known.
Wilkes, let his lines thy sober hours engage,
Think thou must die, peruse the instructive page,
Whence thirst of pleasure, fame, revenge is fled,
Where every love but that of God is dead.
'Tis Churchill calls, his sermons thou shouldst read,
And Churchill thus may prove thy friend indeed.

Raised 'bove the slavery of common rules,
Of common-sense, of modern, ancient, schools,
Those feelings banish'd which mislead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we Nature call,
He by his great example might impart
A better something, and baptize it Art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might shew me what is taste by what is not;
By him supported with a proper pride,
I might hold all mankind as fools beside;
He (should a world, perverse and peevish grown,
Explode his maxims and assert their own)
Might teach me, like himself, to be content,
And let their folly be their punishment;
Might, like himself, teach his adopted son,
'Gainst all the world, to quote a Warburton.
Fool that I was! could I so much deceive
My soul with lying hopes? could I believe

112 The literary tyranny assumed and exercised by Warburton and his disciples could not be exceeded, and has never been equalled since the days of the Scaligers, the learned pedants of the 16th century. Hume, whose liberality and amenity of disposition rendered him a perfect contrast to these sturdy dogmatists, thus characterizes their style of criticism: "In this interval, I published, at London, my Natural History of Religion, along with some other small pieces. Its public entry was rather obscure, except only that Dr. Hurd wrote a pamphlet against it, with all the illiberal petulance, arrogance, and scurrility, which distinguish the Warburtonian school. This pamphlet gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance."—*Hume's Memoirs of his own Life.*

That he, the servant of his Maker sworn,
The servant of his Saviour, would be torn
From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
The cure of souls, his duty and his joy,
For toys like mine, and waste his precious time,
On which so much depended, for a rhyme?
Should he forsake the task he undertook,
Desert his flock, and break his pastoral crook?
Should he (forbid it, Heaven!) so high in place,
So rich in knowledge, quit the work of grace,
And, idly wandering o'er the Muses' hill,
Let the salvation of mankind stand still?

131 On the 15th of November, 1763, the Bishop of Gloucester made a complaint, in the House of Lords, against Mr. Wilkes for breach of privilege in putting the name of Warburton to a variety of notes upon the Essay on Woman. The Bishop, with great warmth, laying his hand upon his heart, declared that he did not write any one of them, and called his God to witness the truth of his assertion; in his opinion, he said, no one except the devil could be the author of this atrocious publication, but, added he, after a pause, "I beg the devil's pardon, for I do not think even him capable of so infamous a production."

The poetical part of the work, which is a parody on Pope's Essay on Man, was written by Wilkes, the notes were supplied by his friend Potter (a short account of whom will be found in our first volume, p. 230.) Wilkes caused this poem to be printed at his own press, in Great George Street, but permitted only twelve copies to be struck off, and while they were in progress he was always present, and took every possible precaution to prevent any one in the office from taking a copy. But notwithstanding all his care, two or three copies were stolen by his workmen, and these were shewn as papers of curiosity to other printers. At length a few pages

Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
Be such revolt from grace, and far from me
The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
Not so, not so, hath Warburton been taught,
Not so learn'd Christ—recall that day, well known,
When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blasphemers forth—methinks I now
See stern rebuke enthroned on his brow,
And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from his tongue,
Where fiery zeal and Christian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-toned thunders roll,
And chill with horror every sinner's soul,

fell into the hands of one Hassell, a workman in the employment of Faden, a printer in Fleet Street. This man, and his master, were said to be indefatigable in their endeavours to corrupt the printers in Mr. Wilkes's house, in order to get the remainder. To one man five guineas were given, but he could not serve them. At length, however, they fixed upon one Curry, another of Wilkes's workmen, who, after a short negotiation, supplied their wants, and became the principal witness in the subsequent proceedings against Wilkes. The few pages which Faden had already obtained, he, in the meantime had shewn to Kidgell, at that time chaplain to Lord March, and that pious clergyman was so shocked with the obscenity contained in them, that he was exceedingly desirous "if such a thing was possible, of obtaining the remainder of the work," and, in that case, it was first agreed upon between them to reprint the poem, with notes by Mr. Kidgell, in a series of letters in the Public Ledger, of which paper Faden was the editor. But on more deliberate reflection, they wisely apprehended greater emolument might be derived from it, by offering it to government in aid of the prosecution then pending against Mr. Wilkes. With this view, Kidgell communicated the sheets to his patron, Lord

In vain they strive to fly—flight cannot save,
And Potter trembles even in his grave—
With all the conscious pride of innocence
Methinks I hear him in his own defence.
Bear witness to himself, whilst all men knew,
By gospel rules his witness to be true.
O glorious man! thy zeal I must commend,
Though it deprived me of my dearest friend,
The real motives of my anger known,
Wilkes must the justice of that anger own;
And, could thy bosom have been bared to view,
Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you.
Bred to the law, you wisely took the gown,

March, who laid them before the Secretaries of State, and on the 29th of January, 1764, the Earl of Sandwich made a formal complaint in the House of Lords, "that Mr. Wilkes had violated the most sacred ties of religion, as well as decency, by printing in his own house a book or pamphlet, entitled an Essay on Woman, with notes or remarks, to which the name of a Right Reverend Prelate had been scurrilously affixed." The House, without hesitation, voted an address to his Majesty to order a prosecution to be instituted against the author, Mr. Wilkes. The proceedings to conviction, and afterwards to outlawry, in consequence of his absconding to France, are well known, and have been already noticed; it is, however, but fair to remark, that, if the work had been ten thousand times worse than it was, it would yet fall short in infamy to the traitorous methods employed to bring it to a prosecution; and Mr. Wilkes's own observation on this matter may have some foundation, that "if the North-Briton had not appeared, the Essay on Woman would never have been called in question."

Kidgell was very discreditably entangled in this business, and forfeited all the little claim he ever possessed to respect-

Which I, like Demas, foolishly laid down;
Hence double strength our Holy Mother drew,
Me she got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,
Grasping at shadows, let the substance slip;
But you, my lord, renounced attorneyship
With better purpose, and more noble aim,
And wisely play'd a more substantial game:
Nor did Law mourn, bless'd in her younger son,
For Mansfield does what Glo'ster would have done.
Doctor! Dean! Bishop! Glo'ster! and my Lord,
If haply these high titles may accord
With thy meek spirit; if the barren sound

ability of character by publishing, in vindication of himself, a narrative of the transaction, in language nearly as obscene as the publication it was intended to expose; this narrative was ingeniously answered and refuted by Wilkes, in a letter to the reverend author, under the assumed signature of "*A Real Friend to Religion and to Justice.*"

146 In consequence of the proceedings taken against him relative to the Essay on Woman, Wilkes was under the necessity of withdrawing to France for a time, and during his residence at Paris appears to have paid a visit to Horace Walpole, then there, and who gives this account of the interview: "He was very civil, but I cannot say entertained me much. He has certainly one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen; that is, he has no rancour, not even against Sandwich, of whom he talked with the utmost temper. He shewed me some of his notes on Churchill's works, but they contain little more than one note on each poem, to explain the subject of it."

150 "Seriously my Lord of Gloucester is to be pitied."
WARBURTON'S *Pope*, Vol. iv. p. 193, note.

Of pride delights thee to the topmost round
Of Fortune's ladder got, despise not one
For want of smooth hypocrisy undone,
Who, far below, turns up his wondering eye,
And, without envy, sees thee placed so high:
Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill
And wonted powers of knowing good from ill,
Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from foes,
Let Glo'ster well remember how he rose,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great;
Let him not, gorged with power, and drunk with state,
Forget what once he was, though now so high,
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.

* * * * * *
* * * * *

Cætera desunt.

LINES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR PARK.

THESE verses appeared, with Churchill's name to them, in the London Magazine for 1765, and there is no reason to doubt their being genuine, which is far from being the case with respect to several lines ascribed to him in the Foundling Hospital for wit, and several other miscellaneous collections:

When Pope to Satire gave its lawful way,
And made the Nimrods of Mankind his prey;
When haughty Windsor heard through every wood
Their shame, who durst be great, yet not be good;
Who, drunk with power, and with ambition blind,
Slaves to themselves, and monsters to mankind,
Sinking the man, to magnify the prince,
Were heretofore, what Stuarts have been since:
Could he have look'd into the womb of time,
How might his spirit in prophetic rhyme,
Inspired by virtue, and for freedom bold,
Matters of different import have foretold! *
How might his muse, if any muse's tongue
Could equal such an argument, have sung
One William,† who makes all mankind his care,
And shines the saviour of his country there!
One William, who to every heart gives law;
The son of George, the image of Nassau!

---

* Pope would have foretold no such thing, if we may judge from the following couplet in honour of Queen Anne, and her family:

Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tells a Stuart reigns.

† William, Duke of Cumberland, born in 1721, among his other high offices, held that of ranger and keeper of Windsor Great Park; while his more familiar appellation, as

recorded by both Sir C. H. Williams, and Horace Walpole, was Nolkejumskoi, but why or wherefore he was so called, they have not condescended to inform us. He was the hero and the leader of the Whigs, in their opposition to the Bute faction, while his victory and alleged severities at Culloden, made him particularly obnoxious to the Scotch of all parties. He had previously distinguished himself at the Battle of Dettingen, but was not equally successful in Flanders, in 1747, owing to some variance between him and the Prince of Orange, who was, as Mr. Pelham said, assuming, pedantic, rationating, and tenacious; while our young hero, was open, frank, resolute, and perhaps hasty. In 1757, the Duke commanded an army of observation to defend the Electoral territories, but being greatly out-numbered, if not out-generaled, he afforded the Tories a triumph, by his submitting to what they designated the shameful capitulation of Closter Seven; soon after which, he resigned all his military employments, and spent the remainder of his life in retirement and rural improvements. He died suddenly in his house in Upper Grosvenor Street, in October, 1765. He is represented as possessing a very good understanding, a quick apprehension, and a very attractive way of delivering his own sentiments, while he was equally engaging and agreeable in listening to those of others.

He had the additional merit, in contradistinction to his almost imbecile elder brother, Frederic, of evincing an implicit and apparently genuine feeling of filial obedience to, and reverence for, his father; and deserved and at the same time enjoyed the affectionate confidence of his exemplary mother, Queen Caroline.

Considered in all his relations, military as well as civil, we think we are doing no injustice to the illustrious house of Hanover, by coming to the conclusion that William, Duke of Cumberland, may for talent, ability, and conduct, be considered as the most distinguished prince it has produced since its accession to the British throne.

INDEX.

ABERDEEN, *see* Scotch Universities.

Achilles, a play by Gay, iii. 236.

Ackman, an obscure actor, account of, i. 14.

Actor, The, a poem by Robert Lloyd, i. l, 37.

Actors, their poverty, i. 8; censured for introducing the peculiarities of a favourite character into all their parts, 50; not to be estimated according to their personal merits or defects, 86; lively description of itinerant companies, and their mode of travelling, 54; censured for their assumed consequence, and the self importance of their managers ridiculed, 135.

Addison, Joseph, lines by, in praise of Dryden, i. 143; his ghost said to haunt Holland House, ii. 292.

Addresses on the peace of 1763; dishonourable means used to obtain them, i. 247.

Æsopus, a Roman actor, his immense fortune, i. 9; costly dish given by him at a feast, *ib.*

Aldrich, Rev. Stephen, contributes to the exposure of the Cock Lane Ghost, ii. 333.

Alembert, Mons. D', saying of, i. xciii.

Allen, Ralph, a correspondent of Pope, and the *Allworthy* of Fielding's Tom Jones, i. 43; his benevolence, iii. 315.

Almack's, Old, a noted Tory club house in Pall Mall, iii. 144; the name since transferred to a côterie of female noblesse, held in King Street, St. James's Square, *ib.*

Almon, John, bookseller, his Memoirs and Correspondence of Wilkes, ii. 103; first publisher of Wilkes's letter to Lord Temple, 254; iii. 117.

Amboyna, cruelties of the Dutch at, ii. 135.

Amyand, George and Claudius, eminent merchants, account of, iii. 85-7.

Annet, Peter, put in the pillory for blasphemy, iii. 25, 106.

Apicii, the, anecdotes of, iii. 228; a nobleman stigmatized as Apicius, 235.

Apology, The, addressed to the Critical Reviewers, prefatory note to, i. 115, 120; supplemental note on Garrick, 146-152.

Arblay, Madame D', anecdote of Dr. Johnson, from her Diary, iii. 181.

Aristocracy, the author's preference of an absolute monarchy to, i. lxxvi.

Armstrong, Dr. John, excites the resentment of Wilkes and Churchill, iii. 308; his anathema against port-wine, 309; his description of the sweating sickness, 311.

Arne, Dr. Thomas Augustine, account of, i. 73, 74, 75.

Arrow, ii. 261, 303.

Artaxerxes, opera of, notice of, i. 76.

Arts, Society of, its origin, ii. 305; invidious reflection upon refuted, *ib.*; B. Thornton's attempt to ridicule it, 306.
Asgill, Sir Charles, carries up the address from the city of London to the King, on the peace, iii. 30.
Astronomy and Astrology, first studied by the Chaldeans, ii. 220; improved by the Egyptians, 221; the Greeks ignorant of, in the time of Herodotus, 223.
Auditor, The, edited by Murphy, an imposition practised upon, and consequent epigram, i. 57, 58; anecdote of Wilkes in, iii. 162.
Augurs, college of, ii. 226; consisted of fifteen persons of the first distinction in Rome, *ib.*; quotation from Hudibras on it, 227.
Augusta, princess dowager of Wales, account of, ii. 97, 104.
Austin, an actor, account of, i. 51.
Author, The, preliminary note to, ii. 167.
Ayliff, John, account of, i. 227; hung at Tyburn, 228; Churchill's satire of *Ayliff's Ghost*, *ib.*; fragments of this poem, 255-6; additional note on, 254; allusion to, ii. 11, 17; lines intended for that satire, 184; iii. 315.

Bacon, Lord Chancellor, ii. 204.
Baker, Sir Richard, chronicler of the marvellous, ii. 241.
Barge, belonging to the City, its voyage from Westminster, iii. 59.
Baron, the French comedian, compared with Roscius and Garrick, i. 148.
Barrow, Dr. Isaac, neglect of, at the Restoration, ii. 134; distich written by him, *ib.*
Barry, Spranger, account of, i. 14, 87, 90, 91; epigrams on, 148.
Barry, James, paintings by, at the Society of Arts, ii. 306.
Barthoiomew Fair, duration of abridged, i. 11.
Bartsch, Adam, his opinion of Hogarth's works, i. 249.
Battiad, The, a mock heroic poem by Moses Mendez, iii. 118.
Beard, John, Covent Garden Theatre managed by, i. 34; account of, 76.
Beardmore, under-sheriff, account of, iii. 60.
Beattie, Dr. his abusive lines on Churchill, i. xlviii.
Beckford, Lord Mayor of London, 1762-3, ii. 325; notice of, 342; his son the author of *Vathek*, 343.
Beggar's Opera, The, its success and profits, i. 73.
Benefit of clergy, origin of, iii. 278.
Bentham, Jeremy, his unintelligible gibberish, iii. 107; in the list of sceptics, *ib.*; his vanity as a codeficator, 109.
Berenger, J. P., Garrick's generosity to, i. 147.
Berkeley, Colonel Norborne, second to Lord Talbot in his duel with Wilkes, ii. 101; letter of, *ib.*; his pungent letter to his constituents, iii. 107.
Betterton, Thomas, account of, i. 93, 96; his excellence as an actor, 97; figures in a picture by Hogarth, ii. 95.
Billingsgate, humorous lines on, ii. 350.
Blacow, the informer, ii. 188.

Blakes, account of, i. 54.
Blackfriars Bridge, clamour against its erection, iii. 61 ; criticised in Hawkins's Life of Dr. Johnson, 63.
Blackstone, Sir William, account of, iii. 176.
Bolingbroke, Lord, furnishes Pope with the plan of his *Essay on Man*, ii. 157; included in the list of sceptics, iii. 107.
Booth, Barton, account of, i. 97.
Boscawen, William, author of a translation of Horace, ii. 186 ; inferior to those of Francis and Duncombe, *ib.*
Boswell, James, his report of a conversation about Garrick, i. 147 ; anecdote of Warburton and Edwards, ii. 53.
Bottle Conjurer, The, advertisement of, iii. 119; *refrain* of a ballad written on this imposture, 120.
Bower, Archibald, patronized by Lord Lyttelton, iii. 265.
Bow Street, Police Office, under the old system, iii. 38.
Boyce, William, the musician, account of, ii. 82.
Boyle, John, Earl of Orrery, his want of candour in his memoir of Swift, iii. 138; Warburton's animadversion upon, 139.
Boyle, Robert, ii. 204.
Bransby, account of, i. 53.
Brent, Miss, account of, i. 75.
Brie, Miss, account of, i. 79, 80.
Bridgeman, Sir Henry, bart, M. P. moves that strangers withdraw from the House of Commons, when Garrick was in the gallery, i. 149.
Briefs, reading of, in churches, abolished in 1828, ii. 22; origin of, 23; list of the fees on, 24.
Briton, The, written by Dr. Smollett, in favour of Lord Bute's administration, i. 191, ii. 180.
Brocklesby, Dr., Wilkes's humorous letter to, ii. 5.
Brown, Rev. Dr. John, account of, iii. 44 ; anonymous ode to, 44-7; his absurd letters to Garrick, 109; *The Cure of Saul*, a sacred ode by him, set to music, extracts from 302.
Browne, Dr. William, mention of, iii. 174.
Brougham, Lord, his invective against Wilkes, i. lxxxi ; underrates Junius, iii. 182; error of, respecting Wilkes's comments on Churchill, 313.
Bruce, James, or Abyssinian, his retort upon Single-speech Hamilton, iii. 282.
Bruce, Dr. Samuel, account of, iii. 114 ; designated as *Crape*, *ib.*
Brussels Gazette, notorious for its falsehood, ii. 309.
Brutus, maxim of, ii. 130.
Buckingham, George Villiers, Duke of, raised to that rank by the perverted affection of James I. ii. 124 ; one cause of the unpopularity of Charles I. *ib.*; Hume's character of, *ib.*; Churchill's lines on, engraved on a cup presented to Wilkes, 125.
Bulls and bears of the Stock Exchange, iii. 80.
Burke, Edmund, his high commendation of Garrick in the House of Commons, i. 149 ; his humorous remarks on Lord Talbot's efforts at economy in the royal kitchen, iii. 83; apothegm of, in his charges against Warren Hastings, 126 ; his quotation from

Horace on Wilkes's return to London, 137; compliment paid by him to Glover 298.
Burnet, Bishop, his character of King James I. ii. 119.
Burton, Dr. his letter to Wilkes, iii. 162.
Busby and *Birch*, Drs. efficacy of their classical flogging, iii. 105.
Butcher-Row, a specimen of old London, wholly removed since the publication of the first edition, ii. 232.
Bute, Isle of, its dimensions, iii. 70.
Bute, John, Earl of, opposes Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple on their proposal to go to war with Spain, i. 170; his indiscreet preference of his countrymen, 175; patronizes Smollett, 191; Home, author of Douglas, his protégé, 194; his party style themselves "the King's Friends," 208; vindicates the peace of 1763, 209; his administration commences 1762, terminates 1763, 233; ii. 17; his influence alluded to in Canning's epistle, 75, 97, 105; Wilkes's apprehension of his influence, as the foundation of a power behind the throne, 166; epigram on, 348; sixteen peers created by his means, iii. 55; epigram on, as proprietor of the isle of Bute, 70; retirement of, 134, 148.
Butson, Rev. C., extract from his poem on the love of country, iii. 192.
Byron, Lord, his pathetic tribute to Churchill's memory, i. xlix.; his letter to John Taylor, iii. 106; in the first class of English poets, 262.
Calcraft, John, Esq. his bequests to Miss Bride and her children, i. 79; ii. 204.
Calves Head Club, The, anniversary of, ii. 94.
Cambridge University of, epigram upon the, iii. 123; see also 126, 161.
Camden *see* Pratt.
Campbell, Thomas, his estimate of Churchill's poetical merits, i. lx.
Campbell, a deaf and dumb fortune-teller, account of, ii. 229.
Candidate, The, preliminary notice to, iii. 123; Lord Bath's letter to Colman on this poem, 124; the severest satire ever written, 149; supplementary notes on, 179.
Canning, George, extract from his Epistle from Lord W. Russell to Lord Cavendish, ii. 75; did not believe Francis to be the author of Junius, 186.
Canning, Elizabeth, imposture of, ii. 246; is convicted of perjury, 247; fabrication of the imposture acknowledged by her accomplice Virtue Hall, 248.
Canons of Criticism, by Mr. Edwards, ii. 51.
Carew, Bamfylde Moore, account of, ii. 222.
Carrington, Nathan, King's messenger, illegally arrests Dryden Leach, printer, ii. 30; wears a silver greyhound as an emblem of dispatch, 33, 42.
Catherine II. of Russia, spreads the blessings of inoculation, iii. 252; anecdotes of, 253; defence of, 255.
Catiline, Rev. Dr. Croly's tragedy of, ii. 297.

Cavaliers, neglect of, at the restoration, ii. 134.
Cawn, Meer, Jaffier Ali, elevated to the Subahship of Bengal, iii. 155.
Cecil, Secretary, his cruel proceedings against Mary, Queen of Scots, ii. 120; employed by her son, *ib.*
Chaldeans, The, the earliest astronomers, ii. 219.
Chalmers, Alexander, his account of Churchill, i. lxxxii.
Champion of England, ceremony of his challenge, iii. 6; his horse, 53.
Charles I., King, delivered up to the Parliament by the Scotch, i. 181; alleged custom of the Roundheads with reference to, ii. 94; anniversary anthem of the *Calves Head Club*, referring to, *ib.*; his unpopularity caused by Buckingham, 124; and his fall by the intrigues of his queen, 126; no parliaments summoned by, from 1628 to 1640, 127; his oppressive exactions, *ib.*; Lord Keeper Finch invents the expedient of ship-money, *ib.*; Wilkes's remarks on his execution, 129; Milton's sentiments on that transaction, 130; Warburton's character of, 131.
Charles II., King, sells Dunkirk to the French, ii. 134; Tangier abandoned by, 135; his death suspiciously sudden, 136; compared to Tiberius, iii. 135.
Charlotte, Queen, ii. 261.
Chatham, *see* Pitt.
Chauncy, Dr., account of, iii. 16.
Cheere, iii. 18.
Chesterfield Lord, his letters to his son characterized, i. 168; his *Imprimatur* to a poem of Mallet's, ii. 317; his character of Lord Chatham, iii. 92; of Lord Sandwich, 124; his remarks on the obligations of the country to Wilkes, 147; his character of Lady Hervey, 243.
Chrysal, a pathetic incident related in, i. xxxiv.; supposed to refer to Churchill, *ib.*; extract from, xc.; delineation of Wilkes's character in, iii. 135.
Churchill, Charles, the authenticity of his sermons doubted, i. xxiv.; Dr. Lloyd's benevolent assistance of, i. xxvii.; honorable anecdote of, xxxii.; Bishop of Rochester's reprimand of xxxiii.; couplet on a proposal to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to, xlix.; Lord Byron's tribute to the memory of, xlix.; Sir R. Jebb's care of his sons, li.; notice respecting them, *ib.*; took Dryden for his model, liii.; his mode of composing, *ib.*; juvenile productions of, lxvii.; his letters to Wilkes, lxix.-lxxxi.; his lines on Pope, lxxi.; epigram on, lxxvii.; his lines on Wilkes, lxxxi.; his letter to Garrick lxxxii.; epigram by *ib*; his will, lxxxiii.; epitaphs on, lxxxviii.; his alleged contempt for the ancients, i. 28; his proficiency in the classics, but neglect of them, *ib.*; his first political indication 29; his portraits of Shakspeare and Jonson, 31; correspondence with T. Davies, 37; joins Wilkes in publishing the *North Briton*, 67; his quarrel with the *Critical Review*, 118, 121, 124; Murphy's attack upon, 132; his abuse of actors in general,

135; his quarrel and reconciliation with Garrick, 136, 137; suppresses some lines in the *Rosciad*, 139; his preference of Dryden to Pope, 140, 142; his dislike of the latter, 141; parallel of his love of late hours with the habits of Dr. Johnson, 154; supports his friend Lloyd in prison, 158; his letter to Wilkes, on *The Prophecy of Famine*, 173; his animosity to the Scottish nation, 174; anecdote in reference to this, *ib.*; is reprimanded by Dr. Pearce, 185; assists Wilkes in publishing the *North Briton*, 191; partakes in the profits of that paper, 224; escapes being arrested for libel, 225; his satire of "Ayliff's Ghost," 228; his allegory of the ancient British Constitution, ii. 21; his invective against Warburton, 43; makes an excursion to Wales, 81; ill-humour on that occasion, *ib.*; scriptural allusions in his poems, 85; his reading considerable, 112; wrote rapidly, *ib.*; a happy imitation of his slovenly style, *ib.*; lines written by him for a cup presented to Wilkes, 125; lines in praise of, 158; his tenacious memory, 185; some poems never published, *ib.*; his elopement with Miss Carr, 190; his delusion with regard to Wilkes *ib.*; did not flatter wealth or power, 190; involved in debt, 195; relieved by Dr. Lloyd, *ib.*; discharges all demands upon him, and relieves the son of his benefactor, 196; his self-condemnation, 199; *The Ghost*, the least popular of his productions, 218; his antipathy to colleges, 227; his enmity to Smollett, 240; again condemns his own conduct, 262; his poem of *The Conclave*, not published, 275; dislikes Johnson's politics, 283; his character of *Pomposo*, 284; Dr. Kippis's defence of Churchill, *ib.*; his invocation to truth, compared with the *Henriade*, 289; his contempt for the mawkish dramatic productions of his time, 296; invidious reflection on the Society of Arts, 305; unfounded prejudice against the merchants of London, 318; his attack on Lord Bute's "active ministry," after the capture of Newfoundland by the French, 324; on the expense of the electorate of Hanover, 327; his apprehension of arrest, iii. 28; his surly spirit of independence, 43; destroys his MSS., 138; his tomb in Dover Church-yard, 139; his "Candidate," the severest satire ever written, 149; his sketches of European States, 222; portrait of himself, 265; a less friendly one, *ib.*; did not complete his fourth poetic year, 293; like Ovid and Pope, laments his propensity to poetry, 294; his acrimonious mention of Mason, 298; attacks Dr. Armstrong, 308; his sermons, 313; conduct as curate in Westminster, 317; the sermons not written by him, 319; contemporary verses on reading them, 320; lines written by him in Windsor Park, 327.

Churchill, John, notice of, i. xlvi. li.; his widow and daughter solicit relief, *ib.*;

appeal made to the public for them by Mr. Mudford and Mr. Pratt, *ib.*
Churchill, Rev. Charles, father of the poet, i. xviii.; his death, xxiii.
Churchill, Rev. W. brother of the Poet, account of, i. x.
Churchill, Miss Patty, sister of the poet, attends R. Lloyd during his illness, iii. 278; said to have been betrothed to Lloyd, *ib.*; dies of grief soon after her brother's and Lloyd's death, *ib.*
Cibber, Colley, his observation on elocution and actors, i. xxxii; notice of, ii. 279; Pope's unjustifiable attacks upon, *ib.*
Cibber, Mrs. account of, i. 80, 81.
Cicero, his vindication of Roscius, i. 5; his words on the death of Cæsar applied to Charles I. ii. 130; quotation from, 220; supports the College of Augurs, 226.
Cider tax, its unpopularity and repeal, ii. 98.
Clarendon, Lord, his account of the surrender of King Charles I. to the Parliament, i. 182.
Clark, an obscure actor, his rencontre with Churchill, i. 3.
Clarke, Sir Philip Jennings, Dr. Johnson's admonition to, iii. 181.
Cleland, John, account of, ii. 186; his father the *Will Honeycomb* of the Spectator, *ib.*
Clergy, benefit of, abolished, iii. 279.
Cleveland, John, couplet by, on Scotland, i. 204.
Clive, Lord, account of, i. 9; his character, iii. 155, 156; Macaulay's essay on, 157; further account of, 209-11.
Clive, Catherine, account of, i. 70.
Clouet, Monsieur St. or Chloe, *chef de cuisine* to Holles, Duke of Newcastle, epigram upon, iii. 232.
Coan, John, a dwarf, i. 14.
Cock Lane Ghost, the account of, ii. 208; pamphlets written on, 217; visit to Fanny's tomb ridiculed, 327, iii. 119; H. Walpole's anecdote of, 120.
Cocoa-tree Club, of Jacobitical principles, iii. 41; house in Pall-Mall, *ib.*; afterwards inhabited by Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, *ib.*
Coleridge, S. T. his burlesque sonnets on the lake school of poetry, i. 189; his character of Warburton's writings, iii. 312.
Colman, George, his disclaimer of the *Rosciad*, i. 1; account of, 16; ridicules Gray's odes, in his ode to Obscurity, 33; his friendly epigram on *the Author*, ii. 167; lines by him on Churchill's slovenly composition, 219; his retort on John Taylor's motto to his poems, iii. 106; his epitaph on Powell, 180.
Colman and Lloyd, burlesque odes by them to Oblivion and Obscurity, in ridicule of Gray and Mason, i. lxxv.
Commons, house of, its determination on No. 45 of the North Briton, iii. 77; resolutions against Wilkes, 91; rescinded, *ib.*
Concanen, Matthew, extract of a letter to him from Bishop Warburton, ii. 46; abused by the Bishop, 49, 50; a letter of the Bishop to him found by Gawen Knight, 51;

Warburton his associate in the attack on Pope, *ib.*
Conclave, The, a satire written by Churchill, deemed too personal for publication, i. xxviii.; extract from, ii. 275.
Conference, The, preliminary note to, ii. 190.
Congreve, William, ridicules the fashionable affectation of a melancholy demeanour, i. 49.
Connoisseur, The account of, i. 116.
Coronation of George the Third and his Queen, circumstantial account of, iii. 1, 30, 58.
Constitution, British, allegory of, ii. 21.
Contrast, The, portrait of George III. i. 210, 212.
Cooper, Lucy, *Alias* Atkins, the *Clara* of Lord Bolingbroke, i. 47.
Cotes, Humphry, a wine merchant in St. Martin's Lane, a credulous tool of Wilkes, anecdotes of, iii. 285-6.
Cotterell, Sir Clement, master of the ceremonies, iii. 59.
Covent Garden Theatre, its prosperity under the management of Beard, i. 34.
Cowper, William, his tribute to the memory of his schoolfellow Churchill, i. lvii.; extract from a letter of, *ib.*; Southey's note upon it, lix.
Cow-pox, introduction of, more liberally rewarded than inoculation, iii. 245.
Crape, sobriquet of Dr. Bruce, the obsequious chaplain of Lord Mayor Fludyer, iii. 77, 113.
Critical Review, extract from, upon the *Rosciad*, i. 116; upon *The Apology* addressed to the Reviewers, 121, 143.
Croly, Rev. Dr., his classical play of *Catiline*, a specimen of what a tragedy should be, ii. 297.
Crousaz, attacks Pope's Essay on Man, ii. 158.
Crow, Jem, the political *sobriquet* of a mushroom peer, ii. 203.
Culloden, battle of, the rebellion of 1745 quelled by it, i. 201.
Cumberland, William, Duke of, his courage at the battle of Culloden, i. 201; obnoxious to the Jacobites, ii. 105; loses his diamond-hilted sword at the exhibition of the Bottle-Conjuror, iii. 120; the cry of the Jacobites in the crowd, *ib.*; character of, 328.
Cumberland, Richard, sketch of Bubb Doddington, from his Memoirs, iii. 40.
Curate, The name of a poem intended to be written by Churchill, ii. 185.
Cure of Saul, an Ode by Dr. Brown, account of, extracts from, iii. 302.
Curry, a principal witness against Wilkes, iii. 323.
Cust, Mr. Peregrine, his affidavit on the subject of his share of the loan of 1763, iii. 88; attacked in the *North-Briton*, his defence, iii. 88.
Cust, Sir John, Speaker of the House of Commons, iii. 186.

Dashwood, Sir Francis, account of, i. 220; obtains the ancient barony of Le Despenser, ii. 101; erects a church on an eminence, *ib.*; patronizes the profligate Paul Whitehead, 297; Wilkes's playful account of

West Wycombe Church, built by *the pious* Dashwood, iii. 108; portrait of him as a *Franciscan*, 185.
Davies, W. T. an actress, wife of Thomas Davies, account of, i. 36.
Davies, Thomas, an error in his Life of Garrick, lvl.; account of, 36.
Day, a poem, by Armstrong, extract from, iii. 308.
Debt, imprisonment for, remarks on, iii. 216.
Dedication, a posthumous poem, dedicated to Warburton, iii. 312.
Demonology, form of laying a ghost, ii. 290; ghosts at Holland House, 292.
Despenser, Lord le, *see* Dashwood.
Dimsdale, Dr. inoculates the Empress Catherine of Russia, iii. 254; created a baron with a pension, *ib.*
Diogenes, the Cynic, iii. 104.
Dodd, Dr. anecdotes of, iii. 241, 248; Dr. Johnson's exertions to save the life of, 249.
Doddington, Bubb, his epitaph on Frederick, Prince of Wales, ii. 105; son of an apothecary, 336; becomes Lord Melcombe, *ib.*; adulated by Thomson and Young, *ib.*; travestied by Sir C. H. Williams, *ib.*; Cumberland's spirited portrait of him, iii. 40; unfortunate in his editor, but who gives the clue to the political intrigues of that period, 109.
Dodsley, Robert, his tragedy of *Cleone*, origin of, and anecdotes relating to, iii. 299; his first work, *The Muse in Livery*, ridiculed by Curll, 300; anecdotes of, 301.
Doggett, Thomas, the actor, establishes an annual rowing match, ii. 95.
Douglas, Dr. detects the literary forgeries of Bower and Lauder, ii. 265.
Douglas, Tragedy of, *see* Home.
Drama, observations on the, ii. 296.
Dryden, John, lines in his praise, by Addison, i. 143; Churchill's preference of him to Pope, ii. 156; a more original poet, *ib.*; his opinion of Congreve's "Old Bachelor," iii. 292.
Duellist, The, preliminary notes on, ii. 1; supplemental note to, 64.
Duke, Dr. his lines on the Scotch, i. 208.
Dulman, the *sobriquet* of Sir Samuel Fludyer, iii. 112.
Dun, or Dunn, Alexander, a Scotchman, obtains admittance into Mr. Wilkes's house, ii. 41; suspected of a design to assassinate him, but found to be insane, 26; alluded to in Mr. Wilkes's letter, p. 8, *ante*; Wilkes's friends deny his insanity, iii. 21.
Dunkin, Dr. assists Francis to translate Horace, iii. 132.
Dunkirk, sold to the French, ii. 134.
Duppa, Mr. supposes Glover, author of *Leonidas*, to be the writer of Junius's Letters, ii. 340.
Dutch, cruelties exercised by them upon the English at Amboyna, ii. 135.
Dymoke, Mr. acts as champion at the coronation of George III., iii. 6.
Dymoke, Sir Henry, created a Baronet on serving as champion at the coronation of Queen Victoria, iii. 7.

East India Company Directors, their injudicious conduct, and ingratitude to Lord Clive, iii. 210.
Edwards, Thomas, author of "Canons of Criticism," ii. 51; Boswell's anecdote of, 53.
Egremont, Charles Wyndham, Earl of, his reply to Wilkes, ii. 35, 65; account of, iii. 105.
Egyptians, the, improved on Chaldean astronomy, ii. 221.
Elections, parliamentary, progressive increase of acts restraining bribery, &c. at, i. 8.
Elliott, Miss, account of, i. 55, 56.
Epistle to William Hogarth, preliminary note, i. 214; Supplementary notes, 253.
Essay on Woman, history of this publication, ii. 322.
Every man in his humour, its occasional revivals and cast of parts, i. 43.
Exchange, Royal, ii. 318.
Excise Laws, their unpopularity, ii. 99.

Faden, publisher of the *Public Ledger*, ii. 188; accomplice of Kidgell, *ib.*; obnoxious to Churchill, 241, iii. 323.
False Alarm, extract from Dr. Johnson's pamphlet so called, ii. 179.
Falstaff, Sir John, characteristics of, i. 50.
Family compact between France and Spain, debates upon it in the cabinet and in parliament, ii. 308.
Famine, The Prophecy of, preliminary notice of, i. 173.
Fanny, *see* Cock Lane Ghost.
Farewell, The, inculcates the love of our country, iii. 188, 192; folly of cosmopolitism, 194.
Fenton, Miss, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, notice of, i. 73.
Ferrara, famous for skilful fencers, i. 202; Highland broad-swords so called, *ib.*
Ferriar, Dr. John, his detection of Sterne's plagiarisms from Burton, i. 15.
Fielding, Justice, jealous of Sir Crisp Gascoyne, for his detection of E. Canning's imposture, ii. 247; writes a pamphlet in vindication of Canning, *ib.*; refuted by Dr. Hill, *ib.*
Finch, Lord Keeper, invents the famous expedient of ship-money, ii. 127.
Fingal ridiculed, i. 185, 196, ii. 266.
Fisher, Catherine, or Kitty, notice of, ii. 258.
Fitzpatrick, account of, i. 23; attacks Garrick in the *Craftsman*, 24; the hero of the *Fribbleriad*, 26; his warfare against both theatres, *ib.*
Flexney, Mr., the publisher of Churchill's poems, iii. 296; and sermons, 319.
Flitcroft, Henry, architect, account of, ii. 22.
Fludyer, Sir Samuel, notice of, ii. 324; farther account of, iii. 112; designated as *Dulman*, *ib.*
Foe, De, Daniel, his sketches of England and France, iii. 223.
Foote, Samuel, anecdote of, i. xlvii. account of, 11; farther particulars of, 44, 45; his pun upon Hamilton, 123; parallel between Foote and Garrick, 129, iii. 304.
Forbes, John, a Scotch Captain in the French service, challenges Wilkes, ii. 40; alluded to, in Wilkes's let-

ter to Dr. Brocklesby, 8, *ante*.
Fortune telling suppressed by act of Parliament, ii. 239.
Foster, Sir Michael, i. 31.
Foundling Hospital for Wit, verses ascribed to Churchill without authority, iii. 327.
Fox, Henry, Lord Holland, notice of, i. 219; anecdote of, ii. 8; Gray's severe verses on, 13, 14; his bribery of members, 14; his peculations, *ib.*; resolutions passed against him by the Livery of London, 15; his executor prosecuted and compelled to refund, 16; his love of play and irregular habits. *ib.*; their influence upon his son's character, *ib.*; Horne Tooke's "Two Pair of Portraits," *ib*
Fox, C. J., motion of, i. 223, ii. 16; his motion against Lord Sandwich, iii. 147.
Fox, Sir Stephen, his ghost said to revisit Holland House, ii. 292.
France characterized as a nation, iii. 135, 222.
Francis, Rev. Philip, translator of Horace, Dr. Johnson's praise of his translation, ii. 186; his son, Sir Philip, supposed the author of Junius, *ib.*; doubts of Mr. Canning on this subject, *ib.*; assisted by Dr. Dunkin in translating Horace, iii. 132.
Franking, abuse and abolition of, iii. 217.
Franklin, Dr Thomas, account of, i. 15; his translation of Sophocles vindicated, iii. 298.
Frederic of Prussia, enthusiasm in favour of, i. 164; Miss Bab Wyndham remits him £1000 165.
Fribbleriad The, a poem, extract from, i. 26.
Garrick, David, extract from a letter of, i. xxxix; extract from his prologue to the *Clandestine Marriage*, xxxii.; extract from Sheridan's monody on, 4; his intimacy with the great, 5; his undersize, 14, 15; controversy with Fitzpatrick, 23; his servile imitation censured, 39; account of, 104-109; Walpole's opinion of, 109; Johnson's ditto, 110; his letter to Lloyd, 119; his apology for himself and the players, 136; his lines in defence of his profession, in the *Fribbleriad*, 137; his mode of life at Hampton, 146: Dr. Johnson's eulogium on him, 147; his generosity to Mr. Berenger, *ib.*; epigrams on, 148; the high compliment paid him in the House of Commons, 148; verses written by him on that occasion, 149; his best plays and poetry, 150; Lord Chatham's poetic invitation to him to his country seat, *ib.*; his answer, 151; his death and funeral, 152; Dr. Warton's tribute to his memory, *ib.*; his rejection of Home's tragedy of Douglas, 184; refuses a tragedy by Whitehead, 195; his letter to Colman on the "Epistle to Hogarth," 218; his lines in compliment to Rich, iii. 11; anecdotes of, 127-32; parallel between Garrick and Foote, 129; his epigram on Sir John Hill, 180; jeu d'esprit on Quin, 231; epitaph on Hogarth, 267.
Garth, Dr. portrait of, in Ho-

garth's *St. James's Day*, ii. 95; notice of, iii. 16.
Gascoyne, Sir Crisp, Lord Mayor in 1753; detects the fraud of Elizabeth Canning, ii. 247; excites the envy of Fielding by his superior tact, *ib.*
Gay, John, his caution to walkers in London, ii. 321.
General Warrants, Lord Camden's opinion of, ii. 32; correspondence between Wilkes and the Secretaries of State on the subject of, 34; resisted by Earl Temple, iii. 291.
Gennet, or Jennet, vulgar error respecting the, iii. 238.
George II., King, the prosperity of his reign, ii. 96; contrast with the present time, *ib.*; causes of this, *ib.*; Wilkes's character of, 103; Horace Walpole's Memoires of, 105; irregularities at the funeral of, 303; the funeral described by Horace Walpole, iii. 121.
George III., King, his partiality for Lord Bute, i. 210; his portrait from "The Contrast," *ib.*: addresses to, dishonourably obtained, 247; power behind the throne during the early part of his reign, ii. 166; coronation of, 304; banquet at Guildhall on his coronation, *ib.*; his first speech to his parliament, 315; amusing description of his coronation, iii. 1-9; the champion's challenge, 6.
George IV., King, his coronation, iii. 9.
Ghost, The, preliminary explanation of the imposture, ii. 208-17; poem, 218; supplemental notes to Book I. 250; *ib.* to Book II. 290. Book IV. iii. 1; criticisms on, 10; supplemental notes to Book IV. 105.
Gibbon, on the office of Laureate, i. 213.
Gideon, Sampson, the wealthy Jew broker, supports Sir Robert Walpole, iii. 90; his son created a peer, *ib.*; letter on, from Horace Walpole to Conway, 91; anecdotes of, 115.
Gisbal, an hyperborean tale, i. 179.
Glover, Richard, author of *Leonidas*, account of, ii. 340; supposed by Mr. Duppa, to be the author of Junius's Letters, *ib.*; criticism on his tragedy of *Medea*, iii. 298; Burke's compliment to him, *ib.*
Goldsmith, Dr Oliver, his allusion to Churchill, i. lvi.; character of Garrick, in his "Retaliation," 107; quotation from his *Traveller*, iii. 204, 222.
Gotham, preliminary note to, ii. 74; supplementary note to Book II. 139.
Goy, M. Pierre, anecdote of, i. lxxix; introduced by Wilkes to Churchill, iii. 281; quotation from Dr. Armstrong on, 282.
Grafton, Duke of, account of, iii. 259.
Granby, Marquis of. account of ii. 309; verses on by Sir C. H. Williams, 310; tribute to his memory by Junius, iii. 288.
Grantley, Lord, *see* Norton.
Gray, Thomas, his Odes ridiculed by Colman, i. 33; his severe verses against Lord Holland, ii. 13; his poetic fame invulnerable, 173; adulation of, 190; his foibles, iii. 297.

Greeks unacquainted with Astronomy, ii. 223.
Grenville, George, his political sobriquet, ii. 203.
Greyhound, silver badge of office, worn by the king's messengers, ii. 33, 42.
Griffiths, Ralph, a bookseller, editor of the Monthly Review, iii. 283.
Grimaldi, Joseph, the *Clown*, par excellence, iii. 12; Dickens's Life of, *ib.*
Guildhall, splendid entertainment given to George III. and his Queen, ii. 304, iii. 65.
Guthrie, William, account of, ii. 183.
Gypsies, their character, ii. 223; statute against them, 239.

Hackney-coach-office, first established, iii. 61.
Halifax, Earl of, his reply to Wilkes, ii. 35, 65.
Hallam, Mr. his description of the prosperous reign of George II. ii. 97; reference to his Constitutional History of England, iii. 305.
Hamilton, Single-speech, account of, iii. 280; conversation between him and Bruce the traveller, 281.
Hamilton, Archibald, the printer, Cuthbert Shaw's character of, i. 123; Foote's pun upon, *ib.*
Hampden, John, ii. 18.
Hanover, electorate of, ii. 327.
Hardwicke, Earl of, elected High-Steward of Cambridge University, iii. 123: supported by the younger members, 161; the latter censured and stigmatized as *Recusants*, *ib.*
Hart, Mrs., account of, i. 78.
Hart, the dancing-master, ii. 305; caricatured by Bonnell Thornton, iii. 81.
Hastings, Warren, his letter to Wilkes, i. lxvii.
Havard, William, account of, i. 34, 35.
Hawkins, Miss, her account of Garrick's dress and mode of life at Hampton, i. 146.
Hawkins, Sir John, his sentiments on the construction of Blackfriars Bridge, iii. 68.
Hayman, Francis, the painter, account of, ii. 93; paints for Vauxhall, *ib.*; his picture of the *Archer*, *ib.*; lines on it, by Smart, *ib.*
Hayter, Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Norwich, the intimate friend of Jortin and Clarke, appointed governor to George III. then Prince of Wales, and abruptly dismissed by Lord Bute, iii. 141; lines written on that occasion, 142; Horace Walpole's sneer at, *ib.*
Heberden, Dr., Wilkes's letter to, ii. 5; account of, iii. 176.
Henrietta of France, her intriguing character—unconquerable spirit — poverty and distress — renders her eldest son odious, and paves the way to the removal of the youngest, ii. 126; Hume glosses over her fatal counsels, *ib.*
Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., ii. 121.
Hervey, Lady, *see* Lepel.
Hill, Sir John, account of, i. 20-23; Garrick's epigram on, *ib.*; Garrick's second epigram on, iii. 180.
Hogarth, his death accelerated by the attacks of Churchill, i. xxxvii; Mr. Nichol's life of, *ib.*; his autobiography, *ib.*; his epigram on Quin, i. 101; his *Strolling Actresses*,

134; Churchill's epistle to, 214; notice of, from the Essay prefixed to his works, 215; Dr. Johnson's epitaph on, 216; his picture of *Sigismunda*, 243; rancour of Wilkes and Churchill against him, *ib.*; correspondence respecting the picture of Sigismunda, 244-5; history of it, 246; Charles Lamb's character of his works, 249; M. Adam Bartsch's opinion of them, *ib.*; apprised by Mr. Morell of Churchill's *Epistle*, 253; retaliates on the *Epistle*, by a caricature on Churchill, 253; his picture of *St. James's Day* described, ii. 95; his "Five Orders of Periwigs," iii. 39; the second row represents Lord Melcombe, *ib.*; lines on his death, and epitaph, 266, 267.

Holland, inhabitants of, characterized, iii. 222.

Holland, Lord, *see* Fox.

Holland, account of, i. 37; a pupil of Mr. Garrick, *ib.*; introduces Powell on the stage, 38.

Home, John, author of Douglas, account of, i. 184; a protégé of Lord Bute, 194; his *Siege of Aquileia* represents the siege of Berwick, iii. 306.

Horse, Lord Talbot's, iii. 53.

Howell, James, his opinion of the wines of Portugal, iii. 310.

Hume, David, his palliation of the vices of the Stuarts, ii. 119; passes no censure on the judicial murder of Raleigh, 122; his remarks on the divine right claimed by King James I. 123; his character of Buckingham, 124; palliates the faults of Queen Henrietta, 126; excuses the vices of Charles II. 135; apologizes for James the First's apathy on occasion of the cruelties of Amboyna, 135, 136; merits of his history, iii. 304-5; his remarks on the Warburtonian school of criticism, 321.

Hunter, Miss Kitty, elopes with the Earl of Pembroke, ii. 302; Horace Walpole's account of that event, iii. 112.

Hurd, Dr. Bishop of Worcester, his style of criticism, characterized by Hume, iii. 321.

Independence, preliminary note on, iii. 256.

D'Israeli, Mr. underrates Churchill in his Curiosities of Literature, i. lvii.

Italy, its inhabitants characterized, iii. 224.

Jackson, account of, i. 47.

Jacobites, the white rose worn by the, i. 197; their last struggle in 1745, 201; celebrate the old Pretender's birth-day, ii. 94; the *Cocoa-Tree Club* notorious for maintaining their principles, iii. 41; Lord Mansfield's Jacobitical bias, 101, 116; the cry of "Billy the butcher has lost his Knife," 120.

Jaffier, Meer, Subah of Bengal, his gratitude to Lord Clive, iii. 156.

James I., King, portrait of, ii. 119; money squandered among his Scotch minions, 120; his kingcraft, *ib.*; Prince Henry's sudden death, 121; attributed by some to his father's jealousy, *ib.*; anecdote in ridicule of his poli-

-cy, 122; his antipathy to a sword, *ib.*; his mean sacrifice of Raleigh, *ib.*; tame submission to the Dutch after their cruelties at Amboyna, 135.
James II., commits seven Bishops to the Tower, ii. 137; his dastardly behaviour at the Battle of the Boyne, 233.
Jealous Wife, The, by Colman, Mrs. Pritchard's excellence in, i. 86, 87.
Jeffrey, Lord, his estimate of Churchill's talents, i. lx.
Jefferies, the infamous instrument of James II.'s tyranny, notice of, iii. 20.
Jenner, Dr. our obligations to, iii. 245.
John, King of France, noble reply of, ii. 128.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, his censure of Churchill, i. lxi.; his witty remark on Dr. Kenrick, lxiii.; his testimony to the qualities of Wilkes, lxvi.; probable cause of Churchill's attack upon, 15; his prologue on Shakspeare and Jonson, 31; has given celebrity to the "Mourning Bride," 85; extract from that play, *ib.*; anecdote of, 107; his preference of Dryden to Pope, 143; his kindness to children, 146; his eulogium on Garrick for advancing the dignity of his profession, 147; his love of late hours, but habitual temperance, 154; The *Noctes Atticæ* in Ivy Lane, *ib.*; his opinion of Allan Ramsay, 183; his celebrated letter to Macpherson, 186; refutes the pretended authenticity of Ossian's poems, *ib.*; his opinion of Mallett, 187-9; his epitaph on Hogarth, 216; his comparison of Warburton and Edwards, ii. 53; his pension, and definition of the word *Pensioner*, 173; reprobation of the seditious conduct of Wilkes, 179; his indignation at the imposture of the Cock Lane Ghost, 217; his discussion on the superstition of the Highlanders, 229; festive anecdote of, 259; believes in Lauder's veracity, 265; obliges him to subscribe a confession of his guilt, penned by himself, *ib.*; his diction and dictionary ridiculed by Churchill, with specimens of, 270; his tory politics obnoxious to Churchill, 283; character of, as *Pomposo*, 284; visits the ghost in Cock Lane, 331; publishes an account of the imposture in the Gent. Mag. *ib.*; hint respecting the publication of his Shakspeare, *ib.*; his opinion of Taylor, the oculist, iii. 24; his observation on the Scottish Universities, 163; anecdote of, 181; Langton reads Dodsley's *Cleone* to, 299, 312.
Johnson, Charles, the author of *Chrysal*, delineates Wilkes's character, iii. 135; *see Chrysal*.
Jonson, Ben, i. 29; Johnson's character of him in his prologue, 31; Churchill's ditto, 32; date of his patent as Laureate, 212; character of Abel Drugger in his Alchemist, ii. 233.
Journey, The, posthumous poem, iii. 292.
Junius, motives of, impugned by Lord Brougham, iii. 182; his Letters attributed to Lord Chatham, to Sir Phi-

lip Francis, ii. 186; to Richard Glover, 343; and to Single-speech Hamilton, iii. 280.
Justices of the Peace in London, their former mal-administration, ii. 62.

Kelly, Hugh, author of *Thespis*, a poem, i. 14; conductor of the Public Ledger, 60.
Kenrick, Dr. notice and anecdote of, i. lxiii.
Kent, William, victim of the Cock Lane Ghost imposture, ii. 208.
Kidgell, Rev. Mr., obtains a copy of Wilkes's *Essay on Woman* surreptitiously, ii. 188; his narrative of the transaction, 189; Wilkes's able reply, *ib.* 241, iii. 323; his discreditable proceedings, 324.
King, character of a Patriot, ii. 143.
King, Dr. William, account of, and epitaph on, iii. 170-3.
King, Thomas, account of, i. 39.
Kingston, Duchess of, disgraceful anecdote of, i. 45; another, ii. 98.
Kippis, Dr. account of Churchill written by, i. lxxxii.; his defence of Churchill, ii. 284; remarks on Churchill's sermons, iii. 318, 319.
Knox, Vicesimus, attacks Churchill in his *Essays*, i. lvii.

Lamb, Charles, his view of Hogarth's works, i. 249.
Lame Ducks, *see* Bulls and Bears.
Langhorne, Dr. John, translator of Plutarch, account of, iii. 132; quotation from a poem of, 134; succeeds Smollett as editor of the *Critical Review*. 233.
Lansdowne, Marquess of, *v.* Petty.
Laud, Archbishop, ii. 124.
Lauder, William, notice of, ii. 264.
Laureate, origin of the office of, i. 212; by whom successively filled, *ib.*
Leach, Dryden, printer, ii. 80; his taste for elegant printing, *ib.*: eclipsed by Baskerville and others, *ib.*; taken into custody, 81; recovers damages, *ib.*
Ledger, The Public, a newspaper edited by Kelly, i. 60.
Lennox, Mrs. Arabella, notice of, ii. 258.
Lepel, or Le Pell, the witty Mary, marries Lord Hervey, iii. 243; Lady Caroline Hervey, her youngest daughter, 244.
Libel, law of, ii. 328, iii. 48.
Lichfield, Earl of, account of, iii. 166.
Livy, his style, iii. 63.
Lloyd, Dr. benevolently assists Churchill, i. xxvii.; who expresses his gratitude in the "*Conference*," *ib.*
Lloyd, Robert, his proficiency in classical and polite literature, i. xxv.; his repugnance to the situation of usher, xxvi.; writes the *Actor*, xxvii.; his dissipation, *ib.*; criticism of the *Actor*, xxx.; Sheridan borrows from it, xxxii.; is confined in prison, and supported by Churchill, xxxix. 158; his death, xli.; lines by, in praise of Churchill, lv.; his epitaph on him, lxxxix.; his disclaimer of the *Rosciad*, i. 1; learned without pedantry, 28; account of him, 30; ridicules Mason's *Ode to Me-*

mory, 33; Garrick's letter to, 119, 131; his epigram on Dr. Pearce's reprimand of Churchill, 185; author of the poem called "The Poetry Professors," iii. 138; ingratitude of Thornton to, 276; dies soon after Churchill, 278; is attended in his sickness by the sister of Churchill, *ib.*

Loan of 1763, particulars of, iii. 87.

Lockman, John, account of, iii. 82; song composed by, 114.

London, resolutions against Lord Holland by the Livery of, ii. 15; ancient abuses in the police of, 274; liberality of the merchants of, 318; progressive improvements of, 321, 322; couplet from *Midas* on the Lord Mayor of, 352; city procession with the address hooted by the populace, iii. 30; the Lord Mayor and Aldermen invited to the Coronation dinner at Whitehall, return *impransi*, 58, 65; list of Lord Mayor and Corporation in 1761-2, 114.

Long, Dr. Roger, account of, iii. 165.

Lothario, iii. 151, 153, *see* Sandwich.

Loughborough, Lord, account of, i. 18.

Love, James, account of, i. 48, 49, 50.

Lowth, Bishop, his commentary on the book of Job, ii. 52.

Lumley, iii. 226.

Lun, *see* Rich.

Lunatics, Lord High Chancellor's jurisdiction over, iii. 280.

Lyttelton, Lord, Churchill's harsh censure on his monody on his wife, i. 179; his intimacy with Mr. West, 193; Churchill's portrait of, iii. 264; patronizes Archibald Bower, *ib.*; affectation of his style, 265.

Macaulay, Mr. his harsh censure of Boswell, i. lxii.; his joining Keurick with Churchill, *ib.*; his review of the life of Lord Clive, iii. 157; essay on Machiavelli, 182, 256; observations on Gray and Churchill, 297.

Machiavelli, Macaulay's essay on his character and writings, iii. 182.

Macklin, Charles, account of, i. 64, 66; a teacher of elocution, ii. 304; his lectures, 323.

Macpherson, James, account of, i. 185; Dr. Johnson's letter to, 186; fabricates materials for his Ossian, to earn subscriptions, 266.

Madan, Rev. Martin, notice of, iii. 18.

Mallet, or Malloch, David, account of, i. 187; Dr. Johnson's estimate of him, 187-9; his contemptible poem called "Truth in Rhyme," ii. 317.

Mandeville, Sir John, an amusing paper on, in the Tatler, ii. 76.

Mansfield, Lord, i. xlv.; his opinion of Wilkes, lxvi.; his interpretation of the law of libel, ii. 328; his principle of judicial decision, iii. 48; his original predilection for *The Pretender*, 101, 104; was calumniated, 116; his high merit appreciated, *ib.*; his own vindication of his conduct, 117; anecdote of, 268.

Mansion House, account of, ii. 322.

March, Lord, anecdotes of, respecting his absurd wagers, iii. 183, *see* Queensbury.
Margaret's, St. Church, Westminster, account of the painted window designed for Henry VII.'s chapel, published by Dodsley, ii. 276; epigram on, *ib.*; history of the painted window, iii. 78.
Markham, Dr., notice of, i. lxx.
Marlborough, Duke of, the decline of his faculties, i. 251.
Marriage Act, the, passed in 1753, iii. 239.
Martin, Samuel, the hero of the *Duellist*, i. 230; personal abuse of, in the *North Briton*, ii. 1; menaces the author before the House of Commons, ii. 2; Wilkes's letter avowing himself the author, *ib.*; Mr. Martin's reply, *ib.*; their duel, 3; reconciliation at Paris, 4, 63.
Marvel, Andrew, notice of. ii. 171; anecdote of his independence, 172; Mason's elegant tribute to his disinterested patriotism, *ib.*
Mary, *Queen of Scots*, persecuted by Cecil, Lord Burleigh, ii. 120.
Mason, Rev. William, his *Ode to Memory* ridiculed by Lloyd, i. 33; account of, 178; his love of alliteration, 180; his tribute to the patriotism of Andrew Marvel, ii. 172; anecdote of, 174; his poem entitled "Isis," iii. 19; his character of Hume, 305.
Medea, a tragedy by Glover, account of, iii. 299.
Medmenham, or Med'nam Abbey, disgraceful orgies of the inmates of, iii, 169; inscriptions in the interior of, *ib.*; indignant reflections upon, 170; motto over the entrance of, 185.
Meer, Cossim, iii. 156.
Meer, Jaffier, *ib.*
Melcombe, Lord, *see* Doddington.
Mendez, Moses, his mock heroic poem called the *Battiad*, iii. 118; assisted by Whitehead, *ib.*
Messengers, the King's, their conduct in the execution of general warrants, ii. 42.
Midas, extract from, ii. 352.
Militia, Westminster, its origin, i. 61; intrigues of the adventurer M'Gregor respecting it, 62.
Miller, Joe, author of, ii. 95.
Milton, John, his sentiments on the death of Charles the First, ii. 130.
Monmouth, rusticity of its inhabitants, ii. 81.
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, our obligations to, iii. 245, 252.
Montagu, *see* Sandwich.
Monthly Review, i. 118, ii. 85; critique on "The Ghost," 293, iii. 283.
Moody, account of, i. 54, 55.
Moore, Rev. Mr. implicated in the Cock Lane conspiracy, ii. 216, 280; ridiculed, 327.
More, ii. 87.
Mossop, Henry, account of, i. 87.
Motley, author of "Joe Miller," ii. 95.
Mourning Bride, a tragedy by Congreve, extract from, and Johnson's opinion of, i. 85.
Murphy, Arthur, his contemptible poem of the "Naiads of the Fleet Ditch," i. xxx.; account of him, i. 17; his connection with the *Auditor*, and blunder committed in it, 56, 57; his

failure as an actor, 59; calls Churchill and his friends the *Little Faction*, 60, 75; his method of getting up his plays, 131; his attack on Churchill, 132; his "Grecian Daughter," imitated from the French of M. Belloy, 134; his dramas of the vapid school of Whitehead, ii. 296; his plagiarisms, iii. 304.
Mylne, Robert, architect of Blackfriars Bridge, iii. 62.

Nassau, house of, its noble defence of religious liberty against the bigotry of Philip II. and the ambition of Louis XIV. ii. 138.
National debt, its corrupting influence in elections for members of Parliament, i. 8; progressive increase of, iii. 158.
Newcastle, Duke of, account of, ii. 347.
Newfoundland, capture and recapture of, ii. 324.
New River, i. 67.
Newton, Sir Isaac, ii. 264.
Nicholas, John, his life of Hogarth, i. xxxvii.
Nicholas, John Bowyer, his edition of Hogarth's autobiography, i. xxxvii.
Night, an epistle to Robert Lloyd, prefatory note to, i. 153.
Noctus Atticæ in Ivy Lane, i. 154.
Norris, H., account of, i. 51.
North Briton, The, some numbers of probably written by Churchill, i. lxxvii., lxxviii., lxxix.; published jointly by Churchill and Wilkes, i. 57, 191, 216, 217; motto to No. XVII. 218; ceases to appear, 223; recommences with the famous No. XLV. which is condemned as a libel, 224; burnt at the Royal Exchange, 225; its acrimony, ii. 1; its abuse of Mr. Secretary Martin, *ib.*; long debate upon it, *ib.*; anecdote of the Prince of Wales, ii. 64; the celebrated No. XLV. given at length, 65–72; anecdote respecting a new series of, 73; Lord Talbot ridiculed in No. XII. of, iii. 53.
Northumberland, Duchess of, her fashionable and literary parties, ii. 268.
Norton, Sir Fletcher, account of, i. 222; his character depicted, ii. 55; iii. 101, 117.

O'Brien, William, account of, i. 46.
Ogilvie, John, author of *Providence*, a poem, iii. 306; extract from, 307.
Orrery, Earl of, *see* Boyle.
Orford, Earl of, *see* Walpole.
Oxford, riot at, in 1747, ii. 188; high Tory principles of the University, iii. 19; predilections of, in favour of the Stuarts, 123; General Pepper sent there with a troop of horse, *ib.*; epigrams on the occasion, *ib.* 176; characters of the Oxonian professors, 186.
Ossian, *see* Macpherson.

Packer, account of, 51.
Palmer, John, account of, i. 13; Churchill's *amende honorable* to him, 139.
Palmer, Mrs., daughter of Mrs. Pritchard, notice of, i. 64, 80.
Pantine, or Pantini, a fashionable pasteboard plaything, invented by Mademoiselle Pantini, a mistress of Marshall Saxe, iii. 80.
Parliamentary proceedings against Wilkes, i. 225.

Parsons, author of the imposture of the Cock Lane Ghost, ii. 209.
Patavium, or Padua, affected style of its ancient inhabitants, iii. 63; Livy of this school, *ib.*; Quintilian's criticism on it, iii. 63.
Paterson, an active Common Councilman and principal promoter of building Blackfriars Bridge, his inscription for it ridiculed, iii. 62.
Patriots, few real, ii. 37; those few have been ill requited, *ib.*; Sir Robert Walpole's definition of, iii. 134; character of Wilkes as one, in *Chrysal*, 135.
Pearce, Dr. Zachary, reprimands Churchill for writing satires and dressing as a layman, i. 185; extract from a satire upon, ii. 275; an epigram upon, 276; contest respecting the painted window in Saint Margaret's church, iii. 78.
Pearson, a leading character in the parish of St. Margarets, Westminster, iii. 78.
Peers, extraordinary creation of, iii. 55.
Pembroke, Earl of, anecdotes of, ii. 302.
Petty, William, Earl of Shelburne and Marquis of Lansdowne, his political sobriquet, ii. 203.
Philippa, Queen, takes David Bruce prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, i. 206.
Phillips, Sir John, account of, iii. 168.
Physicians, College of, Warwick Lane, Newgate Street, lines upon, from Garth's Dispensary, iii. 15.
Pilgrim, The, by Beaumont and Fletcher, i. 85.
Pitt, William, Earl of Chatham quits the ministry on the question of a war with Spain, i. 170; receives an annuity for life, *ib.*; his character assailed, *ib.*; addresses to him from several cities and towns, 171; forfeits his popularity in 1766, *ib.*; accepts a peerage, and as Lord Privy Seal, controls the measures of government, *ib.*; loses the friendship of Lord Temple, *ib.*; resigns in 1768, *ib.*; is reconciled to Lord Temple, *ib.*; retires to Hayes, *ib.*; Miltiades and Cimon, the heroes of Marathon, the nearest parallel with the two Pitts, 172; endeavours with Earl Temple to abolish party, 208; is thwarted by Lord Bute's party, *ib.*; victories obtained under his administration, 209, ii. 16; proposes to go to war with Spain, 308; known as "the Great Commoner," 309; iii. 92; character of him, by the Earl of Chesterfield, 93–5.
Pitt, Lady Hester, created baroness Chatham, 170.
Pomposo, sobriquet given to Dr. Johnson, ii. 284.
Ponton, Daniel, account of, iii. 91.
Pope, Alexander, Churchill's lines on, i. lxxi; criticisms on, 140–3; an admirer of Sternhold's version of the 18th Psalm, 144; character of him and of his poetry, ii. 156; various readings of his *Essay on Man*, 158; substitutes Cibber's name for Theobald's in the *Dunciad*, 279; his tale of Lodona and Pan in his *Windsor Forest*, 311; his testimony to Rich's excellence, iii. 12; his lines

on Stowe, 143; quotations from, 202, 258.
Pope, Miss, account of, i. 72.
Powell, William, a pupil of Garrick, i. 38; his talents delineated, iii. 131; observations on, by Garrick, *ib.*; Sterne's Letter on, to Garrick, 132; Colman's epitaph on, 180.
Plato, no good translation of the works of, iii. 196.
Players, statute against, i. 133.
Port wine, denounced by Dr. Armstrong, iii. 309.
Post-Office, remarks on the, iii. 218; Mr. Allen's reform of the, 316.
Potter, Thomas, M. P., son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, i. 230; his dissolute life, *ib.*; supposed to have written the notes to Wilkes's *Essay on Woman*, ii. 48; iii. 322.
Pratt, Charles, Earl Camden, notice of, i. 239; liberates Wilkes, 240; his opinion on the warrant for seizing Wilkes's papers, ii. 32; his constitutional interference on Wilkes's committal to the Tower, 42.
Pretender, the Old, his birthday and cognizance, ii. 94.
Printers, actions brought by them against the messengers acting under the general warrant for seizing the authors, &c. of the *North Briton*, ii. 30.
Prior, Matthew, quotation on the bliss of ignorance, iii. 27.
Pritchard, Mrs., account of, i. 82, 83, 86; iii. 179.
Privilege of Parliament, abuses of, iii. 216.
Prophecy of Famine, The, i. 173.
Providence, a poem by Ogilvie, criticized, iii. 306.
Prudence, definition of, i. 168.
Public Ledger, The, edited by Kelly, iii. 60.

Queensbury, Duke of, quotation from Lucan on his vices, iii. 151; his unrestrained debauchery, 184; *see* March.
Quin, James, account of i. 92, 93; epigram on, by Sir C. H. Williams, 100; by Hogarth, 101; his correspondence with Rich, 101, 102; anecdotes of, and epigrams upon, iii. 230; Smollett's portrait of, in *Humphrey Clinker*, *ib.*; plays Lycomedes in *Achilles*, 237.
Quintilian, iii. 63.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, sacrificed to the resentment of the Spanish court, under the plea of his having been an accomplice in the pretended conspiracy of Arabella Stuart, ii. 122, 123.
Ralph James, account of, ii. 201.
Ramsay, Allan, father and son, account of, i. 182.
Rational, the, the breastplate of the High-priest of the Jews, iii. 97.
Rebellion, of 1745, allusion to the, i. 167, 181; Home's history of, 184; quelled at the battle of Culloden, 201, 207.
Record in the prosecution against Wilkes altered by Lord Mansfield, iii. 268; epigram on, 269.
Recusants, at Cambridge, iii. 161.
Reeves, Dr., physician, iii. 16.
Reform Bill, The, bribery not diminished by, i. 8; nor character of members improved by, *ib.*

Resignation of the Whig Lords in 1752, ii. 29.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, his name coupled, by Walpole, with that of Ramsay, i. 183; his enduring fame, 252.
Rich, John, manager of Covent Garden theatre, i. 68; his letter to Quin, i. 101; his excellence in pantomime, iii. 11.
Robinson, Sir Thomas, Bart., represents the Duke of Normandy at the coronation of George III., humorous anecdotes of, iii. 56-7.
Rolt, Richard, an unprincipled hack writer, account of, i. 67.
Romanoff, complaints fatal to the imperial house of, ii. 8.
Romans, their mode of canvass for office, i. 7.
Roquet, M., the enamel painter, praises the talents of Ramsay, i. 183.
Rosciad, The, prefatory note to, i. 1; the Poem, 5; list and account of publications occasioned by, iii. 111-114.
Roscius, Quintus, account of, i. 5, 8; compared with Garrick and Baron, 148.
Ross, David, account of, i. 64.
Rosslyn, Earl of, *see* Loughborough.
Rough, Mr. Serjeant, his memoir prefixed to the letters of Wilkes, i. lxxii.
Roundheads, alleged custom of the, ii. 94.

Sackville, Lord George, his conduct at the battle of Minden, ii. 234; tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service, *ib.*; restored to his honours under George III. 235; sarcasm upon, by Mr. Pitt, 236.
Sandwich, Lord, account of, ii. 101; his political sobriquet, 203; contest for the High-stewardship of Cambridge, iii. 123; epigram upon, 124; sketch of his character, *ib.*; insulted by the Cambridge students, 126; anecdotes of, 146, 152.
Savoy, The, and old Somerset house, ancient royal residences, iii. 60.
Say, Editor of the Gazetteer, ii. 241.
Schomberg, Dr. Isaac, notice of, iii. 17; assists Mendez in writing the *Battiad*, 118.
School for Lovers, a drama by Whitehead criticized, iii. 301.
Scotland, defence of, in a poem entitled "Genius and Valour, a Scotch pastoral," i. 175; a scurrilous attack upon, entitled "Gisbal," 179; Cleveland's couplet on, 204; her ancient alliance with France, 206; battle of Neville's Cross, *ib.*; David Bruce taken prisoner, *ib.*; devotion of, to the cause of the Stuarts, 207; Dr. Duke's lines on, 208; universities of, iii. 163.
Scot, Miss, her marriage with Churchill, i. xx.
Scottish Universities, Dr. Johnson's character of, iii. 163.
Scripture phrases, Churchill censured for the frequent use of, ii. 85.
Secker, archbishop of Canterbury, account of, ii. 346.
Second sight, Dr. Johnson's sentiments on, ii. 229.
Sellon, Rev. William, his ingratitude towards his schoolfellows, Churchill & Lloyd, i. 158; sermon preached by him, a plagiarism, ii. 329.
Sermons of Churchill, Dr. Kippis's critique on, iii. 318.

Shakspeare, his superiority to the ancient tragedians, i. 29, 31; character of him in Johnson's prologue, 31; and in the *Rosciad*, 32; his invocation to Sleep, ii. 147.
Shaw, Cuthbert, his character of Hamilton in "The Race," i. 123; his lines on Dodsley's *Cleone*, iii. 299.
Shebbeare, Dr. John, account of, ii. 182; Beardmore's conduct as under-sheriff, towards, iii. 60.
Shelburne, Earl of, *see* Petty.
Sheridan, R. B., borrows lines from the poem of "The Actor," i. xxxi; his monody on Garrick, extract from, i. 4.
Sheridan, Thomas, notice of, and advertisement of his lectures, i. 66; account of, 102, 103; a teacher of elocution, ii. 304; his gesticulation ridiculed, iii. 80; recites Dryden's ode for his benefit, *ib.*
Ship-money, opinion of Judges as to legality of, ii. 127.
Shuter, Edward, account of, i. 9-13.
Sidney, Algernon, ii. 18; letter quoted from his memoirs, 129; his opinion on the justice of the execution of Charles I. ii. 129.
Siege of Aquileia, a tragedy by Home, anecdote relating to, iii. 306.
Sigismunda, contrast between Hogarth's and Dryden's descriptions of, i. 243.
Sign-post exhibition, account of, ii. 305.
Simpson, Thomas, his plan for building Blackfriars Bridge, iii. 62.
Smallpox, introduction of inoculation for, by Lady M. Montagu, iii. 244.
Smart, Christopher, singular engagement entered into by him, i. 67.
Smith, Dr. Robert, author of "Harmonics," account of, iii. 164.
Smith, gentleman, account of, i. 63.
Smollett, Dr., editor of the Critical Review, i. 118, 124; his attack on Voltaire, 124; account of, 127, 131; his strictures on Admiral Knowles's pamphlet, 138; fined and imprisoned, 139; encouraged by Lord Bute to publish "The Briton," 191, ii. 173; no stated pension for writing *The Briton*, 180.
Society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, vindicated, ii. 304.
Somerset House, the ancient residence of the Queens of England, iii. 60.
Sophocles, i. 27; compared with Shakspeare, 29.
Southey, his observations on Cowper and Churchill, i. lix.; his note on Colman and Lloyd's burlesque odes, lxxx.
Southwark fair abolished, i. 11.
Sovereigns, English, since the Conquest, poetical list of, ii. 139.
Spain characterized as a nation, iii. 223.
Sparks, Luke, account of, i. 62, 63.
Squires, Mary, a gypsy, account of, ii. 222; arrested on suspicion of ill-treating the impostor E. Canning, 247; examined at the Mansion House, *ib.*; the Egyptian Hall, so called from this examination, *ib.*; her innocence established, 248.

St. John's, Westminster, inhabitants of, censured by Churchill, iii. 78.
St. Bride's bells muffled, on the passing of the city procession with the address to the King, on the peace of 1763, iii. 30.
Statesmen, inconsistencies of, ii. 200.
Steele, Sir Richard, his mental infirmities, i. 251.
Sterne, Dr. Lawrence, his plagiarisms, i. 15.
Sternhold, Thomas, stanzas of his version of the 18th psalm, admired by Pope, i. 144.
Stock-Exchange, the twin-monsters of, iii. 80; originally Jonathan's Coffee House, 114.
Stone, iii. 235.
Stowe, Pope's lines on, iii. 143.
Strafford, Earl of, his influence over Charles I. i. 124.
Stuarts, the devotion of the Scotch to the cause of, i. 207; extinction of their line in 1807, *ib.*; character of, in the second book of *Gotham*, ii. 75; the Tories their stanch friends to the last, iii. 41.
Sullivan, Mr., a leading man in opposition to Lord Clive, in the East India Company, iii. 157.
Sumner, Rev. Dr. Humphry, iii. 165.
Swift, Dean, insanity of, i. 251.

Talbot, Earl, clamour against, ii. 12; allusion to his duel with Wilkes, 101; his economical regulations in the royal kitchen, 232; Wilkes's humorous account of the duel, 250; his quarrel with Earl Temple, 255; his equestrian etiquette at the coronation ridiculed, iii. 53; his silly conduct at Bagshot, 82; Burke's humorous observations, 83.
Tangier, abandoned by Charles II. ii. 135.
Taylor, the Chevalier John, a quack oculist, iii. 23; Dr. Johnson's opinion of, 24.
Taylor, John, son of the preceding, many years editor of the Sun evening paper, iii. 24; a punster and poet, *ib.*; author of the humorous *jeu d'esprit* of *Monsieur Tonson*, 106; Lord Byron's letter to, *ib.*
Taylor, Thomas, the Platonist, his rhapsodies, iii. 196.
Temple, Earl, supports Mr. Pitt in advising a war with Spain, and with him retires from the ministry, i. 170; in 1766, declines to coöperate with his noble brother-in-law, Lord Chatham, 171; but reconciled to him in 1768, *ib.*; tries to abolish party spirit, 208, ii. 29; his public spirit 31; supports the illegally arrested printers during their prosecutions, *ib.*; Wilkes's letter to from Bagshot, 250-4; his quarrel with Lord Talbot, 255; joins Mr. Pitt in proposing a war with Spain, 308; Pope's lines on his seat at Stowe, iii. 143; his vindication of the liberty of the press, 291.
Temple, the, iii. 61.
Templars, the, epigrams on their armorial ensigns, iii. 111.
Thomson, the poet, his adulation of Doddington, ii. 190.
Thornton, Bonnell, his neglect of Lloyd when in distress, i. 158; his burlesque ode on

St. Cecilia's day, performed at Ranelagh to ancient British music, ii. 82; ridicules the Society of Arts, 306; his burlesque catalogue, 307; his sign-post exhibition, iii. 81; his ingratitude to Lloyd, 276.
Times, The, a political print, i. 217.
Times, The, a satire on the profligacy of, iii. 212; severely censured, 261.
Terræ Filius, by Colman, extract from, relating to Churchill, iii. 186.
Thespis, a poem by Hugh Kelly, in imitation of the Rosciad, i. 14.
Toft, Mary, her singular imposture, ii. 243; Whiston's credulity respecting, *ib.*; confesses the fraud, *ib.*; Mr. St. André, an eminent surgeon, lends himself to the delusion, 245; his recantation, *ib.*; appetite of the public for the marvellous, 255.
Tooke, Horne, his pamphlet entitled "Two Pair of Portraits," ii. 16; his acrimonious correspondence with Wilkes, iii. 144.
Tooke, Rev. William, extract from his life of the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, iii. 254.
Tooke, Mr., refers in his *History of Prices* to the prosperity of England during the reign of George II. ii. 97.
Tower, the, called by the partisans of Wilkes the *Bastile*, ii. 42.
Transportation of convicts, first inflicted by statute 39 Eliz., ii. 79.
Tulips, mania for at Haerlem, ii. 86; extends to England, 88; lines on, from Dr. Young's *Love of Fame*, *ib.*
Tyers, Jonathan, proprietor of Vauxhall, employs Hayman, the painter, ii. 93.

Universities, *see* Oxford and Cambridge, Mr. Locke, and Bishop Hoadley's opinion of them, iii. 177; Scottish, Dr. Johnson's observations on, iii. 163.

Vaughan, Thomas, a friend of Murphy, i. 60.
Victoria, Queen, her coronation, iii. 9.
Villiers, *see* Buckingham.
Vincent, Mrs., account of, i. 73, 76.
Voltaire, Smollett's censure of his writings, i. 124; character of, 125; his comparison between Pope and Dryden, 142; an emanation from the Father of lies, 177; his *Henriade* more veracious than his prose histories, 289; a very unsafe guide, and not entitled to credence, *ib.*
Volunteers, armed for the defence of the country, ii. 316.

Wager lines on a foolish, i. xliii.
Wales, George, Prince of, anecdote of, ii. 64.
Wales, Princess Dowager of, *see* Augusta.
Waller, his poetry characterized, i. 141.
Walpole, Horace, extract from his letter to Lord Hertford, i. xxxix.; another in praise of Churchill's *Duellist*, xli.; another from his letter to Conway, xliv.; his mistaken estimate of Garrick, 109; his malevolence towards the princess dowager of Wales, ii. 97; and Lord

Bute, 105; his random observations on Churchill, 178; his remarks on Wilkes, 200; on parliaments, iii. 107; on Kitty Hunter's elopement, 112; on the Cock Lane Ghost, 120; on the funeral of George II. 121; on Wilkes, 136; on Dr. Heberden, 175; on the Marriage bill, 239; on Dr. Dodd, 241; Wilkes's visit to him at Paris, 325.

Warburton, Bishop, notice of, ii. 43; Dr. Johnson's opinion of, 45; his English composition of the highest order, 46; saying of Bishop Berkeley, respecting, 48; his self-sufficiency, 49; abuses Concanen, *ib.*; letter to Dr. Hurd on his first acquaintance with that writer, 50; his letter to Concanen found by Gawen Knight, 51; associated with Theobald and Concanen in the attack on Pope, *ib.*; his notes on Shakspeare censured by Edwards, 51; attacks Edwards, 52; Boswell's anecdote of, 53; Churchill's satire on him injurious to the cause of virtue, 54; his death, 55; his character of Charles I. 131; defends Pope's *Essay on Man*, 158; assists his wife's uncle, Mr. Allen, in his correspondence with Lord Chatham, iii. 57; his unfriendly disparagement of Garrick, 129; his animadversions on the Earl of Orrery, 138; letter by, on Walpole and Churchill, 179, 312; his *notes* scorned by Churchill, 314, 315; tyranny of, 321; his complaint against Wilkes in the House of Lords, 322.

arton, Dr. Joseph, immolates Churchill at the shrine of Gray, i. lvi.; his tribute to the memory of Garrick, i. 152.

Ward, Dr. Joshua, account of, iii. 13.

Warton, Thomas, succeeds Whitehead, as poet-laureate, i. 195; origin of the office, 212; his "Triumph of Isis," written in answer to Mason's Elegy, iii. 19.

Webb, Philip Carteret, M. P., account of, i. 230; tried for perjury, *ib.*; his contributions to the Society of Antiquaries, 231; sale of his collections, 232; Horace Walpole's slander of him, *ib.*; iii. 207.

Wedderburn, Alexander, *see* Loughborough.

Wesley, John, account of, i. 225.

West, Gilbert, his intimacy with Mr. Pitt and Lord Lyttelton, i. 193.

Westminster, origin of its militia, i. 61; act for the better lighting of, iii. 37; new Sessions-house, of the goose-pie order of architecture, 38.

Whales, in the Thames, of monstrous dimensions, ii. 242.

Wharton, Philip, Duke of, his titles to unenviable distinction, ii. 59; figures in Hogarth's "St. James's Day," 95.

Whiffle, iii. 34.

Whitehead, William, account of, i. 194; origin of the Laureateship, 212, ii. 90; his vapid dramatic productions, 296; his ridiculous airs as Laureate, 298; character of his plays, 300; iii. 301.

Whitehead, Paul, his exaggerated patriotism and apos-

tasy, ii. 201; his vices recommend him to Sir Francis Dashwood, 297; assists Mendez in writing the *Battiad*, iii. 118; his poems, 275.
Whiston, Rev. William, translator of Josephus, his credulity regarding the imposture of Mary Tofts, ii. 243.
Whitfield, George, account of, ii. 224.
Wildman, a wine merchant, brother-in-law of Horne Tooke, a political society established at his tavern in Albemarle street, iii. 143; anecdotes of, 144.
Wilkes, Lord Brougham's invective against, i. lxv.; sportively invites Junius to a banquet at the Mansion House, lxvi.; Lord Mansfield's opinion of, *ib.*; Dr. Johnson's testimony to the qualities of, *ib.*; his epistolary intercourse, *ib.*; his correct editions of Catullus and Theophrastus, *ib.*; letter of Warren Hastings to, lxvii.; Churchill's lines under a print of, lxxxi.; his letters relative to an intended edition of Churchill, lxxxv.; his opinion of Pope and Dryden, lxxxvi.; publishes jointly with Churchill the first number of the *North Briton*, 57, 191; his prediction respecting the "Prophecy of Famine," 173; Churchill's letter to him on the same poem, *ib.* 210, 214, 215, 216, 217; arrested and sent to the Tower, 223-4; his presence of mind, 225; expelled the House of Commons, 225; returned a fifth time for Middlesex, 226; chosen Lord Mayor, *ib.*; release of, by Lord Camden, 240; is menaced by Secretary Martin as the author of the *North Briton*, ii. 2; avows himself the author, *ib.*; challenged by Mr. Martin, *ib.*; their duel in Hyde Park, 3; his card to Dr. Heberden, 5; his humorous letter to Dr. Brocklesby, 5, 17; his private printing press, 30; base use of it, *ib.*; recovers damages for the seizure of his papers, 32; his letter to the Earls of Egremont and Halifax, 34; commences an action against Lord Halifax, 35; obtains damages, *ib.*; the immense expenses incurred on this occasion by the crown, 36; challenged at Paris by a Scotch captain in the French service, 40; Alexander Dun, found in his house, supposed with the intent to assassinate him, 41; is committed to the Tower, 42; Churchill's lines engraved on a cup presented to, 125; his remarks on the death of Charles I. 129; attacked by Dr. Johnson in "The False Alarm," 179; his angry reply, 180; his answer to Kidgell's pamphlet, 189; his patriotism assumed, 120; his tergiversation, *ib.*; anecdote on his squinting, 201; his duel with Lord Talbot, and humorous letter, 250; ridicules Johnson's diction and Dictionary, 270; ridicules Lord Talbot in the *North Briton*, iii. 53; his playful description of West Wycombe Church, 108; his character in *Chrysal*, 135; what we are indebted to him for, 136; Horace Walpole's remarks on, *ib.*; his humorous letter to Garrick, during his exile, 137; Burke's quotation from

Horace on his return, *ib.*; acrimonious correspondence with Horne Tooke, 144; Lord Sandwich's conduct to, stigmatized, 152; writes to Dr. Burton, 162; his censure of Blackstone, 176; his observations on the Oxonian professors, 186; his epigram on Lord Mansfield, 269; his thirst for celebrity, 270; shared by the Roman satirists, *ib.*; his contest with government founded on interest, 293; the poetical part of the *Essay on Woman* written, 322; only twelve copies of it printed, *ib.*; copies stolen by the workmen, *ib.*; is prosecuted, and retires to France, 325; visits Horace Walpole there, *ib.*

Wilkes, Miss, account of, i. lxxii.

Wilks, R., his excellence in the part of Sir Harry Wildair, i. 41, 51, 52.

Wilkinson, Tate, i. 12; account of, 13; extract from the Diary of, 46.

Willes, Dr. Edward, Bishop of Bath and Wells, account of, iii. 279.

William III. King, i. 209; departure (in this country) from his protestant policy, ii. 138.

William IV., King, his coronation, iii. 9.

Williams, Sir Charles Hanbury, his epigram on Quin, i. 100.

Winchester school, iii. 162.

Winckelmann, Abbé, presents Wilkes with an antique alabaster urn, i. l.; the inscription on, li.

Window, painted, in St. Margaret's church, iii. 78.

Window Tax, in 1762, humorous couplet upon, i. 167.

Windsor Park, lines written in, attributed to Churchill, iii. 327.

Wingate, an eminent mathematician of the 17th century, iii. 273, 276.

Woffington, Mrs., her excellence in the part of Sir Harry Wildair, i. 41.

Woodward, H., i. 22, 41, 46.

Wray, Daniel, his poetical list of the sovereigns of England, ii. 139.

Wycombe, West, church built by Lord Le Despenser, ii. 101.

Wyndham, Miss Bab., remits £1000 to the King of Prussia, i. 165.

Wyndham, Penruddocke, editor of Bubb Doddington's Diary, iii. 109.

Wyndham, Charles, *see* Egremont.

Yates, Richard, his rencontre with Churchill, i. 3; account of, 10, 40.

Yates, Mrs. Anna Maria, account of, i. 76, 77; selects Glover's *Medea* for her benefit, iii. 298.

York, Cardinal, death of, i. 207.

Young, Dr., his adulation of Walpole, ii. 190.

BARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

WITHDRAWN

PR3346|.C8 1863
v.3
Churchill, Charles,
1731-1764
The poetical works of
Charles Churchill : with
copious notes and a life of
the author